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PASSAGES
FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE
AND OTHER PAPERS
OF
RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

Noscitur a Sociis.



CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
W: M. GRISWOLD,
1898.

It is not expected that many persons will be interested in the small-talk of authors and journalists of fifty years ago, especially as the literary history of the time is neither respected by scholars nor favored by fashion. It is possible, however, that the time may come when this period will be that deserving of more careful study, and in that case these documents may be found of value.

TO THE
ALBANY

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SELECTIONS FROM LETTERS.

Rufus Wilmot Griswold was born on the 15th of February 1815, at Benson, Vermont, where his father, also named Rufus, was a small farmer. He claimed descent from G : Griswold, of Kenilworth, one of whose sons settled in Windsor, and another at Saybrook, Conn. On his mother's side he was of the ninth generation of the descendants of T : Mayhew, the first settler of Martha's Vineyard. The character of his early surroundings may be inferred from the two letters which follow:—

Dear Rufus :

We received your letter on the 21 Dec. [1838], and could I write now as I could once I should have answered it before this ; but I am old and not capable of writing at all. I have a desire to write once more to you. . . We expect Silas is dead, and where and how he died we know not ; but if we had evidence that he was prepared how it would blunt the keen edge of affliction ! Rufus, are you a Christian ? Are you prepared to meet your God ? If not be entreated to set about that important work. Look away to the blessed Saviour for help . . . You cannot think how glad we should be to see you and your family—you know not how lonesome we are. Our family are all gone seemingly. Chauncy has not been home since some time in the fall. Permelia has been home once since. Merrill comes often to see how we get along ; he is very good

TO VINU
ABSORBIAO

to help your father. Marcus is living with us. Chauncy is likewise very kind—he has caused our house to be made very warm and comfortable. Your father and I enjoy good health for people of our age. . .

Your affectionate mother,

Deborah Griswold.

The next letter was written in Feb., 1841.

“Although it is a long time since we wrote to you, be assured there is no day passes that I do not think of all my Children. . . Our family—the most of them, are gone so far from us, it makes us feel very lonesome. Our little family, consisting of your father, myself and Elizabeth are, through Divine favor, in usual health and enjoying the necessary Comforts of life. Merrill’s family have been sick, the two youngest very sick. . . Your uncle Samuel Griswold, his wife and family, are well. He will be eighty years old in March. Permelia and family are well. Eveline was married the 7th of January to Mr. Moody, Merchant in Whitehall. We have received a letter from Edwin . . . Chauncy is in Ticonderoga working at [his?] trade. We likewise had a letter from Orra in the fall. . . . Randolph, we know nothing of him. Rufus, it will be but a little while when there will be no father’s house to visit; your father lacks but two years of seventy,—I am only two years younger. . . May God bless you, my son, and guide you by His holy Spirit into all truth.

Your mother and friend,

Deborah Griswold.

In West-Haven, the town joining Benson on the south, Horace Greeley, born four years earlier than Griswold, spent his boy-

hood. At fifteen we find Rufus a student at the Rensselaer school at Troy, which he was enabled to attend by the kindness of his brother Heman, who had prospered in business in that town. In consequence of detection in a school prank, he was placed in his brother's counting-room. While there he became intimate with G. G. Foster, his elder by five years, and already well-known, locally, as poet and journalist. Griswold soon fell out with his kinsfolk; (the cause of the disagreement is unknown) and joined Foster at Albany. In a memorandum written some twenty years afterward, he thus describes their friendship:—

"We remained, occupying the same room, and sharing each other's enterprises, pleasures and ambitions, for nearly a year. It was here that we both commenced and pursued our first course in reading in romantic and poetical literature. All the masters of literary art who had written in the English language contributed to our entertainment and were subjected to our critical discussions. We generally agreed very well, in our estimates of books and authors, but sometimes had warm controversies, as in the cases of Pope and Goldsmith and a few other classical models, whom I preferred to the romantic and passionate school. The only discussion, however, in which our disagreements were of a sort to endanger our amicable relations was one which arose from my preference of certain passages in a manuscript Poem of his own, entitled the 17th Canto, to the parts of Byron's Don Juan which were nearly in the same vein. I thought then, as I still think, that for the humorous and satirical style of Beppo, Foster's abilities and temper fitted him to attain the greatest success. "The 17th

Canto" contained about 3000 lines, and was full of genuine wit, playful burlesque and good feeling. The loss of the manuscript was a misfortune, since nothing that he has since done has illustrated a more sustained, quick, brilliant or sensuous intelligence. We parted in the spring of 1831, and though we occasionally corresponded, did not meet again in ten years. He had led a life of various fortune, in the South and West. I was Editor, with Mr. Park Benjamin, of the "Brother Jonathan" newspaper, and while congratulating with some acquaintances one day, at our office—upon the success of a scheme which we supposed was to revolutionise the publishing Economy of the Country—was surprised by the appearance of Foster, in the grotesque costume of the South-West, but otherwise scarcely changed from what I had known him."

[The "Museum" mentioned was "The American Museum, or Repository of Ancient and Modern Fugitive Pieces, etc., Prose and Poetical;" Philadelphia, 1787-92, 12 vols., 8°.]

J: TRUMBULL [1750-1821] TO MATHEW CAREY.

Hartford, June 4, 1785.

Sir:

My absence from home, and other avocations, have till now prevented my completing the corrections and transcriptions I forward with this letter. Those of my writings already published are out of my hands, and I can make no reasonable objection to their republication by any person who shall think they will repay his risk and expense; and I shall be particularly pleased if they should be of any advantage to a gentleman who by his repeated exertions for the encouragement of American literature has merited the thanks of all its friends.

The Progress of Dulness [published 1772], from its locality, as well as from other reasons, I had determined long since to suppress, but I find it impracticable. I have transcribed the elegy to which Col. [D:] Humphreys

[1752-1818] added the title, "The Vanity of Ambition," which does not well apply to it, as it now stands, and still less to the real occasion on which it was composed. I do not see that it needs any title.

I propose hereafter the publication of McFingal [first part issued in 1775, last in 1782], with my alterations, and a complete set of notes, which it certainly wants, with the addition of all my other poems, of which I have many, both in the serious and humorous style, that have lain by me for many years. But I mean to secure the copyright, which may be an object worth my attention. I should have no objection to the sale of the copyright, and would give you, if you wish it, the first offer of the purchase.

I am pleased to learn by a letter from our friend Mr. [Ebenezer] Hazard [1744-17], that you propose to publish an edition of all the American poets of reputation. In the list he gives me, I find no mention made of [Rowland] Rugely of S. C., a poet certainly superior to Evans [Nathaniel Evans, 1742-67, ?]. He published a volume of poems in London near twenty years ago, chiefly in the name of Prim [?] many of which are well worth preserving; and since that a travesty of the 4th Book of Virgil, which for delicacy and true humor is superior to Colton's.

You may collect some poems—particularly "The Choice of a Rural Life," or "Philosophic Solitude," by Governor [W:] Livingston [1723-90], which do credit to American genius. I have found among my papers an elegy by Samuel Quincy of Boston, which you may perhaps think worth inserting in your Museum. He was certainly a poet above mediocrity. I have seen many other of his productions, which I have never seen printed. Many fugitive poems by him, Mayhew, Pratt and others might be collected in Boston which are worth preserving (in the Museum.)

I send you also a little epistolatory Poem of Col. Humphreys which may be inserted in the Museum. He was about to publish it in a way I think much less proper. I wish it might not be known that he proposed its publication, but appear to have fallen into your hands by accident.

I shall be happy to afford you any assistance in my power in the collection of such fugitive pieces as may deserve publication. A brother of Mr. Hazard's was a poet of genius. Perhaps Mr. H. would furnish you with some of his productions. When he avoided the licentious style his writings had much merit.

I am sir, Your most obedient and humble servant,

John Trumbull.

I find no trace of Griswold's doings during the years 1832-33, but in July, 1834, as appears from the address of a letter, he was in Calais, Maine. This letter was written by his brother Silas, and stated that there was an opening for him on a paper about to be started at Dunkirk, N.-Y., where Silas then dwelt. Silas repeated his invitation Oct. 14, sending his letter to Syracuse, N.-Y. where Griswold was working in the office of "The Constitutionalist."

J. K. PAULDING TO T. W. WHITE.

[At the date of this letter the writer was 55. He was secretary of the navy 1837-41, and died in 1860.—The Brown mentioned is probably James Brown, born in Virginia in 1766, senator 1813-23, envoy in France 1823-29. He died in 1835.]

New York, 19th April, 1835.

Dear Sir:

I am greatly obliged to you for your friendly attention in sending me, occasionally, the speeches of some of your distinguished orators, and am most especially pleased with that of Mr. Brown, which I have just finished reading. Of all the states of this union Old Virginia is the one which I consider the great Bulwark of Constitutional principles. It is there that my observation has convinced me they are best understood and practiced, and there that I look for the great security for their preservation, and it gives much satisfaction to think that all her great points of opinion and policy are such as I myself cherish more devoutly every day of my life.

As a clear, temperate and masterly exposition of those principles I think the speech of Mr. Brown one of the most admirable I have ever read, though in some respects I differ with him in his application of those great principles to the present times. It is not necessary for me to say in what these differences consist, though had I time at present I might point them out to you. My leisure will not permit it just now and therefore I pass them by.

In justice however to my native state, I cannot forbear some remarks on that part of the speech which relates to the mode of managing our Elections. I admit that it is liable to objections as in some degree checking if not

overcoming the free suffrage of the People, in so far as it interferes with the personal predilections of perhaps a great portion of the voters. But so far as my observation and experience extends, it does not interfere with principles. No nomination of Committees has ever yet, nor in my opinion ever will, force down the throats of the others an obnoxious candidate, or one who they do not believe will support their own interests and principles. It may serve to concentrate their suffrages on one they like, but never in favor of one they do not like. It is not dictation but advice; not despotism but friendly counsel; not a command but a recommendation.

As our system, or machinery as it is called, seems to puzzle the Southern politicians, I will take the opportunity of showing what it really is. In the first place, meetings of the people friendly to regular nominations, as the phrase is, are called to appoint an equal number of delegates from each ward for the purpose of choosing a General Nominatory Committee, which is to designate or recommend the persons who are thought worthy to represent them in any elective office. The nominations are laid before the People in a General meeting and adopted or rejected as they choose. The only influence considered is that which operates, in all circumstances and situations of life,—the influence of record [?], persuasion, or example. The Committees, it is true, have influence, but they are chosen by the people and the people, in the last resort, exercise the right of reversing their proceedings. If they do, they become null and void; if they do not it is the best proof, to my mind, that though all are not equally satisfied, all are willing to acquiesce.

Such is the abstract view of this system of Regular nominations. In practice, like every thing else in this world, it is liable to great abuses and perversions. That the People are liable to be deceived, overawed, or influenced by the acts, the authority, or the reasonings and persuasions of those whom they respect, or fear, is certain; but this is one of those inevitable influences which extend to every department of life, and cannot be avoided. There are always men in every little circle of society who give tone to opinion and direction to action. Influence must come from somewhere or other, and it would seem to be sufficient for the protection of human rights that every man has the moral and physical right to act as he pleases. If he pleases to act under the influence of a friend or a neighbor who [m] he considers wiser than himself, he is only following the law of nature, and can not

be charged with submitting to dictation when he has the right of acting just as he pleases.

I agree entirely with Mr. Brown, in his estimate of the possible, nay probable evils of an amalgamation [?] of this species of Influence, pervading the United States and receiving its impulse and direction from one single person. But whatever they may be, if we look to the other side of the question, are not the dangers equally great, if not greater? The principle of our Government, that, within the limits of the Constitution, the majority has a right to govern, seems to imply the right to take the measures necessary to enable it to govern. If every State, and every [city?] even, should indulge their preference and nominate a [nd] vote for that one for President who is most peculiarly their choice, what would be the inevitable consequence? Unless in the rare accident of having a Citizen of such vast and paramount merit or popularity as to concentrate in his favor the suffrages of the whole or a majority of the People, there would never be any choice of the People. The choice would always fall on Congress, and the Lord deliver us from such an alternative. That would become the centre of intrigue and corruption, and the voice of the People would be as that of one crying in the wilderness. Under our present Constitution I can see no refuge from the greater evil but the lesser one of uniting, if possible, the suffrage of a Party on some one person, who, though not the general choice of every Citizen of that Party, is neither obnoxious [n]or suspected. If some such mode is not adopted, this Government will sometime be one of the minority, and though this might not be disagreeable to the minority, the result would be certain—a delegated power acting in direct opposition to the wishes of a majority of those who conferred it; a President representing a mass of contradictory principles, and opposing on all occasions a majority of his Constituents, and opposed by the other Branches of [the] Government. This, to my mind, would be equivalent to no government at all.

My paper is full, or I would speculate deeper into this subject. I have no objection that Mr. Brown should know the high gratification his admirable speech has afforded me, notwithstanding his [opinion?] of New York. He may make himself quite easy about the [illegible] over the Union. She is not homogeneous like Old Virginia. She is a party-coloured coat like that of Joseph. Foreigners, Yankees and Cosmopolites make up a large portion of her population, and she never looks long enough in one direction to see her way clear, beyond her nose. By the time the next succeeding Election,

after the approaching one, arrives, her politics, notwithstanding the "machinery" of regular nominations, will just as likely as not have undergone a complete French Revolution. She will never govern the Union for she cannot keep her helm steady long enough to arrive at that Port.

I am, Dear Sir, Yours very truly,

J. K. Paulding.

Don't use my name publicly in connection with this letter.

W: J: DUANE TO T: W. WHITE.

[Mr. Duane was secretary of the treasury in 1833, but was removed by Jackson for refusing to take the government deposits from the U. S. Bank, the House of Representatives having voted, three to one, that the deposits be not to be removed. Mr. Duane died in 1865.]

Philadelphia, April 24, 1835.

My dear Sir.

I have thankfully received the favors which you had the goodness to send to me; and have read with pleasure and instruction the speech delivered by Mr. Brown. The copies of it which you have placed at my disposal shall be carefully and usefully disposed of. By this I mean that they shall be put into the hands of those who are competent to estimate merit. As to producing any politically useful effect, through the press, at least in this state, it is not to be expected at present. Indeed I think the number of purely patriotic men is small everywhere. Not that such men are not in existence, but that we do not see them. This is probably owing to the cold reception they meet with; and this cold reception is attributable to the disappointments the people have met with. The actual practice of Gen. Jackson, for instance, has been the very reverse of his professions. So that, after such an instance of turn-coatism, the people have some apology for distrust. We want, I think, a class of men who would labor to serve their country solely from the delight which serving it would yield. I mean men who would not seek or accept offices or other selfish considerations. No doubt there have been and are such men, but if you will look over the list of public men, for fifty years past, you will trace in almost every instance some lurking motive besides the bare love of country and of liberty. . .

With kind wishes, truly and respectfully yours,

W. J. Duane.

In May, 1835, Griswold was editor of "The Democrat and Inquirer" of Fredonia, and in 1836 of the Olean "Advocate."

New York, Oct. 16th, 1836.

Friend Griswold,—

... You ask me in your letter how I like your paper. I answer very much indeed. Now I do not wish to flatter you in the least when I say that, in my humble opinion, it is as good [as] if not superior to any country paper in the state. . .

A penny paper called the "Era" was started a few days since, by Mr. Locke, the author of the "Moon Story," and Mr. Price, a very popular contributor of the Mirror—they are both very talented men—and the paper so far is well conducted. I think it will equal, if not surpass, any paper in the city. The Herald came out on them the first day the paper made its appearance; but the way they used him up for it was a caution—the Era cut him all to pieces—Bennett could not begin to hold his own! I will try to send you the papers that contain the articles—they give a complete sketch of his life from the time of his arrival in this country up to the present time—and a chronological table of all the "floggings," "kickings" and "buffetings" he has received—I am glad of it—he is a great rascal, and deserves it.

I send you . . . the "Merchant Clerk." Bulwer's drama is not received yet; we expect it every day—we have our cases filled, and all the quads and italics in the office collected together ready for the contest, as soon as we receive the copy. We executed the entire work of "Lucien Bonaparte" and published it in forty hours after we received the copy, and sold it at three shillings. We did not leave the office from Tuesday noon until Wednesday morning nine o'clock; I was pretty well used up, I assure you; Fletcher Harper gave all the hands a splendid supper at his house (which is a few doors from the office) during the night; it was the most magnificent affair that I have seen for a long time; Fletcher went the whole "figure."

We have received part of the copy of a new novel by James, called the "Desultory Man"—we expect the remainder every day. I see that Saunders and Otley have announced it as also in press—no matter—I think our John Bull friends will become tired of their opposition, and will be glad to go home after they lose a little more money. Harpers are determined to strike and spare not.

We have likewise commenced the "Memoirs of Col. Burr" in 2 vols. 8vo. We have also announced as in press, "Rambles in Europe by Edwin Forrest, with a memoir of the author by William Leggett, Esq."—it will be very popular. We have just published "Bryant's Poems"—it is a beautiful work. . . Write soon.

Yours respectfully,

Marcus B. Butler.

In March, 1837, Griswold married Caroline Searles, and for some months dwelt with her family at 51½ Clinton St., New-York. Before the close of this year, he was licensd to preach. In those days, however, clergymen,—particularly Baptists,—rarely had a systematic training, and it is not probable that his studies wer either thōro or long-continued.

[Thinking that the autograph mentioned in the folloing letter might hav literary interest, I asked the librarian of the university about it. His reply states that " In the '60ties the society came to be neglected, and its library was pillaged to some extent by the members. . . What became of the autograph in question no one can now tell."]

University of Vt., Burlington, Dec. 23, 1837.

Sir,

The Phi Sigma Nu Society of the University of Vt. have elected you to an honorary membership of their fraternity. Should you think fit to accept this testimony of their regard you will please signify it to them through me.—

The Society would also present their sincerest thanks for the valuable autograph of Washington Irving which was given by yourself to the society.

With great respect and esteem [etc.],

H. J. Raymond, Sec.

In September, 1837, Griswold (aged 22) issued the prospectus of a magazine to be called "The Anthology." He was then secretary of "The Antiquarian Society of New-York." In Feb., 1838, "The Vermonter" was started at Vergennes with Griswold as editor.

New York, 13th Feb., 1838.

Rufus—

Your paper came to hand yesterday, and I protest it's one of the best ones I have got hold of this many a day. You have got it out a month earlier than I expected, and made it one hundred per cent. better than I fancied you would.

You do stick it into the miserable pirates of the South good!—and you don't let off their dirty Tory apologists and pimps at the North without some good solid kicks. Go it, Rufe!—it's the cause of both God and man: I feel positive of this fact, if I never did of anything else. Your salutatory is an excellent article: you never wrote a better: I have read it three or four times. Greeley . . . has gone to Albany for a week now, and we have Park Benjamin in his place! Park is a steamboat, I promise you. Have you seen our last No.? The literary notices are his, and the Congress. Dr. Eldridge, a new owner, writes the articles over the dagger—nothing very bright. But Park is the boy for you. Don't he saw up the gag "Gentleman's Magazine" though! Did you notice a little article of his on the outside (from the American)—"The Nautilus?" It's very beautiful—and we have another this week, which was originally published a few days since under the editorial head of the Commercial Advertiser—"The Stormy Petrel" is the title. Park is a splendid writer. The Yorker of this week will contain an original "Hymn at Midnight" by P. B.—and an excellent one it is too. . .

Bowe.

[Park Benjamin was born in 1809 in British-Guiana. He began the practice of law in 1833, but soon relinquishd it for the pursuit of literary journalism, in which, for a dozen years or more, he was conspicuous. He edited the last two volumes (1835) of the New-England Magazine, and when that was merged in The American Monthly Magazine, he transferd his services to this. Allibone agrees with our friend Bowe as to the merit of Benjamin's poems, saying of them that they ar "of exquisit beauty." I thot it of interest to inquire whether the judgment of his contemporaries had been confirmed by later critics, and to this end examin'd all the anthologies within reach with the folloing result: No poem is quoted by C: A. Dana (1857 and 1866), Palmer (1866), W: C. Bryant (1876), Fields and Whipple (1878), or Epes Sargent (1884). A. C. Kendrick, however (1871), prints "The Sexton," C. F. Bates (1882), "Press On," and Stedman, in his "Library," givs "A Great Name." This is a curious outcome, since the

last twō can not hav recollected the attention which the verses originally receivd, while the first six would naturally hav been affected by their memory of it.

It is probable, however, that Benjamin's accomplishments as a poet brōt him intō notice less than did his feats as a journalist and critic. In the Southern Literary Messenger for Dec. 1835, Poe had begun his slashing criticisms, and won therēby considerable applause. Benjamin may hav thōt that there was room for him in the same field, but he seems tō hav picked out a victim with less discrimination. It was S: G. Goodrich whōm he attackd, and tho Goodrich, as a poet, is even more completely forgotten than Benjamin is, the public then did not apprōve the fun Benjamin tried tō hav with him. The Boston "Gazette" remarkd that his criticism was "evidently dictated by personal pique, is unjust, abusive, sour and dirty, and disgraces the magazine in which it appears;" and the New-York "Transcript" said: "Some of them [the reviews] are written in monstrously bad taste and still worse temper. They are flippant, partial, unjust and abusive. We know not when we have seen a number combining so much ill-temper, prejudice and unfairness as that on 'The Outcast' by S. G. Goodrich."

The aggrieved author, moreover, took the offensiv in a long letter which was printed in leaded type on the editorial page of the Boston "Courier" of 5 May 1836. It shōs curiously how small wer the interests of those days that such a matter should receive so much attention. The letter ran thus:—

"As I have been the theme of frequent discussion in the American Magazine, it seems tō me a matter of necessity that I take some notice of it. . . . The May number has . . . the same strain of ridicule and vituperation. A few months ago he placed me on a level with a vender of quack medicines,—insinuated that I was guilty of rapacity in money matters, and therefore worthy of the fate of Midas. Now, I am a "patcher up of books and pictures in multifarious shapes,"—a "literary cobbler," whō is advised "tō stick tō his last," etc. . .

Mr. Benjamin has doubtless the same independence in morality that he has in criticism. Where his passions on his convenience are concerned, he probably sees no turpitude in indulged malice, and no lack of dignity in a lie. He doubtless thought himself peculiarly fitted tō edit the Token. . . In attempting, therefore, tō ruin me first with the public, then tō deprive me of the confidence of my publisher, and finally tō take a place which, in his

estimation, I unworthily filled, he probably only thought of bringing things to their right arrangement. . . I think I have said enough to show the true character of this Mr. Benjamin, enough to enable the public to understand the spirit which guides him in private life, and presides over him in his critical capacity."]

Batavia, Feb. 26, 1838.

Dear Brother :

Having a moment of leisure I hasten to forward you such information as I have been able to gather relative to the movements of the Patriots in the province of Canada. A Gentleman of this village received a Letter from Detroit this morning stating that twenty-one hundred Patriots had crossed over from Michigan in three divisions to Canada under the command of Gen. Sutherland and McLeod and that they would be able to carry all before them.

On Saturday evening about eight a body crossed over eight miles above Buffalo and proceeded direct to Hamilton. Col. Worth having notice of their movements proceeded to the point from whence they were to start but the Patriots having information of his movements took up their line of march earlier than they anticipated. All reached Canada safe save about fifty who were taken by Worth together with four cannon, which by the way the patriots could well spare having more of that kind than they could use to advantage. I received a letter from a Gentleman at Lockport stating that one hundred sleighs passed through that place on Friday night [going] west and Saturday a number more. They reported that they were a going out on a Wolf hunt. The number of men was not mentioned but some says a number of hundred. The Arsenal at this place has been broken open within the last week and eighty stands of arms and nineteen hundred and fifty pounds powder was taken out. They are ere this undoubtedly at Hamilton or Toronto. A rumor well authenticated is in circulation that Van Rensselaer has taken Kingston, Malden, Toronto. Hamilton and Queenstown are ere this beyond a doubt in the hands of the Patriots. The above information you may rely upon as being substantially correct. . . The greatest excitement prevails on this frontier. . .

Ever your Brother, etc.,

S. Parsons Griswold.

New York, 14 March, 1838.

My dear Rufe—

... Oh you rascalle! how you spoiled my verses "On the Death of a Friend" by your poor emendation of the second line!—I wouldn't have had it done for twō shillings; and I am positive you would have let it alone had you bestowed a thought and a half upon it. Let me illustrate:—I had it—"Forever closed *on earth* her radiant eye;" meaning, evidently, that she saw no longer the things of time and sense; but Lord, man! I wished tō leave her vision of the heavenly world clear and cloudless: and now see what you have done with it! "Forever closed *her meek and* radiant eye!" Damn that word "meek"—how I dō hate it!—I hate it anywhēre and everywhēre, but above all things in that line. Don't you see it is utterly inconsistent with the other adjective radiant? Tō say that an eye is radiant means that it is bright and sparkling; tō call the same eye meek is arrant nonsense—for meek is mild, soft, subdued.—Moreover your imprōvement (!) has materially injured the effect of some of the subsequent lines, by weakening their connection with the second—as you have now got the eyes fully and totally sealed, alike upon Time and Eternity. . .

Bowe.

New York, 22 April, 1838.

... Rufus! take the name of that scoundrel, Henry Clay, out of your paper! He is too mean a foe tō the Abolitionists ever tō deserve a vote from you or I, or any other man whō has any regard for the right. Dō you have Whittier's paper? If not, read the extracts from it on the first page of the last "Emancipator" and be ashamed of Clay! . . . Your ob't serv't,

Obadiah Allen Bowe.

Vergennes, [10 May, 1838.]

My Dear Mother and Brother:

'Tis Sunday, one week ago tōnight we were tōgether. Now, many a mile separates us! But I have arrived at my journey's end, safe, and as well as could be expected. . . The Packet [canal-boat] leaves [Troy] once a day, eleven o'clock [A. M.]. I got at Whitehall by five o'clock the next morning, the Packet was uncomfortable from the great number of passengers, we had shelves tō lay on, wide enough tō sit a plate. I sat up all night and held Sis. God grant I may not pass another such a night very soon.

The people at Troy were very kind, I like them much. Elizabeth Griswold and Mrs. Richards went as far as Waterford with me, it being clear for about two hours the morning I left Troy, the only time the sun visited me on my lonely way. On my arrival at Whitehall I awaited the coming of the steamboat most anxiously that was to bear my good husband to me, but in vain, he came not. I felt as though I was friendless, alone, at a hotel, in a strange place with a sick babe, and myself not much better, but I thought of Mrs. Cairns' old friend, Providence, by that try to drive away melancholy. I found many who knew Rufus, among the best one Mr. Huntington, a merchant from Vergennes, the name of Mrs. R. W. Griswold was all sufficient, it commanded attention from all quarters. I accepted the protection of Mr. Huntington, from whom I received every attention. We got at Vergennes about nine o'clock Saturday evening. Rufus did not receive my letter in time to take the boat; it stops at Vergennes about ten o'clock in the evening and gets to Whitehall in the morning, leaves again at one, it does not go but once a day from either place. I found that I had made wrong calculation. I regretted not taking the line boat, they are much more commodious, and attended with less expense, the fare in Packet two dollars, in Steamer from Whitehall two dollars. Meals extra, then you go seven miles by stage—that is *one dollar* I believe. Never mind, I got here safe with two shillings in my pocket, to the very great astonishment of Rufus. Had he been us, he would spoil the face of thirty dollars. Nothing like stretching funds. I fear mother, that I shall weary you, but you must bear with me, I have much to tell you, oh! if you were here, you must come,—indeed. [Wednesday] I like our house very much, it is two story brick, very convenient, every time I go down to it I make a discovery, another closet or bedroom meets my eye. Mother, you had better move here, and we would open a boarding-house. I don't know when I shall get my things in order, that is if we ever get them. . . I must content myself here [at the inn] for the remainder of the week, much against my will, though the people are very kind, somewhat too much so for my comfort. I would rather be to myself more. It takes all my time to dress Sis and myself. She almost worships [me?]. I cannot scarce breathe a wish ere it's gratified. The people here are very fashionable, and all whom I have met with appear very intelligent and well educated. I but too sensibly feel my inability to fill the place, in that sphere in which I am to move, every word and action of the Editor's wife is noted. No matter! I'll play off the Lady so far as my better monitor, judgment, will allow; there are many Ladys and Gentlemen boarding

here. I am obliged to dress for dinner; another for tea, in the intermedium be prepared for visitors. Pianofortes are quite as common as in New-York. . .

Caroline Griswold.

U. V., June 3, 1838.

Dear Griswold:—

. . . Can you find out who wrote an article in the New Yorker of April 28, entitled "Thoughts on Poetic Excellence," wherein my review is somewhat [severely] handled.—I believe the *first* writing I can get time to do must be for Greeley to answer that. If you have a chance to do it without inconvenience I would also be obliged to you if you would procure from Greeley for me 3 or 4 copies of those Nos. of the "N. Yorker" that contain my notice of Dana. I have no copy now, and I should like one to send to Dana, as well as one or two for some friends. . .

Yours sincerely,

H. J. Raymond.

"Telegraph" Office, Brandon, June 28, 1838.

Friend Griswold:—

We want you to come to Brandon and give us an Anti-Slavery address on the 4th proximo. . . You have doubtless some arrangement, in part at least, of ideas on this great and momentous subject, that will enable you to do the cause a good service by coming to Brandon on that day. We will bear your expenses.

Most truly yours,

O. S. Murray.

[Bowe had become editor and publisher of a paper at Herkimer, a town in the Mohawk valley fourteen miles from Utica.]

Herkimer, 10 July, 1838.

. . . Had a confab with Thurlow Weed in Albany. Thurlow says you are an imprudent dog, and will ruin the Whig cause in Vermont. I told him it would take half a dozen pretty smart fellows to do that. . .

Bowe.

Ashland [postmarked Lexington], 28th July, 1838.

Dear Sir:

I have received your letter informing me that at the Whig Convention lately held in Vermont, some of the members who were friendly to

me determined to cause an enquiry to be made of me whether, should it be deemed necessary at a Convention to be holden in the fall, to ask my sentiments on the Slavery question, I will [would?] answer, and permit the answer to be published? And the particular enquiries which you state it is desired to put to me are, Has Congress power over slavery in the District of Columbia? Has it power to regulate the Slave trade between the States, &c?

I have, at the last Session of Congress, expressed, in the Senate, my sentiments fully on the subjects of your letter, in the form of a series of resolutions, and of speeches, which I addressed to that body. As to the D. of Col. I thought that Congress could not abolish slavery there without a violation of good faith; and that Congress had no power to prevent the removal of slaves from one Slave state to another.

Having thus so recently publicly expressed my views, I confess that I do not perceive the necessity of any new expression of them. I will not say that I should not answer such a letter as you describe to be the intention of some of my friends to address to me; but I must think it not necessary.

It is remarkable that, at the very moment when I am replying to you, I have before me several letters from the South stating that I am charged there with being an Abolitionist. With great respect, I am Yours faithfully,

H. Clay.

Herkimer, Aug., 1838.

... I haven't seen the Locofoco report of your speech at Montpelier, though I should like to—for I saw the allusions of the Vermont Patriot thereto in Whittier's paper. ... Do you have Whittier's "Freeman?" I get that and the "Emancipator" and the "Friend of Man"—the Liberator won't send, but I don't care no great about it. I can't go the figure against the d—d pirates, as I should like most dearly; our friends here, some of them—are shocked to death if you name the name of Abolition—the fools!—But I did announce the Freedom of the British West Indies in yesterday's paper. ... Curse this miserable, this shameful fear of the topic of Abolition!—it's all ignorance, every atom!

Bowe.

Burlington, Vt., Sept. 24, 1838.

My dear Griswold:

... On my journey homeward I saw Greeley and was very much pleased with him. Your letter of introduction came too late, so I was forced

tō introduce myself: but as he is not very much devoted tō ceremonious observances, it made but little difference. He made many inquiries about you, all of which I satisfied as well as I could.

Dō you know anything about the probable result of your projected "Anthology?" I sincerely hope that you will not give it up. Cannot you enlist someone with you whō would carry through the business part of it?—It is needed and I believe *desired*, which with booksellers is more tō the purpose. How comes on your History of Vt.?

Yours sincerely,

Henry J. Raymond.

[" 'My own position touching slavery,' wrote Clay in Nov. 1838, 'is singular enough. The abolitionists are denouncing me as a slaveholder, and slaveholders as an abolitionist, while both unite on Van Buren' . . . His course with regard tō the anti-slavery petitions, as well as his occasional profession of sentiments unfriendly tō slavery, had injured his popularity with the slaveholders. . . and it is probable that Southern Whigs, many of whōm, while his friends were firm pro-slavery men, suggested tō him the policy of setting himself right with the South. In February, 1839, he made a speech which had all the appearance of an attempt on his part tō dō this.' Schurz 'Clay,' ii, 164.]

"Old Democratic Herkimer," Feb. 28th, 1839.

I say, Rufus!—

- How dō you prosper on an average?—Dō the Varmounters patronize, pay up, and let you *live*?—or dō you drag along barely from hand tō mouth—and not hardly that, some of the time—getting cursedly in debt, and your customers not caring a d—n for anything else, so they get their own turn served regularly once a week? That's the way some of mine "patronize" me—and among them are sundry of the most vociferous Whigs in this section,—the d—d impostors!—"I have a theory" as the fellow said, that the term "Whig," in its genuine, legitimate sense, means an honest, intelligent, decent man: consequently all the cursed loafers whō pretend tō hail under the title, swindling and lying you out of your just dues—(for promising eternally, without the shadow or design of performance, is the meanest lying I know of), are so many blasted, infernal pirates, against whōm it is the duty of every decent man tō set his face—aye, and kick his foot, too! . . .

What the devil has become of your Abolition?—publishing that cursed, lying, slanderous speech of Clay's without a word of comment! I gave in

the Journal an abstract which I found in one of the papers, and made a remark or two upon the foolish lies which Clay is guilty of—and, Heaven defend us!—what a kicking and squirming there is among the “Whigs” of this county! I am throwing “fire brands” into the party, and fairly raised hell. But it won’t do. While I am prepared to go for Clay in preference to Van Buren, “if worst comes to worst,” I never will stand tamely by, and see the True Friends of Freedom assailed with lousy lies from any quarter. That’s what I am—and where I am: do you take? Come, let us see you “chaw up” that speech as it deserves:—None of your winking and blinking: come up to the scratch! You can safely say five words in Vermont against the hellish system of slavery, where I can say one here, among these benighted pagans. . .

Bowe.

Herkimer, Mar. 12, 1839.

Rufus, my friend:—

Yours of the 4th . . . was perused with mingled emotions of pain and pleasure;—pain that the Whigs of the Green Mountain State—my own state—should so nearly resemble their delinquent, office-seeking, pro-slavery brethren of this benighted region; and pleasure,—not that you seemed no better, but that after all my trials and troubles and tribulations, I am not worse off than some others. . .

Sundry of our Whig leaders hereabouts kicked terribly at my remarks upon Clay, brief as they were;—but I don’t and didn’t care a damn! Clay is making an everlasting booby of himself, and (if he don’t look out) ruining his chance at the North,—all for the sake of conciliating the blood-hounds of the South. . .

O. A. Bowe.

In March, 1834, Greeley, then 23, in company with Jonas Winchester, started ‘The New Yorker.’ “It was,” he says (writing in 1867), “a large, fair, and cheap weekly folio (afterward changed to a double quarto), devoted mainly to current literature, but giving regularly a digest of all important news. . . The New Yorker was issued under my supervision, its editorials written, its selections made, for the most part, by me, for

7½ years. . . It was, at length, extensively liked and read. It began with scarcely a dozen subscribers; these steadily increased to 9000, . . . but it was sent to subscribers on credit, and a large share of them never paid . . . while the cost of collecting from others ate up the proceeds. . . I worked hard and lived frugally during its existence."

From his earliest youth, Greeley loved farming, for the moral and physical advantages connected with it, while he painfully realized,—as he had good cause to,—how difficult it was to gain even the barest living in a purely agricultural community. Hence his ingrained belief in the need of diversified industries, which could be gotten, he thought, only by means of protective taxes. So bred in the bone was this idea that, though 'The New Yorker' claimed to be non-partisan, Thurlow Weed clearly perceived the editor's bent. "In casting about for an editor [of a Protectionist campaign paper]," he says, "it occurred to me that there was some person connected with the 'New Yorker' possessing the qualities needed. In reading the 'New Yorker' I felt sure that its editor was a strong tariff man. . . I repaired to the office . . . and inquired for its editor. A young man with light hair and blond complexion, with coat off and sleeves rolled up, standing at the case, stick in hand, replied that he was the editor. This youth was Horace Greeley."

FROM H. GREELEY. AGED 28.

New York, March 18, 1839.

R. W. Griswold, Esq.—

I say! I haven't any good reason for writing to you at present; but there is an unanswered letter from you in the bottom of my hat, and a few minutes to spare before I must go to my dinner and the Daily Whig, so here goes: . . . Your poem Ben swears he never received. Perhaps he did and perhaps he didn't, but he loses things worse than I do, even.

You appear tō have resolved tō stick at Vergennes. Well, be it so; I rejoice that you find reason for so dōing, but you could be much more serviceable in Essex. We want a smart paper in thère. With such a one we could not have lost the District so shamefully. I could cry about it now. Sōme one whō, like yourself could conciliate the Abolitionists, with a little of the sagacity and discretion which I trust you are learning, would be invaluable there.

What will you dō in Vermont about President? Anybody but Clay is out of the question; and yet his Abolition speech will, I fear, prōve insuperable there. What is tō be dōne? Run a Harrison ticket? I should terribly hate tō see Vermont vote for Van Buren now: An apostacy tō Toryism at its last gasp would be so besotted an act that I should have tō forswear Vermont as my parent state and fall back upon New Hampshire. What can you dō? I pray that as little as possible be risked in any event. I think this will be the best plan: Hold a strong Whig Convention and nominate an Electoral Ticket that will command public confidence; then let every Whig vote the ticket headed "For Pres't: Wm. H. Harrison" or "Henry Clay," as he shall prefer, and let the [men on the electoral] ticket be pledged tō vote as the majority of the people shall decide. Wouldn't that dō? Please suggest it among your People. I wish Vermont could find it in her heart tō vote for Clay, but at any rate she must not vote for Van Buren. Dō let the matter be earnestly considered with a sincere desire on all hands tō avert the great calamity.

As tō our own prospects here (New Yorker) I hardly know what tō say. Our subscription [list] is rather on the increase, but payments are slack still and we have rather hard sledding. We shall dō better, I hope, now that the Rivers are opening and our New Volume commencing. I have had toil and anxiety enough with that paper tō make it profitable sōme time, but I never expect tō find it so. I would gladly sell my interest in it for a song, tō any òne whō possessed talent and capital tō carry it on.

I think better of my new pet, the Whig. I write the Editorial for that, and edit it generally. Don't you think it's better than formerly? If not it's wretched bad, that's a fact. It is rather gaining in patronage. . .

My wife has seen sorrow enough within the last year. Broken in health and borne down with dyspepsia for years, she sustained a severe injury before the birth of her child [whō died in infancy], and was nearly killed when that birth took place. She has not yet recovered, but now lies helpless from cruel surgical operations (recent) by which she hopes tō re-

cover. She has tō be lifted from bed tō bed, but I trust will soon be about and hearty.

I mean tō go West this summer, if I can possibly raise the funds. How that will be I cannot tell. I get nothing from the Yorker, as that never pays Editors a farthing, but Wilson gives me \$12 a week tō edit the Whig, and I live upon that. I have some hopes tō get a little funds from the sale of the third quarter of the New Yorker; if so I'm off. . . Yours truly,

H. Greeley.

[C: W: Everest was born in Conn. in 1814, and died there in 1877. His name, as that of a magazine poet, was familiar in the forties, but is not tō be found in the 'Library of American Literature.']

Fayetteville, N. C., April 5, 1839.

. . . Here I am in North Carolina, engaged in the "delightful task" of thumping some faint "idea" of Latin Grammar intō the youthful skull. My "school" is comprised of 5 boys in all—twō pupils besides, young gentlemen advanced, with whōm I was acquainted at the North, and one of whōm was in College with me. The duties, in all, engage me about seven hours in the day—and the situation is a pleasant one. . . I am in a charming family, and the society is good. As tō the South, from what little I see of it, I like it very well—but have not much idea of becoming a Southerner. I am wedded tō the hills and dales of my own New England. Warm skies, and evergreen woods, and singing birds are delightful, but the velvet turf—the swelling upland—the rolling river—and the rock and the mountain for me! Write me soon—write me long—and believe me ever tō remain. . .

C. W. Everest.

Richmond [Vermont], May 15, 1839.

My dear Griswold:—

. . . The Tories have of course expended their malignity in pitiful tilts and knowing quotations from your columns (perverted, of course), and seem tō lay hold of the Argus lies with an avidity which manifests but too clearly how they feared and hated you, and how relieved they were by your departure. The fact is you have been an ever present thorn in the sides of the Tories and some of the Whigs in this State. And you must of course expect the concentrated thunder of malediction from the whole corps of ragamuffin scribblers. . .

[E. A.] Stansbury.

[Since the last date, Griswold, doubtless thro' Greeley's help, had gotten a place on the 'The Daily Whig.'

At the time of the incident referred to. Greeley (aged 17) was an apprentice in the office of a paper published in Poultney; he writes of it, in his 'Recollections,' as follows:— "Our paper was intensely Adams and Clay in the Presidential struggle of 1828, and our whole community sympathized with its preference. The defection of our State's foremost politician, Governor Cornelius P. Van Ness, after he had vainly tried, while professing to be an Adams man, to vault from the Governor's chair into the U. S. Senate, created a passing ripple on the face of the current, but did not begin to stem it." Van Ness received the reward of his treachery in the appointment, March, 1829, as envoy to Spain, which he held eight years. In 1844-45 he was collector of New-York. He died 15 Dec., 1852.]

Richmond [Vermont], June 18, 1839.

Dear Griswold:

... I am pleased to perceive that you have "lighted" on an Editorship so adroitly, and cannot but congratulate you on having relinquished a precarious country hebdominal for the more steadfast and dependable daily which now claims the fruits of your quill. . . That old Renegade C. P. Van Ness came here yesterday, and all the faithful turned out in shoals to salute him—guns were fired—speeches made, and a fearful fuss created—and all for the man who went over to a corrupt party, as it were to take vengeance on his native state, for refusing to gratify the immediate wants of his grasping ambition! and then disgraced the nation . . . for two or three years after he was recalled as ambassador! Shame, I say, on such cursed proceedings. He will do now for a 'Vanite' of the first water.

...

Yours,

Stansbury.

The publication of 'The Brother Jonathan' was begun by Wilson & Co., 1 July, 1839, with Benjamin as editor and Griswold as his assistant. It was a paper of only four pages, but occasionally these were of immense size. 'The Tattler' was a daily issued under the same management. Before long the editors had some difficulty with the publisher which caused

them tō withdraw, and they induced Winchester tō start rivals both of the weekly and the daily paper under the names of 'The New World' and 'The Signal.' The twō weeklies differed from Greeley's paper in that they wer more exclusivly literary; but only an insignificant part of their contents was original. After 1841 and 1840 they appeard in quarto and "library" editions.

Burlington, July 20, 1839.

My dear Griswold :

The first intimation I had of your whereabouts determined me tō write tō you: lacking time just then, I delayed it for a few days, when the arrival of the "Tattler" called my resolution tō mind; and the subsequent reception of that up-tō-the-sky-tō-be-lauded, biggest-of-all-possible-news-papers, and most beloved of all brethren, "Brother Jonathan" made me resolve "in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious for such things" tō despatch an epistle tō your address about the quickest. How dō you flourish? How I would like tō shake your dexter, and see you shake your sides, as of old! And wouldn't I like tō ramble over your Library again, and hear you tell your stories and talk scandal as is your wont? "O! no certainly not"! How on airth dō you expect tō find matter enough tō keep Brother Jonathan alive for any length of time! He is even infinitely more rapacious than other Yankees. In the course of about a year you will have published all that has ever been written: and at the same rate in just about another year you will get through with all that *you* can write: and then what will do? The appearance of this hugest of mammoths caused no small stir among the good citizens of this unaccustomed-to-large-sights seeing place. Winslow (he of the Sentinel) was in the P. O. when I received it: and you would have laughed tō have listened tō his exclamations as I unfolded the sheet tō his wonder struck eyes, and announced old Rufus W., of the Vermonter, as Editor. He ended his outburst by this sober sentiment: "Well," said he, "no one can deny that Griswold is talented and industrious: but he *is* too d——d unscrupulous!—You were not very scrupulous in your notices of the Burlington Sentinel!—Stacy's eyes stuck out just one mile. And Harrington's too: you ought tō have seen him.—The copy you sent me has been the rounds of the College. A deputation from each class of 10 made an attack upon it in

full and solid phalanx, and after a hard siege of 10 hours retired from the field and encamped for the night. The battle was renewed at daybreak with increased vigor and proportionate success. And now we are waiting for another number. Please tō consider me a subscriber.—Stansbury has not been here since the 4th of July. He will not stay away long, however: for there is a certain pair of gold spectacles here that fit his eyes exactly. He wants tō get them: you recollect the Yankee that (on a wager) would sell his house for a penny, but the buyer must take his cat for \$100. There's just such a fixture tō Ed's spectacles; I guess he'll take both and be content with the bargain. (The comparison is not good but 'twill dō).—What an abominably stupid thing the Vermonter is now! Pierpont and Grandey, I think, write most of the Editorials.—Grandey has not shown himself this long time. . .

College matters jog on with their usual monotony. Our Commencement happens the 6th Aug. We are expecting something worth while in the way of an oration before our Societies from Prof. Taylor Lewis of your University. We received a letter from your friend J. G. Whittier declining the invitation tō deliver a poem on account of his health. He spoke of an intention-tō visit Europe soon. I think the probability is that Park Benjamin will be asked tō give us a Poem next year. I hope he will come. He would dō it up in style and could be depended upon. Immediately after Commencement you may expect Mann and myself in New York. We shall stay twō or three days and we hope tō see you as often as your leisure will permit. Have you any part of that collection of American poetry under your control yet? By the way, whō wrote that article on American Poetry in the Democratic Review? I thought it essentially heterodox.

Geo. Combe and Lady and Thad. Stevens passed through here a few days since towards Boston. Thad. is a fine looking man, but Combe is a Scotchman. (Vide Dr. Johnson for the inference.) Your old and *tried* friend A . . . C . . . is about town as usual with his habitual mahogany countenance. He swears occasionally about you. We expelled him from the Phi Sigma Nu Society on account of his Washington scrape. H . . . A . . . corroborated all your allegations. May I depend upon you for an introduction tō Benjamin and sōme other of your N. Y. worthies? Bishop Hopkins returned from England with an empty pocket. He expected tō raise about 150,000 and got sōme 5,000! 'Tis said that he will be obliged tō sell his establishment. Our University lately had a donation of some 20,000 from one Mr. Williams in the eastern part of Vermont. Harrington and all your friends send their

respects. Can not you send me a few lines in return by Mr Weaver? I am
ever,

Yours sincerely,

H. J. Raymond.

Burlington, Vt., Oct. 31, 1839.

My dear Griswold:—

I have long had it in mind to write you an epistle: but the lack of anything special to make a letter interesting, in conjunction with a lack of time, has hitherto prevented me from putting this sufficiently laudable resolution into practice. But a truce to apologies, both for not having written before and for writing now. So you are *out* of 'The Tattler' and are now [pitching] *into* it, daily, christening your shots, à la militaire, "evening signals." Well! go head—*marte virtute*, (don't laugh at the *aproposness* of the "ablative of manner"). What the deuce should put it into the heads of you and Benjamin to cast your own bantling, the youngest and at the same time the smartest of your children, upon the parish, and actually to commence so deadly a warfare upon it, I am at a loss to imagine. Mann has told me that 'twas in consequence of a difference with Wilson [the publisher]: and I presume you had ample reason for cutting loose. I own that upon first learning of your change, I feared the issue of it. I feared that any new paper, however well conducted, would hardly be able to strike the public, so exactly to a T., as the Brother Jonathan had done: and to step in ahead of it and to undertake to turn the current of favor from its deepening channel into your own way, I thought was an attempt, which, for any other men than you two, would have been hopeless. But one might as well try to stop the devil himself, as either of you, when fairly under way: who then shall hinder you when united? Go ahead! tell Mr. Columbus that he may go the devil with his New World; and as for Bro. Jonathan and Co. when you once get upon the same ground as to your country circulation, you may tell them to follow Columbus. I honestly think 'The New World' the handsomest and the best paper of the kind I ever saw. Long may it wear the crown! . . .

What a mass of the most unmitigated stupidity the 'Boston Notion' inflicts upon the unoffending community, weekly! The man who superintends its deliverance into the world ought to be hung, for producing an abortion. There's a frog trying to 'come' the ox, for you. Heaven grant it may burst! I am sorry that Benjamin has left the New Yorker. If he had exerted himself but a little he could have made that, *infinitely* the

best weekly in the U. S. Whō [sic] will Greeley associate with him? I hope (but dō not expect), that he will get ōne tō fill B's place. The 'Sentinel' here a few weeks since undertook tō use up Benjamin Instanter and the New-Yorker with him, on account of his critique of Irving.—I gave it a decent rap for it in the Free Press, and since that they have let B. alone and gone tō pomelling me! If the author was not quite so great an ass, I'd have some fun with him: If they say another word about Ben. I'll mount them. I believe that stupendous nincompoop Houghton (who used tō write for the Vermonter) is the vallant Phillistine!— . . . Stansbury was rejoiced tō learn of your dōings among the people of Gotham. He is a capital fellow; full of fun, and, latterly, of politics. The rise of Locofocism in Vermont has inspired him with the most ardent hatred tō everything that looks that way. Van Ness is making a fool of himself by spending his time in electioneering. He has been over the whole state, and is making desperate exertions. What can be his object? You know what a capital manager Harry Bradley is. He is 'going at it' soon, and says that "Slade for Gov." will sweep Vermont from ōne end tō the other at the next trial. They hope tō prevall on him tō stand. I dō not know where Woodbridge is: he left college some time since. Roberts still carries on the Vermonter. If we are tō be bored with it forever, I shall almost regret that you ever started. When 'twas young it was a child not tō be 'sneezed at,' but it has lost every glimmer of its 'original brightness' and is now behind the Free Press or even the Sentinel. Dō you remember that Dictionary you used tō covet so much at Goodrich's bookstore? I think I could get it for you at a moderate price, though I cannot say for how much. If you want it, let me know, and I'll negotiate for you. Dō you see much of Mann? He is ōne of the finest fellows that ever lived: when you know him well you'll say the same. Can you make him write for your 'Signal'? So Jim Otis has at last reached the acmē of his ambition, a place at the Tattler's Editorial table! Is it true that he is writing a life of Gen. Scott? If it is, it seems tō me they might have made a better choice. Mann says that you talk of starting a Monthly: can you make it go? How soon will Benjamin's Poems be out? I long tō get a sight at them. If Greeley will let me I'll tell the public what 'The New Yorker' thinks of Benjamin. Whō the deuce is the Gent. in the C. Colored coat? Benjamin himself isn't he? I have written you a sheet of devilish nonsense, but I cannot afford tō try at another, so you must be content with this for the present. . .

Yours truly,

H. J. Raymond.

Mr R: H: Stoddard gives the folloing account of the enterprise tō which Mr. White devoted his life. He died 19 Jan. 1843.

"There were [then] no periodicals that were worth speaking of. Mr. N. P. Willis had commenced the 'American Monthly Magazine' four or five years before, but it was now merged intō the 'New York Mirror' . . . Mr. Charles Fenno Hoffman had commenced the 'Knickerbocker Magazine' the previous year (1833), and had edited a few numbers of it when it passed intō the hands of the Rev. Timothy Flint. . . There may have been other ventures whōse names have dropped out of our literary history, but these, with twō or three heavy quarterlies, the 'North American Review,' the 'Christian Examiner,' and so on, represented the periodical literature of the country. It was doubtless honorable tō write for them, but it was certainly not profitable, for the prices which they paid (when they paid at all), would hardly have satisfied the copyists of the authors' manuscripts; there was more money in the legal narratives of John Doe and Richard Roe than in the dissertations of the 'North American Review,' whōse honorarium for years was twō dollars per printed page. It was not a propitious season for writers, as I have said, and it could not be considered a very promising one for publishers. So it seems tō us now, but so it did not seem tō Mr. Thomas W. White, a printer of Richmond, whō projected a new magazine—a magazine which should represent the literature of the South, which so far had escaped recognition in the magazines of the East. He was not encouraged by his friends, we are told, but being a determined man, he refused tō be discouraged, and set resolutely tō work tō obtain the endorsement of some

of the leading authors of America. . . It is instructive to turn from the American magazines of today, popular or otherwise, to the first number of the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' which bears the date of August, 1834, and the imprint of T. W. White, Printer and Proprietor. It consisted of 32 double-column octavo pages, and its subscription price was \$5. I am not prepared to say that it was worse than the average periodical literature of the time, but it was pretty bad, though it contained a piece of verse by Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney—"Columbus at the University of Salamanca"—and Mr. Richard Henry Wilde's best known lyric, "My life is like the summer rose," the authorship of which was attributed to, though not fixed upon him. It contained, also, a number of dull book-notices, the perfunctory work of some unintelligent hack-writer. Two months passed before the second number appeared, and it could hardly be said to be superior to its predecessor. Mrs. Sigourney contributed another poem, "Death among the Trees," and Mr. William Wirt a "Letter to a Law Student." Unintelligent hack furnished a dull notice of Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and padded it out with an extract seven or eight pages in length. The third number, which was extended to 64 pages, was instructive, if not entertaining. The *pièce de resistance* was the first of a series of papers on the 'Present Condition of Tripoli;' the side-dishes were a 'Letter from a Virginian in New England,' [the first of a series afterwards printed by J. R. Lowell in the *Atlantic* in ignorance that they had been published] and an article on Mr. N. P. Willis (copied from the 'Norfolk Beacon'); the dessert was a sonnet on Byron, attributed (and justly) to Mr. Wilde. . . By whatever standard it was measured, it was a failure, as anyone but Mr.

White would have seen, and as he probably saw, though he determined to continue it. He had not been sustained by the leading writers of America, further than by their good wishes, for not one of them had contributed a line to the luckless periodical. Among those who had promised to do so, was Mr. Kennedy, who, early in the winter of 1835, recommended Poe to him as a contributor."

Richmond, Va., Nov. 23, 1839.

My dear Sir:

Mr. Greeley has recommended that I take from you an article . . . for my January Messenger. Much as I should like to have such a contribution from your pen, I shall be obliged to forego the pleasure, unless you choose to present the MS. to me. To confess the truth, I am confoundedly hard run—and, what is still worse, I am confoundedly in debt. This is the plain, unvarnished truth.

Yours, Th. W. White.

Richmond, Va., Dec. 23, 1839.

My dear Friend:

I am in great trouble today,—greater than I could give you any idea of, even if I were disposed to lay my sorrows and my grievances at your feet. But I will go ahead at all hazards. God alone shall break me down. Man cannot do it.

It grieves me to hear you say that you cannot make a living in New-York, and that you must go "somewhere where bread is to be earned." I wish I was so situated that I could offer you a good living. But my hands are tied, as it were, for the present. The friends that I would serve, and have around me, I cannot. I know your capacity—I know that you have fine talents—and I know that you are a hard-working, brave man. And, if it were possible, I would have you here tomorrow.

Your article on the "Rights of Authors" is a strong piece of composition. No man living can controvert your arguments. It is thought, from beginning to end.

I wish you, my dear fellow, to set to work about another piece for me. Choose any subject you please—and get it to me as soon as possible.

. . . I am unable to write. My head aches to desperation, and my heart is filled almost to overflowing with sorrows.

Your Friend,

T. W. White.

A glimpse of Griswold at this date is given in the Recollections of J: Keese published in his son's biography:—

"... The next figure coming before the mind's eye from the grouping of one of these notable evenings, belongs to a man who during many years created and endured as much excitement connected with the world of literature as any other who could be named. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, ex-minister of the gospel, editor and literary worker in general, to whom the country really owed much, for a considerable period, and who was treated by that country more than a trifle irregularly before his death, as he has been, since that event, with a blending of neglect and captiousness. Mr. Griswold, at the time under notice, was about twenty-five years old, and had produced as yet very little work in the world of letters. . . He was a man of rather small figure, a very intelligent face, with the eyes deep-set, good forehead showing an early inclination to the loss of front hair, sharp and trenchant nose, short, full beard and moustache, and a habit of holding down the head a trifle and looking keenly out from beneath the overhanging brows, not a little impressive when he was very much in earnest. Never profound, Mr. Griswold had a large fund of current intelligence, and was an exceptionally interesting talker, as possibly he had been a speaker of corresponding caliber. He was at that time connected with Horace Greeley's 'New Yorker'. . . It was a little later that he became editor of 'Graham's Magazine,' doing more than any American had previously done to draw around a single publication the labor of the best thinkers of the country, and ably seconded, in doing so, by the far-seeing liberality of the publisher, Mr. George R. Graham, really the father of American magazines of the first class . . . From 1842

till the time of his death, he was laboriously engaged in a series of compilations requiring that industry and that persistence of which he had so much, and demanding little of that absolute talent and that ripe scholarship, in both of which he was deficient. That Rufus Wilmot Griswold . . . did great and meritorious services to our growing literature, and assisted in fostering many writers, who, without his encouragement, would hopelessly have laid down the pen, there is no question whatever; and it is something of a privilege, now that he has already been dead for nearly a quarter of a century, to call back, however dimly, his presence, and bear even this slight testimony to his labors."

Albany, Feb. 17, 1840.

Rufus W. Griswold, Esq.

I understand by the last Tattler that you have abandoned Boston and returned to New York—very good. Very well: I write to say that I shall probably want you the coming season, if your services are purchasable, as I believe they generally are. I do not wish you to forego any good offer you may have or receive; but I shall probably be glad to hire your services from the first of May (probably sooner) to the first of December next if they can be had on reasonable terms. My plans may fail; but I should like to know how you stand at present. Address me a line on the receipt of this, defining your position.

Yours,

H. Greeley.

Please state what you will ask me per week for the time above mentioned. Don't get in any more scrapes till I come down, which will be the first Saturday after the River opens.

Yours,

H. G.

New York, Apr. 26 [1840.]

My dear Fields,

I now "do" the New Yorker, under a two year's engagement, in place of Hoffman. Greeley comes out next week with a "Log Cabin" paper, to which he intends to devote his entire attention, until the autumn election at least. . . I am going on with my plans relative to "American Poetry" heretofore expressed.

Albany, [June?], 1840.

R. W. Griswold:

I wanted tō see you Friday night bad: why did you [word omitted] Swartwout? You must have known it would embarrass me.

Please take care and save the articles I left out on my table; among others, one containing an abstract of a speech of Hon. Elisha Whittlesey which I want tō go inside in this week's Log (bourgeois). Also one on Gen. Harrison's poverty and its causes, which save carefully, as I want tō make an Editorial out of it. Some others ditto. I shall try tō be down on Wednesday morning. . . The last Yorker was a very fair number, bating typographical errors, such as 'Dugal' for 'Dugald' Stuart, which is awful, as insinuating ignorance against us. I saw '*From whence*,' in your own verse, too. Don't you know that is shocking,—positively shocking! . . . Yours,

H. Greeley.

Richmond, Va., June 9, 1840.

My dear Sir:

. . . It pleases me much tō learn that you think well of my pet. I know not what tō say about receiving your labors. Tō take them without some remuneration, I will not. And, on the other hand, I am really so heavily in debt, that I dare not offer you such encouragement as I should like tō dō, if I were not so much under the [illegible]. But, throwing all this aside, if you choose tō give me your labors for \$1.50 per page, Bourgeois type,—and \$2.00 for the Minion page, why, in that case, I say "go ahead!" And even at these rates, my dear friend [you] will have tō be most patient with me. Indeed you will be obliged tō suffer me tō take my own time tō pay you this pittance. But pay you, eventually, I assuredly will.

I am glad tō learn that you are connected with Mr. Greeley—you could not have made a better selection. He is exactly a man after my own heart—noble, generous and brave. I know not his superior anywhere. And as for his talents, they are of the highest and most useful kind. . .

I am sick of hard work—sick of this dog's life;—and yet strange tō say, I believe I should go tō the dogs if I did not lead this more than slavish life. Adieu! my dear fellow.

Yours,

Th. W. White.

Linnville, Laba Bay [Texas], July 30, 1840.

Dear Brother,

... The Mexican federalists are still encamped on the Rio Grande. They appear to me more like a band of marauders than an army fighting for the liberty of their country. Many who had great confidence in their success begin to lose that confidence, and many who would have joined their standard two months since now look upon them as unworthy the confidence of any one. . .

Ever your friend and Brother,

S. P. Griswold.

Passo de Cabello, Aug. 15, 1840.

My dear Brother:

Ere this reaches you I presume you will have heard of the destruction of Linnville on Labaca Bay, and as I have dated my letters to you from that place I hasten to inform you of my safety and the facts so far as they have come to my knowledge of the affair.

On the morning of the 8th inst. a party of Indians were discovered about 2 or 2½ miles from the town forming in order of attack; our first impression was that it was a part of the Mexican Federal Army, coming to that place for supplies, but on taking a view of them through a glass and observing their numbers, a man was despatched to meet them and ascertain whether they were friends or foes, he had advanced about ¼ mile when the advanced guard filed off and in 4 minutes we were completely surrounded by land, and all chance of escape save by water cut off. All made their escape but two whites and three negroes by taking the Boats. Three whites were killed,—Major Watts, the collector of the Port of Labaca, a Mr. Owen [?] and a man whose name is not recollected. And Madam Watts taken prisoner. Three Blacks are missing. Soon after the Indians had possession of the town they commenced burning the town, one building at a time. We lay in sight until the last building was burned, which was done about 9 P. M.—from Linnville they made their way again for the mountains by way of Victoria which they attacked twice, and were both times repulsed—from that place they were closely pursued by the Texans and were once whipped with considerable loss. From the last accounts from the army in pursuit, the Texans were 700 strong in view with parties on both flanks and the Major General Felix Huston with about 200 Regulars at a narrow pass to the mountains to which they were making. From the last Express their

destruction is almost inevitable. Should they be cut off, western towns will be safe from any further invasion. The number that took Linnville was not less than 8 nor more than 12 hundred men—they were led by Mexicans or Indians. . . All that was saved was what we had on our backs. My loss was not less than four and I fear not less than eight thousand dollars, but it was made in Texas. I am now destitute, all I have is my land and credit, one thing I have to console, that is, I am out of debt. Since the fight I have had no regular sleep. I am nearly used up. I leave here in a few hours for the Lavaca and Victoria. . . God be with you and yours,

S. Parsons Griswold.

"I have already," wrote Bayard Taylor in 1871, "seen one generation [of poets] forgotten, and I fancy I now see the second slipping the cables of their craft, and making ready to drop down stream with the ebb tide. I remember, for instance, that in 1840 there were many well-known and tolerably popular names which are never heard now. Byron and Mrs. Hemans then gave the tone to poetry, and Scott, Bulwer and Cooper to fiction. Willis was by all odds the most popular American author; Longfellow was not known by the multitude, Emerson was only 'that Transcendentalist,' and Whittier 'that Abolitionist.' We young men used to talk of Rufus Dawes, and Charles Fenno Hoffman, and Grenville Mellen, and Brainard and Sands. Why we even had a hope that something wonderful would come out of Chivers! . . . Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers, of Georgia, author of 'Virginalia,' 'The Lost Pleiad,' 'Facets of Diamond' and 'Eonchs of Ruby,' also of 'Nacoochee, the Beautiful Star,' and there was still another volume, six in all!* The British Museum has the only complete set of his works. . . I remember a stanza of his 'Rosalie Lee':—

* It will be seen from the following list that Chivers' works number more than six volumes. Numbers 2, 8 and 9 are in the library of Harvard College,

Many mellow Cydonian suckets,
 Sweet apples, anthosmial, divine,
 From the ruby-rimmed berylline buckets
 Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline;
 Like the sweet golden goblet found growing
 On the wild emerald cucumber-tree,
 Rich, brilliant, like chrysoprase glowing,
 Was my beautiful Rosalie Lee.'

The refrain of a poem called 'The Poet's Vacation' was :—

In the music of the morns,
 Blown through the Conchimarrian horns,
 Down the dark vistas of the reboantic Norns,
 To the Genius of Eternity
 Crying 'Come to me! Come to me!'

Dr. Chivers, according to a statement made to me by one of his daughters, was born at Washington, Georgia, in 1807, and died at Decatur, Georgia, in 1858. Having inherited wealth, however, he practiced but little. "While in Springfield, Mass.,

having belonged to J. R. Lowell. Numbers 1 and 3 are taken from the catalog of the Harris collection.

- (1). Conrad and Eudora, or the Death of Alonzo, Phil'a, 1834, 144 pp.
- (2). Nacoochee [etc.] with other poems, by T. H. Chivers, M. D. . . New York: W. E. Dean, Printer, 2 Ann St., 1837; 18°, 143 pp.
- (3). The Lost Pleiad, N.-Y., 1845.
- (4). Facets of Diamond.
- (5). Eonchs of Ruby, N.-Y., Shepard & Spalding, 1851, 168 pp.
- (6). Virginalia, or Songs of my Summer Nights. Phil'a, Lippincott, Grambo & Co., 1863.
- (7). Atlanta, or the True Blessed Island of Poesy: a Paul [Prose?] Epic in three Lustra. Macon, 1865, 8°.
- (8). Memorialia, or Phials of Amber full of the Tears of Love. A Gift for the Beautiful. By T. H. Chivers, M. D. . . Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co., 1863, 18°, 168 pp. This consists of 'Eonchs of Ruby' preceded by a single 12 page poem. The copyright date is 1861, so that it is probably the same as No. 5.
- (9). The Sons of Usna, a Tragico-Apotheosis, in Five Acts. By T. H. Chivers, M. D. . . Philadelphia, C. Sherman & Son, Printers, 1868; 8°, 92 two-column pages.
- (10). Heroes of Freedom.

he fell in love with a Yankee girl sixteen years old. They traveled from one place to another, New York, Boston, New Haven, etc." This second marriage probably took place about 1850. In 1853-54 Chivers dwelt in or near Boston and was a frequent contributor to 'The Waverley Magazine' and 'The Literary Museum.' It is singular that not only Richardson's and the minor histories of American literature ignore Chivers, but that even L. Manly's book, which is devoted exclusively to Southern authors, does the same.

I insert a letter from Chivers to Poe, since it illustrates the spirit of the time, and shows that the influence of transcendentalism was not limited to New-England and "The Tribune." Chivers' style is here tame and commonplace, having little of the verbal effulgence which later distinguished it, when, even in prose, it unconsciously surpassed the efforts of those most skillful in burlesque. Aside from his poetical pretensions, Chivers seems to have been a person worthy of great respect. His verses appeared in some of the best periodicals of the day, and if we may trust the extracts quoted by the publishers of his 'Eonchs of Ruby' he was not entirely without appreciation on the part of the critics. Here is the advertisement as it appeared in 'The Literary World':—

Eonchs of Ruby.

A Gift of Love.

By T. H. Chivers, M. D.

Opinions of the Press.

"We might quote passages of even beauty throughout the book—passages replete with the loveliest developments of the divine poetic idea in the man's soul. From his harp proceed

master strains, which seem struck out often in a sort of Pythonic delirium."—*Message Bird*.

" 'The Eonchs of Ruby' is a treasure of classic and sublime poetry—a *rara avis* of a rich and ardent imagination. The author's ideas partake more of the celestial than of the terrestrial; and many of the best productions of this book are dedicated to beings who were once dear to him in life, but who were called away in the flower of their age to enjoy a world more glorious and perfect than this miserable earth. These lamentations of an afflicted parent, so charmingly and truthfully expressed, may truly be called superior to anything of the kind ever written by any American or English poet."—From *L'Eco d' Italia*.

The New York Quarterly, however, took a somewhat different tone:—

"The quaint conceits of these title pages [Nos. 6 and 7] are a warning of the affectation and absurdity which nestle within the covers of the present astounding volumes. Such a farrago of pedantry, piety, blasphemy, sensuality, and delirious fancies has seldom before gained the imprint of a respectable publisher. If the reader can imagine the fusion of the Hebrew Prophets, Solomon's Song, Jacob Böhme, Edgar A. Poe, Anacreon, Catullus, Coleridge, and Isaac Watts into one seething, simmering caldron of abominations, he may form some idea of these fantastic monstrosities. The prose run mad in the prefaces prepares for the demoniac-celestial-bestial character of the poetry."

The editor of 'The Knickerbocker' paid his respects to the work as follows:—

"We have read a little book of poems by a Mr. Chivers

(what a crisp, sparkling name!) which is a casket overbrimming with the most incomparable gems that ever sparkled in Heaven's light. The author remarks in his preface, which is itself a prosaic bewilderment of all that is most precious in the verbal domain: 'As the diamond is the crystalline Revelator of the acromatic white light of Heaven, so is a perfect poem the crystalline revelation of the Divine Idea. There is just the difference between a pure poem and one that is not, that there is between the spiritual concretion of a diamond and the mere glaciation of water into ice. For as the irradiancy of a diamond depends upon its diaphanous translucency, so does the beauty of a poem upon its rythmical crystallization of the Divine Idea.' We concur with the author in these views, although we never had the power to express them. A single verse from Mr. Chivers will show that he does not lay down principles by which he is not himself guided:—

On the beryl-rimmed rebecks of Ruby
 Brought fresh from the hyaline streams,
 She played on the banks of the Yuba
 Such songs as she heard in her dreams,
 Like the heavens when the stars from their eyries
 Look down through the ebon night air,
 Where the groves by the Ouphantic Fairies
 Lit up for my Lily Adair,
 For my child-like Lily Adair,
 For my heaven-born Lily Adair,
 For my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

There is immortality in these verses, unless immortality is 'a
 segment.' "

Nb. 47, Canal Street, N. Y., Aug. 27th, 1840.

Dear Sir,—

I received your letter this evening, containing a Prospectus of the "Penn Magazine," which you intend publishing in the City of Philadel-

phia. My absence from the City, among the emerald highlands of the beautiful Hudson, prevented my answering it sooner than to-day. In answer to your solicitation for my support for the forthcoming Journal, I must say that I am much pleased with your "Prospectus"—the plan which you have in view—and hope sincerely that you may realize all your anticipations. As it regards myself, I will support you as long as you may continue the Editor of the above-named work. In the Paradise of Literature, I do not know one better calculated than yourself to prune the young scions of their exuberant thoughts. In some instances, let me remark, you seemed to me to lay aside the pruning-knife for the tomahawk, and not only to lop off the redundant limbs, but absolutely to eradicate the entire tree. In such cases there is no hope of its ever afterwards bearing any fruit. In surgical operations we always use a sharp knife, and wish to be as expeditious as possible; but we never go so far as to cut away so much of a part as to endanger the vitality of the whole. If we find, as in cases of gangrene, that the vital part is so affected that an operation would be unsafe, we then choose to let the patient die a natural death, rather than hasten it by our surgical art. I have seen a little sapling transplanted before now, which had every appearance of dying until it had undergone a gentle pruning and watering, when, to the astonishment of the Gardener, it towered above all the rest in the grove, and remained a living monument of his skill and kind attention. The same thing is true in regard to the literary world. Bad treatment to the human economy will make a chronic disease sooner than a functional one, [and] by its own process, will terminate in organic derangement.

I consider the publication of such a work as you have suggested infinitely above any other undertaking. There can be no equivalent given to a man for the payment of divine thought. It is as far above every other consideration as the soul is more immortal. He who has never wandered amid the labyrinthine vistas of the flower-gemmed solitudes of thought knows nothing of the capabilities of the soul in its aspirations after the Beautiful in Natural Truth, which it, thereby, perceives will be fully manifested to it, in all its glory, in the enjoyment of the Hereafter. He knows nothing of that delightful Eden which remains immortal in the soul, whose flowers are the amarantus of celestial thought. The fruit of the ignorant seems sweet to the eye, but "turns to ashes on the lips." The garden of literature, to the wise, is a "Paradise Regained" wherein his thoughts, like the swan of Socrates, can soar up to the celestial regions, and become the soul's heralds of the divine To-come. For, as thought is the offspring of the spiritual, which is

but the unfolding of the soul to itself,—as the disporting of the bud is but the display of its many folds, at the same time that it gives out its fragrance—whereby it becomes cognizant of the external world—so, the more it knows of the spiritual, the more it assimilates itself to the Author of its Spirituality.

What do you think of the “Dial”? The Boston papers have attempted to criticise it; but they have failed entirely. As we all bear definite relations to the external world, so language is the manifestation of these relations. But if we never made use of language in any other sense, we should never soar up from the palpable and the material, to the impalpable, spiritual, and immaterial—which, I think, is one of the chief provinces of human thought. This, the materialist would call “Transcendentalism.” Well, let him call it so—he has no better name for it. And what is it, after all? It is taking the swan of thought, which has floated on the crystalline waters of the *familiar* in this world, and giving it wings, whereby it may ascend into the regions of the unfamiliar, and there, in that divine altitude become the recipient of that lore which is the harmony of the Angels. All our knowledge comes from the relations which subsist between us and the external world. And what is Revelation but Transcendentalism? It is the effect of inspiration. What then is inspiration, if it is not a power given to the soul to recognize the beautiful of a truth which is transcendent in its nature, when compared with other truths? We may convey the idea of a heavenly truth by an earthly one—that is, we may make an earthly truth the representative of a truth beyond expression. This shows the power of language. This shows that language has a higher office than to manifest the relations which subsist between us and the external world—although all our knowledge comes therefrom. We may express the existence of a truth which is beyond expression. We do this whenever we attempt to explain the attributes of God. You see with what presumption vultures will aspire to the dignity of angels. I do not mean by this that everything which the “Dial” asserts is true. Far from it. But I do mean that its sapient Critics know nothing of the power of language in the reflection of ideas, which are the twilight presence of God living in the soul. They know nothing of anything but what amounts to nothing. All that is invisible is spiritual, and all that is spiritual is lasting; and all that is lasting is alone valuable.

You must excuse this digression, for I had no idea of wandering so far into the meanderings of metaphysic thought, when I commenced. In conclusion, therefore, let me assure you that I will do everything in my power to benefit you in the progression of your forthcoming work—hoping,

at the same time, that your life may be long and prosperous, and that you may enjoy in this world all the pleasures that wealth can purchase and fancy can invent.

Yours very truly,

Thos. H. Chivers.

[The B: Franklin Butler here mentioned was attorney-general under Jackson and Van Buren. The letter was addressed to Greeley.]

Richmond, Va., Oct. 30, 1840.

My Dear Friend:

Be so good as to have the enclosed bill sent to B. F. Butler, Esq. for collection. I presume it will be paid at sight, *he* is not drove as we poor devils of printers are. Oh no, he has indeed luxuriated on the loaves and fishes. Seeing his claim is fixed I presume he will discontinue.

I regret to tell you,—and I assure you I utter the truth—I regret to tell you that I am not near so well off, in pecuniary matters, as I was when we last shook hands. It is useless to speculate on the causes—it is enough for me to know that the fact is so. . .

Your Mr. Griswold is certainly a very excellent writer, as he is a gentlemanly man. . .

Your friend,

T. W. White.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 30, 1840.

My Dear Friend:

I duly received your favor of 2d inst., and honestly assure you that I would have replied to it long since, if I could have spared the time. The truth is, my dear fellow, I am, I fear, a bad manager, and possibly a worse economist. Instead of working myself out of difficulties, I seem to [have] created a new batch of them in the past 12 months:—and just now I am particularly beset,—particularly annoyed. Still I am nothing daunted,—and I mean to push my barque, frail and weak though she be, ahead, at all hazards. If I perish, I perish—that's all. . .

[Griswold went to Philadelphia to become editor of The Daily Standard.]

New York, Nov. 29, 1840.

R. W. Griswold,

Man, what's your hurry? I got home this morning expecting to find you here these two days, or till Monday evening at least; but behold!

you are off these twō days! Well, it will all dō; but I would have liked tō see you anyhow. I calculated tō spend this afternoon up at your place, and was rather disappointed in having no pretext for so dōing.

Well, you are off, and I suppose you will stay till it suits your convenience tō return. But let me hear from you anyhow. I talked with [G:] Roberts about you yesterday for some time. R. is rather in a quandary. Purdy and young Haughton are going tō start an opposition, tō be called The Daily Mail, and Purdy has left Roberts. R. talked with me about you, and concluded that you were the right chap tō assume the principal tragical business in his concern. I thought you would have no objection tō an extra string tō your bow, so I encouraged him in it. I doubt not you are well situated as you are, yet I think you may as well write a frank, kindly letter tō Roberts, stating that you are now fast, but if you happen tō get loose you will be glad tō go with him. That can dō no harm, anyhow.

I wish you would write me each Wednesday evening a junk of 'Literary Intelligence' . . . But you have a good place where you are—don't jeopard it tō serve anybody.

Yours,

H. Greeley.

Log and Yorker, N. York, Dec. 3, 1840.

Gris.:

I believe there is a chance tō send you a line tōday without cost; and I embrace it for three purposes.

1. You need not send me any Literary Notices, such as I have begged of you. I have engaged Raymond, temporarily, though hardly able tō dō so, and have now twō assistants. Of course, we ought tō be a whole team, take us altōgether, and must dō.

2. I want tō thank you for the excellent manner in which the outside of the New Yorker was dōne up during the twō weeks I was away. It could hardly have been better.

3. I want tō curse you for going off so abruptly as you did, without leaving any directions. It has ruined The New Yorker for this week—dead as a hatchet. Raymond is a good fellow, but utterly destitute of experience or knowledge of where magazines, etc. are tō be procured, as you well knew. He says he asked you about magazines, and you told him we could not have any more than we then had,—Blackwood and Dublin. So he went tō work as a novice would, shears in first, and cut out the most infernal lot of newspaper trash ever seen. He got in type a column of 'Lord Chatham,' which

you published a month ago; three or four column articles of amazing antiquity and stupidity, and then gave out an original translation of a notorious story—which I fear we have once published—three columns and over of this, for a magazine week! Thus *The New Yorker* is doomed for this week, and you are to blame for it. You are habitually reckless of whatever is not likely to subserve your future purposes.

Gris, you must reform this altogether.

Yours,

H. Greeley.

80 Ann Street, Saturday, [5 Dec., 1840.]

My dear Griswold :—

I have taken it into my head to write to you, although I have nothing special to write about. So you may make up your mind to endure the affliction of an epistle, which may not pay you for the trouble of wading through it. Let me warn you, however, not to burn it unread; cause *vy*—the best part will be towards the latter end.

I believe I told you that Greeley had written to Roberts to see if he wanted me in the [Boston] Times office. I have not yet received any answer, and therefore know nothing of the prospect. Have you had any opportunity to make enquiries about the Philadelphia Weeklies?—I understood that a writer was wanted for the [Saturday] Evening Post there; know you ought of this? I should much prefer being in Philadelphia to pitching my tent in Boston—especially in the Times office. . .

. . . Greeley wants to write to you, so I'll stop my yarn and let him occupy the rest of the sheet.

As ever, thine truly,

H. J. Raymond.

New York, Dec. 5, 1840.

Dr. Gris:

My Book of Political Returns (which you mainly made up) is not to be found. We need it. Do you know anything about it?

Also, Herbert's articles on Mrs. Hemans and Fragment of a Play. I cannot imagine what has become of them. Can you help us find them?

I am doing pretty well on the Log, only it is a stormy day to-day, and we shall sell next to none in the City. But we are getting in a good list from the Country. Thank you for your offer to help sell the Science of Numbers. It is an excellent work, and I am interested in it. . .

H. Greeley.

The title of the work of Bryant mentiond belo is Selections from the American Poets by William Cullen Bryant: New York, Harpers; 1 vol., 316 pp., 18°. Raymond wrote of it:—

“Six short poems are given from Jones Very, and this a greater number than we have from the works of any other of the 78 authors introduced intō this collection. . . Eleven pages are given tō Wilcox, but twō and a half tō Longfellow. . . Elizabeth Park has twelve pages, Mrs. Sigourney five, and Maria Davidson twō. . . On many accounts we think it inferior tō the ‘Selections’ published by Mr. Cheever some years ago, for that was accompanied by some brief but excellent notices both critical and biographical.”

Office of The New Yorker, Friday evening [19 Dec., 1840.]

My dear Griswold:—

. . . Things are going on finely here: there is some probability that Greeley will have tō take charge of the Democratic Press: if so, we shall have business enough. I had a letter from the South the other day, offering \$600 for teaching a school 10 months. I wrote about it and am awaiting an answer. I think it not unlikely that I shall go. Did you get Bryant's Poets? I wrote a review of it in the Yorker this week. Benjamin is getting out an awful New World for Christmas. It is tō be Follo, twice as large as now. . .

Yours ever,

H. J. Raymond.

[Of the poets named by Greeley, Burleigh is the only ðne mentiond in the Library of American Literature.]

New York, Dec. 21, 1840.

Rufe Gris:

Yours of yesterday reached me this morning. Thank you for your attention tō the Wedgewood business. . . Get a right notice in the Ledger if you can. Swain would like tō dō me a kindness. But pay for it rather than not get a good ðne.

Your book is going on all right. I wrote [for ‘The Biographical Annual,’ article on Timothy] Flint yesterday, as well as I could, with great

tribulation; but it is hard making brick without either mortar or straw. I could only get a few facts beside those in your Yorker notice, which are abominably vague . . . I took good care that my name should not appear over the article. I put in some flummery and the article will pass well enough, with all but those who know something. . .

Remember some Yorker poets in your volume of Poetry if consistent with the quiet of a good conscience, which is to be regarded above all things. In especial, 'Rizpah' by B. F. Ransom, something by 'J. H. K.' or J. H. S. (formerly Julia H. Kinney, now Mrs. Julia H. Scott of Towanda, Pa.), a scrap from Mary Emily Jackson if it will do, and something from Wm. H. Burleigh anyhow. W. H. C. Hosmer and Mrs. E. J. Eames ought to be considered and not kicked aside because they have never been in a volume. Try to give a fair chance to the unknown to fame, but don't spoil your volume with them. Don't Raym quietly poke it into Bryant's volume in the last Yorker? Don't forget some Biographical notation, very brief and expressive, at least to a few who are really Poets.

Raym has a good offer to go South to teach school, but I shall try to keep him. I can train him up in the way he should go shortly.

I met Grund Saturday in Mr. Clay's room at the Astor. We spoke but a few minutes. I bragged on you and he heartily concurred; but *won't* you catch it (somebody tells me that thinks he knows) for serving up Dr. Thomas Dunn English the way you have? Ah, Gris! Gris! shave your horrid claws!

Yours,

H. Greeley.

'Yorker' and 'Cabin,' New York, Dec. 26, 1840.

R. W. G.

I have five minutes to write you, and two things to say; so I will write them and be done as soon as possible. . .

I shall walk right into your Philadelphia publishers, very brisk, if they don't behave themselves. They have sent me three or four of their ordinary rye-and-Indian novels this week, and *not* Mrs. Norton's Poems, which you know The New Yorker has done as much to sell as any other paper. You have become god-father for their good behaviour; I pray you look to your responsibility.

I thank you for your kindness in respect to my Postmaster Generalship! ! ! ! but Gris, I pray you to have a care to your practice with the long

bow. It is too adventurous, I assure you, and spoils the marksmanship. The things you have said of me there are more incredible than anything in Munchausen, and every intelligent man will know it.

I understand Thad. Stevens is to be Postmaster General. Well, he's a trump, and will do good service, but a little too savage a politician. I reckon your Philadelphia folks will kick at it; but better Stevens P. M. G. than John Sergeant Secretary of the Treasury, in my opinion. I shall be right glad to hear that old Tip finds at least half of his Cabinet elsewhere than in Congress.

Yours, abundantly,

Horace Greeley.

New York, Jan. 15, 1841.

Friend Gris:

Your letter opens up a world of Greek to me. In the first place, I have never said that Stevens would be P. M. G. to my knowledge. I may have said that if Ewing does not take it Thad. will probably get it, as a guess merely. I am anxious that a good, thorough, efficient, capable man may get that particular place—one that will know how to effect the great Reforms so much needed. Thad. possesses many of the qualifications, but he would be *too proscriptive*, and I fear he has the reputation (right or wrong) of being an unscrupulous politician. I have feared that he would not make the best kind of a P. M. G.—I mean the most judicious and popular—that he would be capable and efficient I fully believe. The question is, Where will a better man be found? I mean, if Ewing declines, as it is said he will. I think in such case Old Tip would do himself great credit by restoring John M' Lean of Ohio, or taking Elisha Whittlesey. This is the great post for the next two years, and I pray that it be well filled. What do you know or think of John V. L. McMahon of Maryland? Do let me know quickly if you hear any thing new on this point; for I pray that it go right, and then all will be well.

Our Clay folks here want Gulian C. Verplanck called into the Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. I fear it won't do to take both the big ones from this side of the Delaware; though Verplanck is most capable. As to John Sargeant, it must not be thought of. Better Nick Biddle at once, if that rotten concern the 'Monster,' is to be represented in the Cabinet at all. It would be terribly odious here to have J. S. in the Treasury. My man is Hugh S. Legaré, but I know he won't get it. Clayton (J. M.) is able, but too lazy. I think Benj. W. Leigh is too much of a gentleman of leisure and

courtesy tō rake up all the rate bales of the Treasury as they ought tō be raked.—Enough of air-castleing.

As tō the [J:] O. Sargent flare-up. I never read the proceedings of the Montgomery festival, and never dreamed that I and Thurlow were there immortalized. (Pray send me a paper). But the explanation of Sargent's furor is simply this. James Watson Webb wants tō be Postmaster of this city! It is the most awfully unpopular idea that ever entered any man's head—that of putting him intō that office: it would raise a rebellion here as sure as tōmorrow. But he has been round boring every big-bug in the State tō bone for him, and he feels confident of success. The idea of such an appointment is enough tō raise a cold sweat on a statue of Washington. Well, Mr. Webb (whō has lately paid off his 'Courier' and personal debts —\$100,000—at the rate of just 0 on the dollar, by an assignee's juggle), is alarmed at seeing other Editors spoken of as most efficient, for that places *him* elsewhere than in the forefront of the battle. He dictated and John wrote—'all vich accounts, you see, gentlemen and ladies, for the milk in the Cocanut.' I learn that the Biographical Annual does not sell well—in fact, Gris., it is not well designed or got up. If it were tō sell as a Gift-Book, it ought tō have been more nicely embellished, and much better printed. It ain't in good keeping. I have done all I could for it. I will call at Fennell's tōnight, and tell him what tō dō for you. . .

I will write you a letter on York affairs or a leader soon—probably tōmorrow. See if the Yorker and Cabin are not both good this week.

Raymond is clever but careless. He don't feel the grave importance of our vocation, and the necessity of throwing earnestness, power intō every thing. I am afraid he has hurt me by the ultra-Federalism of his remarks on Hamilton this week, though I have softened and qualified them, especially by my note. You will be startled by my article on Social Reform—no matter. We are going tō issue a specimen paper of that faith soon. Review it. I shall also publish a new Politician's Register, Feb. 1st. . . Yours,

Horace Greeley.

The references tō 'social reform' in the foregoing and folloing letters are explaiend by Thurlow Weed thus:—

"In 1841 a young man by the name of Brisbane returned home with a mission. That mission was tō reform our social system, converting individuals and families intō 'communities' upon the Fourier plan. Mr. Greeley was his first convert, and devoted his paper so zealously tō the French plan

of overthrowing our social system as to occasion serious alarm. After remonstrating privately and earnestly but in vain with Mr. Greeley, I published an able article written by the late Cicero Loveridge against Fourierism. That article provoked the following letter [dated 19 Feb., 1841] from Mr. Greeley in vindication of his raid against what he regarded as fundamental errors in our social system :—

Thurlow Weed, Esq.: I thank you for publishing my reply to your (or rather Loveridge's) harsh criticism on 'The Future,' and on me as connected with it. I do not doubt that Loveridge's article was well intended, but it was calculated to give countenance to the wrong impressions created by Bennett's, the 'Courier's,' and others' base misrepresentations of 'The Future,' which were not dictated by kindly intentions. To have you join in the cry was more than I could relish; though I did not expect you to look with favor on the new notions of our little band of reformers, and had carefully kept the paper away, lest it should provoke you to fall upon it.

To show you that my reply to L.'s criticism was not uncalled for, let me quote the following passage from a letter I received yesterday from one of the ablest and best young men of Albany. "I do not recollect distinctly the article in question, but I remember the regret I felt at the conviction pressed upon me that H. G.'s head was turned awry, and his usefulness likely to be impaired by an unhappy misdirection of purpose. I am glad, therefore, that you have done yourself and your doctrine justice." . . .

I think you take the wrong view of the *political* bearing of this matter, though I act without reference to that. Hitherto all the devotees of social reform of any kind—all the advocates of a higher destiny for labor—all the combatants against unjust and false social principles—in short, all the social discontent of the country has been regularly repelled from the Whig party and attracted to its opposite. This forms a heavy dead-weight against us. It strikes me that is unwise to persist in this course, unless we are ambitious to be considered the enemies of improvement and the bulwarks of an outgrown aristocracy in the country. But I will not ask you to think as I do. I only want a chance to think for myself.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

"Mr. Greeley's delusion in reference to Fourierism," continues Weed, "cost him dearly in more ways than one. For a season it lessened the circulation and influence of his paper, and impaired public confidence in his judgment; while the time, labor, and money given to 'phalanxes' and

'Brook Farms' resulted in personal mortification and pecuniary loss. Long before his death, not only the Fourierite reform, but 'table-rappings' and other "isms" which had attracted and misled him, had passed away."

At the date of the next letter, Raymond had begun his twenty-first year. His want of sympathy with Greeley's affinity for "isms" (excepting Abolitionism, and even that with reserves, since he thôt it threatend the success of the Whig party) was probably the principal cause of his retirement from The Tribune. In regard tō Socialism, in particular, the views here expressed foreshado the famous discussion in 1846 between the twō in their respectiv papers.

Office of The New-Yorker, Feb. 7, 1841.

My dear Griswold:

Greeley and I have been wondering for a century whether you had forgotten us in Gotham entirely, and as I see no probability that our doubts will be soon resolved in the ordinary course of events, I am determined tō thrust a scrawl under your nose, so that you needs must be reminded of our existence, at least. We are getting along grandly, and I wish you could some morning peep in upon us. I thought you were tō be here 'long time ago'? I am getting considerably naturalized in the New-Yorker, and I am glad tō see that I succeed so well in picking up Literary Intelligence that you think it worth stealing. How does the Standard flourish? It's much like a jewel in a swine's snout, among the Philadelphia trash. It looks fresh, there's always something in it that every one did not know before. I noticed that your New York correspondent has stopp'd his letters. Dō you want another—and don't you want me? If I can write you such as you'd like, I'd be glad tō dō it cheap. I'll try and pick up all the commercial news, etc., etc., tō your liking. How does your Annual sell? I have been afraid that my commission was very bunglingly discharged with regard tō it, especially in not getting in the Foreign Necrology: but Wright said that 't would overrun the number of pages, and Greeley said that it would delay the book too much. So yielding tō his advice I concluded tō let it go and get it out as soon as possible. . .

Don't you think the 'Future' a stupendous humbug? Greeley got himself intō a scrape by connecting himself with 'it, and the city,—especially the Sunday,—papers came down upon him with a vengeance. He's rather

sorry that he enlisted, and is trying to take the curse off by advertising Brisbane's name as Editor. It does not sell at all. They had a meeting here the other night to organize a society for the promotion of their objects, and found themselves embarrassed by the unexpected co-operation of sundry *Owenists*, whose alliance of course will make their schemes as popular as anything could be. They're bust up some—I don't believe another number of their paper will ever see the light.

[Epes] Sargent has left the *Signal* and Ben [jamin] is alone. They sponge nearly all their editorial from Greeley, who makes up the 'Congress' and writes all the political part. In return he gets occasionally the use of their type, and the strong competition of the [New] *World*. They send off specimen Nos. to his subs., and run him as much as possible. He's worth a million of them, in any 'way they can fix it.' I shall probably stay with him through the year, until May at any rate, and then if he's satisfied I'll stay longer. He pays me \$10 a week now and says he'll advance presently. This is not very lucrative, but if I could get in addition the 'Correspondence' of one or two papers I could make a very fair 'go' of it. Do you know of any in Phil. who wishes one? Mann and I room together and have great times. We board in Vesey St. near the Astor.

But the bell is ringing for church, and as you know my habits, I need not say that I must be off. If you can divine no other reason for my sending such a brief and contemptible scrawl, just charge it to my extreme solicitude lest you should some day be publishing my demise. Give my best regards to your lady,—'poke it into' the Phil. jackanapes and believe me ever,

Yours truly,

H. J. Raymond.

P. S.—Don't forget to write me a letter even if it be no better than this: I shall yet have the satisfaction that it can't be worse. I sent to [T: W.] White the other day an enormously long and enormously stupid review of Hillhouse. Greeley bored me a long while to have me write it, and I consented.

Farewell,

H. J. R.

New York, Feb. 9, [1841].

Rufus W. Griswold, Esq.—Dear Sir,

I hasten to answer your favor of Sunday. I am quite willing that you should use my pieces in the preparation of your work, and I leave

you to select such as you like best having full confidence in your ability to prepare such a book with honor to yourself and to the authors whose productions you propose to collect. When I can find time, I will give you my views concerning those offerings which I think less poor than others, and you can be guided by my taste or not, as you please.—If you wish a memoir I will send you such information as may be necessary and available.

As you speak about portraits and some time ago spoke to me about letting you have that taken by Harding, I surmise that you may wish mine; if you do, pray don't think of using Harding's; there is a far better one, just taken, from which Dick or Prudhomme could make an excellent engraving.

I have not received the Naval and Military Magazine. I doubt not the Sketch will be quite good for us to publish:—and I will have the two pictures you mention engraved for the New World by Butler immediately, provided the \$50 be immediately forwarded. As we are making headway in getting out a second Leviathan sheet, the sketch and the pictures shall appear in that as well as regular paper,—provided the Magazine and money be forwarded within a week's time. I am very faithfully Yours,

Park Benjamin.

P. S.—We print 35,000 copies of Leviathan sheet.

The remark in the following letter about college graduates is probably the earliest version of Greeley's famous saying,—the form in which it is best known being: "Of all horned cattle a college graduate is the worst."

Greeley's later opinion of Raymond, tho they remained together only a few years, was much milder than the one here expressed: "I had not much for him to do," he wrote in 1867, "till the Tribune was started: then I had enough: and I never found another person, barely of age and just from his studies, who evinced so signal and such versatile ability in journalism as he did. Abler and stronger men I may have met; a cleverer, readier, more generally efficient journalist I never saw." Raymond wrote: "I was with him less than four years, instead of eight, as he says: and though I did work, I believe, quite as hard during that time upon the Tribune as he now gives me credit for having done, I think I have worked still harder for a good many years since that time. But I certainly deserve no special credit for it in either case. I did it from no special sense of duty,—still less with any special aim or ambitious purpose. I liked it."

New York, Feb. 20, 1841.

R. W. Gr.

You've heard, I reckon, of the chap whō, after much terrible swearing, turned out of the road because the other fellow wouldn't turn out for him. Well, his case is mine. I've waited a spell tō hear from you, and now I write tō persecute you intō writing. However, take your own time for it, and write just when you have something tō say and time tō say it.

Gris, I'll bet you a York shillin' you're sorry you left me. Cause why? Your paper don't look as though it had the bump of payology very strongly developed, and the only principle that I have ever found you tenacious of is that of having your pay at least as fast as you earn it. Yet I've no doubt that it will be best for you in the end. Here you were a good deal a chimney corner man, while in P [hiladelphia] you see more of the great world, and live on a larger scale; and though you won't dō for a politician, and will damage yourself if you attempt it, yet you are rather tall in your own department of Literature, and Philadelphia is the place where you are needed. If the animals whō run the Saturday Courier would secure your services as Editor, give you \$1200 a year, and 100 dollars additional for every 1,000 increase on their subscription, they would dō a wise thing. But then, if they get a million subscribers for a mean paper, whō knows but they might run down if they printed a good one? Doubtless the children of this world are wiser than the children of light.

I suppose it is best for me, too, that you left me, but it has been hard tō find out. My new hands were terribly raw. The most useless animal endued with the power of ratiocination, I will maintain, is a young man just out of college. Raym. is ōne of the best of his class, but that class is awful. He can write rather better than you can (though slovenly English and often on uninteresting themes) but he knows (or did know) nothing of the details of Editorship, nothing about making up a paper in the head before it is transferred tō type, and has no judgment with regard tō selections. There you are unrivaled; I was never afraid that you would down the paper unless by writing in it; but he catches up a pair of shears and dives intō a pile of exchanges like a rat in a scrap-book, making his selections on about the same principle. O I have had a weary time of it! for my other man, Darlington, is dull and heavy, and neither of them delights in working over-hours. But things are looking better now. Both are learning what is tō be done and how tō dō it; twō proof-readers are better than one,—I mean tō learn the

art of condensation and the system of compiling a newspaper—and on the whole I am not sorry for the change.

The great beasts [“Brother Jonathan” and “New World”] murder me in the way of circulation. They make so much noise and bluster that they bully people intō buying their trash if not reading it. Did you ever see more unmitigated humbugs than they now are in the general? Why dō you puff them? Show me a valuable editorial in either of them! The Jonathan is best of the twō; but how can folks take thousands of The Quarto World and more of the Yankee follo? Dō look through a file of the twō and see if I am so grossly deceived.

Epes [Sargent] you know, is out of the World, and now in your city, on his way tō Washington. He was poked out, I guess, pretty much like another chap. They talk of selling a third of the Concern for some \$5,000 or so. All is arranged except the purchaser and the funds. Them's the chaps I haven't seen yet. They profess tō have made \$5,000 the first year: then how is Epes ejected for not paying in his share of the capital invested? But mum's the word; whisper tō no one. They mean tō gag the world with their next double.

We are likely tō sell the copyright of the Science of Numbers (I and Wedgewood) tō the Harpers at what promises tō be a remunerating price. We have sent on a few copies tō try at your coming Trade-Sale. Now I want you tō find out just when this sale is tō be, and directly before it send books tō different Editors and get it noticed if possible. Manage this neatly for me, if you have tō write the notices or cut them from old papers, and I'll puff your book when it comes out.

My friend W. Falconer is coming out from Paris. I want tō get him some employment. If he can produce a real good translation of the decent Songs of Beranger, don't you think one of the Philadelphia Houses could be induced tō publish them on fair terms? I know you don't like him as an original writer, but he can translate, and you know it. Witness 'The Midnight Review,' 'My Old Coat,' etc. I wish you would sometime show these tō somebody. Falc. would make a rich volume, of such a size as might be desired, pretty cheap. Think of it.

My candle is out, paper ditto, and I fear I am too late tō pay the postage—so I close without saying half. I must write again. My wife has a very severe illness.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

New York, Feb. 28, 1841

My dear Gris:

I have twenty minutes before Mail-time, and fifty things tō dō, but I think I must devote them tō answering your letter. And first, of Hosmer. I have no doubt he would be glad tō dō what you desire. If you prefer it, I will write tō him, which will put the matter beyond doubt. But I presume you will have no difficulty if you write yourself. Command me in all things. If I could dō any thing for your work, I would with pleasure. We have announced it; if you will send me a Prospectus I will publish it. Aren't you going tō have an appendix tō your volume containing one or more pieces from such writers as may have casually written a good thing or so, but have no claim or desire tō be considered Poets? Depend on it this will be better than tō cram them intō such company as you must otherwise dō. For instance, Edward Everett, J. Q. Adams, Flint, R. H. Wilde, A. H. Everett, etc., have written fair things; but tō jumble them in with your Poets will be murder. Then you should have another compartment, consisting of a selection or twō from the writings of promising young writers, whō deserve something better than absolute neglect; but whō dō not deserve a biographical notice with selections. This might be in smaller type and merely refer tō the place of birth, time of ditto, and residence of these bards. Wm. Wallace, Mrs. Esling, G. P. Morris, etc. (specimens of different classes) will not dō tō run intō the body of your work; nor will it quite dō not tō know them. I recommend a middle course, as at once politic and just. Think of it.

Mind—have one or twō classes; casual writers of fair verse; and persons aiming tō be poets whō have not quite accomplished it. Don't attempt tō mix them; you will offend the former and damage your work. Enough for this once, Gris, I mean that work of yours shall be the basis of fortune and fame for you. It must be not only good but in some respects original, tō overbalance Cheever's, and one or twō other compilations. Perhaps you had better make another class of those whō were once Poets, but by lapse of time and change of taste have ceased tō be so regarded. Think.

Mind that your good Poets and Poetry, duly set off must come first, and make quite half your work. . .

You are displeased that I am not an applicant for office. I can't help it. That road is too muddy now; it is thoroughly cut up with the throng of hungry travelers. I dō not believe that even you would have respected me if I had been among them; certainly I could not have respected myself. I

dō not regard either Office or Money as the supreme good; and though I never had either, I have been so near tō each as tō see what they are worth very nearly. I regard principle and self-respect as more important than either. I could not have run around begging support for an application without dōing myself what I despise and condemn in others; so I hold off. I wished tō aid efficiently in carrying intō execution the Retrenchment and Reform we promised; I have done, am dōing, and will dō it; I could not, had I been a candidate for office. I have asked nothing, and will have nothing, but not simply because I have not asked it; I might have obtained something perhaps, but it is better so. I will not have the world say that I have given hours that were needed for rest and for bread tō the Whig cause with the expectation or design of getting office. I never thought of it. If the public shall ask why I am not an applicant, is not that better than though they should inquire why I am? Enough.

Don't I rejoice at the passage of the cutting-down clauses in the General Appropriation Bill? Glory! I hope they will yet sweep every thing in proportion. If the Whigs won't be honest, I trust the Tories will walk them right square up tō the bull-ring.

As tō 'The Future'—the great mistake on your part is that you dō not begin tō understand oursystem. You are [as] ignorant as a hoe-handle. Suppose you as editor, Grund as publisher, another good fellow as printer, a fourth as papermaker, etc., were tō combine in a great newspaper establishment, each having his share of the profits according tō his hours of labor, his capital and skill, couldn't you work as heartily as though you were a hireling? You defy all common sense. Then about home. We propose that each man shall have his own exclusive home—not in the cellar or garret of some rich man's edifice, but a good wholesome suite of rooms. Dō understand what we propose before you attempt tō proselyte. Yours,

H. Greeley.

We have Weed's testimony that Greeley's opinion of office-seeking at this time, was not expressed only in letters. "Viewed," he writes, "in the light which subsequent years and events shed upon his character and conduct, my earlier impressions must have been erroneous, or the Horace Greeley of 1840 was not the Horace Greeley of 1870. For example: Up tō and for several years after 1840, Mr. Greeley had no patience with and could not endure the importunity of office-seekers. His greatest annoyance after a successful election was that "office-beggars" (as he stig-

matized them) bored him for letters to governors and presidents. The idea that men sought office as a reward for political service disgusted him."

On the 19th of the month Greeley had written to Weed: "We have nothing new here in politics, but large and numerous swarms of office-hunting locusts sweeping on to Washington daily. All the rotten-land speculators, and broken-bank directors, swindling cashiers, etc., are in full cry for office! office! and even so humble a man as I am is run down for letters! 'None of your half-way things! Write strong!' Curse their nauseous impudence! Some of them I give such a blessing as will stick in their crops these many days; some of them, God knows most reluctantly, I give letters for, because I can't help it. I've a good mind to advertise in the "National Intelligencer" that all persons are forbid harboring or trusting office-seekers on my account after this date. Shall we never be rid of this infernal rush for spoils? My soul is sick of it."

New York, Feb. 28, 1841.

R. W. Griswold, Esq., My dear Sir:

I have an opportunity tomorrow morning by Swain, and I write you a line on a subject that I overlooked in my last letter. It is this: I have heard that the professorship of chemistry, etc. is vacant in Jefferson Medical College of your City, while I have a friend whom I wish to see located in some northern city. I refer to Dr. Wm. H. Ellet, Prof. of Chemistry, etc., in the University of S. C. at Columbia, and who enjoys I think a good reputation. But of that I don't pretend to judge. You know he is the husband of Mrs. Ellet, and she, I am confident, would prefer a more Northern location, and I don't think the Doctor would object. He is a great favorite where he is, and a few years since his salary was raised unsolicited from \$2,000 to \$2,500. I think he would answer, even in fastidious Philadelphia.

Now I wish when you can you would inquire about this professorship; whether vacant; who is spoken of for it; how much it pays; what steps are proper to place Prof. Ellet's name favorably before the appointing power, etc. etc., and write me directly.

Yours,

H. Greeley.

P. S.—Letter from Bowe; has been sick a month; I shall meet him in Albany on the 19th prox. My wife has had a hard time with the Varioloid, but is now nearly well.

The publication of 'The Tribune' was begun 10th April, 1841. "We never think of our old friend Horace Greeley," wrote Clark in 'The Knickerbocker,' "or read his journal, which we do every day, without wishing that those distant editors who take the cue of their impressions from partisan or rival journals, could really see and know the man as he is; a man careless, it may be, of the style of his dress, preferring comfort to fashion, but yet of scrupulous cleanliness in person and habiliments always; possessing a benevolent heart, and 'clothed with charity as with a garment;' bestowing with a free hand to the truly needy and deserving, whether political friend or foe; frank and fearless in the expression of his opinions, whether such opinions are to be praised or execrated; of indefatigable industry, and unpretending, kindly manners—this is Horace Greeley. 'We speak the things which we do know;' for we have been acquainted some sixteen years; our printing-offices connect, and we meet almost every day. We were before Mr. Greeley in the literary field hereabout; remembering well the initial number of the 'New-Yorker,' his first venture."

In reference to the separation of Greeley and Raymond, Parton wrote in 1854: "Greeley is not a born journalist . . . Raymond has the right notion of editing a daily paper, and when the Tribune lost him it lost more than it had the slightest idea of. However, Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond, the one naturally liberal, the other naturally conservative, the one a Universalist, the other a Presbyterian,—the one regarding the world as a place to be made better by living in it, the other regarding it as an oyster to be opened, and bent on opening it,—would have found it hard to work together on equal terms." This view of Raymond's character—that he was ready to sacrifice principle to policy, or that he had no principles to interfere with his advocating whatever course of action seemed likely to pay best—is not supported by anything in these early letters, nor by his apparent motives in resigning from Webb's paper in 1851, or in opposing his party in 1857.

New York, Apr. 19, 1841.

Dear Sir:

It affords me pleasure to comply with your request, relying upon your own discretion as to the use you are to make of the catalogue. My first editorial article was written in March 1811, before I was nineteen years old, [in] the Valley of the Mohawk.

In the book line I wrote for the Canal Book, published by the Corporation of New York, in 1825, a history of the Great Pageant of October 1825,

on the marriage of Lake Erie with the Ocean. About 100 pages quarto. In 1828 and '29, I wrote a history of the legislation of New York, and on the subject of the Erie and Champlain Canals, together with a historical account of Clinton's removal by the Van Buren party from the Canal Board. About 60 pages, quarto, published in Hosack's *Life of Clinton*. In 1832 I wrote a history of Freemasonry, and of the Great Anti-Masonic controversy, in a series of Letters to John Quincy Adams. This is an impartial historical work, and was written at the suggestion of several distinguished gentlemen in Philadelphia; 1 vol. 8 vo. 650 pages. From 1829 to 1837 I wrote for several of the *Annals*, English and American. In 1834 I published two volumes, entitled "*Tales and Sketches, Such as They Are*,"—"The Mysterious Bridal" and "Mercy Disborough," [being] of pretty good length. The stories were generally historical and legendary. In 1835 I wrote and published the work entitled "*Matthias and His Impostures*." The clergy say this work has done more to put down fanaticism than any other in the language. In 1836 I published a small satirical volume entitled "*Ups and Downs in the Life of a Distinguished Gentleman*." This, although literally true as a biography, was intended as a satire upon the folly of parents in taking stupid boys from the plough and sending them to college. In 1838 I published the "*Life of Brant, including the Border Wars of the Revolution*," 2 vols., 8 vo. Of this you need no information. In March 1841 I published a history of Wyoming, from the discovery to the year 1800. As a copy of this small but very beautiful volume has been sent to you, I need say nothing further concerning it. In addition to these I published further several occasional pamphlets.

Very truly yours,

William L. Stone.

Washington, D. C., April 23, 1841.

Sir:

Perceiving by the March Number of the *Knickerbocker*, that you are "preparing for the press a volume of poetry, by native writers;" will you allow me to inquire of you whether, among the "specimens" it is intended to embrace, you have or purpose to have any from "*Escalala; an American Tale*?"

This may seem, and indeed is, not only an awkward but an odd question. It may serve to explain if not to excuse it, however, that it comes from the Author of the Work in question: which was written by me in poverty and sickness (the greater part of it when in jail for debt), and pub-

hahed, if I rightly remember, in 1824, in a small edition, by William Williams, Utica, N. Y. The small number published, in that inland place, coupled with the fact that on its appearance it was "damned with faint praise" by the North American Review, may have prevented it from ever having come under your notice, or perhaps, from having ever traveled as far as Philadelphia.

Had I reason to suppose that the Public had ever condemned the Work, I should be the last to endeavor to rake it from its obscurity. But the truth is, "the public" do not and never did know anything about it. Faults, as a whole, it doubtless has; the greatest of which, perhaps, is that it is occupied with a story and a subject that do not and cannot be made to interest them. If, however, I can trust to the judgments of the late N. H. Carter and Solomon Southwick, Esq., as well as to those of Gen. Dearborn of Boston and the Hon. Lewis Cass, it contains some genuine poetic gems; such as would do no discredit either to the humble author or to the poetic talent of his country. . .

Samuel B. Beach.

C. Tabor Congdon, writing, in 1879, of the periodicals of this period, has the following:— "There were two of the large weekly newspapers published in New York—'The [New] World' and 'Brother Jonathan'—and both of them were well edited and well printed. Their general literary make-up was excellent . . . There must have been either bad management or some fatal discrepancy between the cost of manufacture and the price obtained, for these big sheets, with a similar one printed by George Roberts in Boston, disappeared." It is singular that Mr. Congdon failed to remember the 'New-Yorker.'

Times and Notion Office, Boston, Apr. 23, 1841.

Friend Griswold:

I hasten to answer your letter. I am glad that you have at length made up your mind to come with me, for I truly believe it will prove to be to your own interest as well as mine. I shall probably find some difficulty in freeing myself of the person now with me, but I will give him good and liberal notice, and will even go so far as to pay him something if he grumbles. I know it is for my interest to make the change, and must therefore do it. I shall expect you will consider it a permanent berth, for I shall. I prefer you would commence on Saturday, May 8th, as about that

time I commence work on the Quadruple Notion, and in that you can of course render me a great deal of assistance.

Truly Yours,

Geo. Roberts.

[Printed by permission of Mrs. J. T. Fields. 'The Smiths' wer Seba Smith and his wife E.. Oaks (Prince) Smith.]

New York, 6th June, 1841.

Dear Fields:

... I am pleased you are interested for the poor Smiths. They are very deserving. Their residence is No. 65 Murray St. . . Charley Hoffman has a nice place in the Custom House. I am sorry it is only temporary. E. Sargent is at Washington office-seeking.

H. T. Tuckerman.

Washington City, June 8th, 1841.

Dear Sir:

My friend Edgar A. Poe, of Graham's Magazine, Philadelphia, wrote me the other day informing me that you were about publishing a volume of American poetry, and that you were desirous of having sketches biographical of Pinckney of Baltimore and "Amelia" of Kentucky. He also stated to me that he had replied to you that I could furnish you the sketches, and he advised me to write to you on the subject.

Pinckney I formerly knew, and I have the pleasure of knowing personally as well as poetically "Amelia." Having been a Baltimorean and being lately of the West I feel a natural interest in the fame of both those individuals.

It would give me pleasure to furnish you the sketches, as my friend Poe writes me that you "pay well and promptly." A thing as excellent in a man, as silence, according to old Lear, is excellent in a woman. If you should like me to furnish you the sketches aforesaid I should be glad to hear from you in the premises.

Prentice of Louisville I also know, and "Moina" (Mrs. Dinnies) of St. Louis. I should think that favorable sketches of these individuals would tend much to increase the sale of your work in the West—and that section of country, like all young mothers, feels a pride in her first born in literature as well as in other matters. If you publish the work on your own account I could perchance furnish you with some information with regard to our Western publishers which might be of service to you. I know the editors

"all along shore" there, and, in any event, for the sake of western literature I should be happy to advance your interests. With respect, Yours truly,

F. W. Thomas.

The writer of the foregoing letter seems to have been a man of singular amiability. In a letter to Poe, dated Washington, 3 August, 1841, he gives the following account of himself:—

"My family, by the father's side, were among the early settlers of New England. Isaiah Thomas, the founder of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester (Mass.), and the author of "The History of Printing," was my father's uncle. . . My Father, E. S. Thomas, . . . emigrated to Charleston, S. C., where he, after establishing himself in the book-business, met my mother, who was then on a visit from Baltimore, of which city she was a native. Shortly after the marriage of my father he removed from Charleston to Providence, Rhode Island, where I was born in, I think, the fall of 1808. [Duyckinck says he was born in Baltimore, and Coggeshall that he was a native of Charleston.] I left Rhode-Island a child in the nurse's arms and have never been back—so I hold myself to be a Southerner—as my parents returned to Charleston with me. (My family consists of myself, then Lewis, Frances, Susan, Mary, Martha, Belle and Calvin.) I was a delicate child, and, at the age of four, I fell from a furniture box on which I was playing, and injured my left leg. I went into the house crying, as a child would, and soon returned to play again. My limb, a few weeks afterwards, became very painful, my health gradually declined, and the physicians advised my parents to send me to a healthier climate. In charge of my aunt I was sent to Baltimore, and placed under the care of my aunt Foulke. There I grew robust and recovered from my lameness except an occasional weakness in my limb, when I over-exercised myself at play. When about eight or nine, in running to the window, over a wet floor, to look at the soldiers passing, I got a fall, which, after long confinement (a year or more), threw me, a skeleton, on crutches. I used them until five years since, when the contrivance I now use was suggested to me. I went to school very little in consequence of my lameness and frequent indisposition, and when I was seventeen I commenced the study of the law. I have never been to college. The first attempt I made at scribbling was at this time. I wrote a poetical satire on some fops about town, and they became exasperated with the printer of the paper, I forget its name—a scurrilous penny-sheet—and tore his office to pieces, making Pi of his type. I attended at this time a debating

society, which had a great many visitors, and there I used to hold forth with the rest. I was invited one Fourth of July to make a speech before the society on a steamboat excursion, and, getting some little credit for it I was invited by my political friends to address their meetings which I did, being then rated with Jacksonism. . . Your brother and I were then intimate—and rather rivals in a love affair. Scott, my fellow student studied hard,—I often stole out to the Baltimore Library and devoured the works upon Poetry, Oratory and Biography. Just after I was admitted to practice, my father, who had lost a handsome fortune, emigrated with his family, leaving myself, to Cincinnati and established "The Commercial Advertiser." I practiced a few months, and then from ill health, retired to the country, where after a year's sojourn I emigrated to Cincinnati in 1832 and assisted my father in editing his paper. We soon differed upon political matters, and I commenced the practice of the law, but in bad health. I defended a great many criminals, I believe with some success, and lectured before the Lyceum. In descending the river I wrote several stanzas expressive of my feelings, which I published in my father's paper. They were noticed and complimented by the contemporary press, and I wrote out some farther impressions which the new scenes had made on me, and upon invitation delivered them before the Lyceum, in the shape of a rambling poem called "The Emigrant, or Reflections in descending the Ohio." This took, if I may so say, before the Lyceum and I was requested to publish it, which I did in 1833. . .

After this, when Judge McLean was brought out for the Presidency, I was selected to publish his organ in Cincinnati, which I called the "Intelligencer." I had it for about six months, and was compelled to quit the editorial chair, in consequence of bad health. While confined to my house and bed, I remarked one day to my sister Frances that I felt like trying to write a novel. She insisted upon my doing it, and daily brought paper and pen to my bedside, where most of Clinton Bradshaw was written. I should have mentioned that my best friend in Cincinnati was Charles Hammond of the Cincinnati "Gazette," who is now dead, but who was esteemed the best editor and lawyer in Ohio. To him I dedicated my "Emigrant," and he defended me with true chivalry against all critical attacks. In his paper, too, I wrote many satires upon folks about town, which made me some enemies.

When I had finished "Clinton Bradshaw," with letters of introduction in my pocket to Mathew Carey, from Mr. Hammond and General Harrison, I started for Philadelphia which I reached in the dusk of the evening.

Unknown and unknowing, in bad health and worse spirits, I wandered out not knowing what tō dō with myself, and shall never forget stopping before a house in Chestnut street struck with a tune that sōme fair ōne was playing, as if with a familiar voice. The discovery that the song was mine, " 'Tis said that absence conquers love," changed the whole current of my feelings.

Mr. Carey, (this was in 1835), introduced me tō Carey, Lea & Co. and they undertook the publication of my work. Let me say that Mr. Carey treated me with the greatest kindness. He was lame too, but a philosopher, and he felt and expressed a real sympathy for me. I was frequently his guest, and he often came tō see me. In proof of his benevolent character let me say that he often annoyed me, or rather provoked my sensitiveness, by sending some lame man or other whōm he had picked up in the street, tō consult with me upon my superior powers of locomotion. Most of the characters in Clinton Bradshaw were drawn from persons living in Baltimore. "Glassman" was meant for Charles Mitchell, a very distinguished lawyer, whō was dissipated. "Old Nancy" for old Nelly, whō is still an apple woman in Baltimore. "Cavendish" was drawn from a young, eccentric friend of mine, named Kelley, whō is since dead. "Shaffer" was a portrait-ure of Jennings, etc.

"East and West" was published in 1836. It was an attempt tō pour-tray the every day scenes of life occurring tō a fallen family emigrating from the east tō the west, most of the characters there were from life. "Howard Pinckney" was published in 1840. I have by me in MS. the poem which you have seen called—(I believe I will so call it)—"The Adventures of a Poet" which consists of 1800 lines; and twō volumes of sketches of such persons as Wirt, John Randolph, Simon Kenton, (the Last of the Pioneers), with tales, etc. . .

In the May number of "The Southern Literary Messenger," for 1838, you will find a sketch of your humble servant written by Ingraham.

While writing my books I travelled through the west tō Louisville, St. Louis, &c., and in the last canvass held forth in those places on the Harrison side. Sometimes upon invitation, in these cities and in Cincinnati, I delivered lectures upon literary subjects such as Oratory, Poetry, etc., Odd-Fellow addresses, and Fourth of July addresses. I was a delegate tō the Baltimore May convention in '40, where I held forth, and after which I made your acquaintance in Philadelphia and got pelted by the people as you remember—or rather by the Locos.

I came on East last March tō get my books out, but the death of Gen-

eral Harrison, and the uncertainties about the currency and the bank have prevented my publishing. Here I was invited to lecture before different societies, and in Alexandria, and did so to full houses, gratis—which were followed by empty puffs; but you know what Goldsmith says about the Muse—

“Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe

That found me poor at first and keeps me so.”

(Don't say of me that I am in office, as it is only a temporary appointment.)

I am now engaged in writing a novel upon the events of the present day, many of the scenes of which are laid in Washington. My object is to describe life in the varieties in which I have seen it in Missouri, New Orleans and here among the office holders and seekers. I have written occasionally for these three or four years past for the Knickerbocker, Graham's, the Ladies' Companion and the Southern Literary Messenger. . .

One of the first persons who noticed me in the West was General Harrison, who shortly after my arrival in Cincinnati invited me to the Bend, where I went and was his guest for some weeks,—I was engaged there in one of my first law cases against his eldest son (now dead), William Harrison.

It is singular that my great uncle, my father, my brother and myself have all played editor.

Yours,

F. W. T.

As regards Thomas' later career, Mr. W. F. Felch, in “Literary Life,” May, 1884, says that “In 1850 he returned to Cincinnati and entered the ministry of the Methodist Church; he was afterward Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the Alabama University. In 1860 he took charge of the literary department of the Richmond (Va.) Enquirer, and continued in that capacity until his death.” Some further information will also be found in this volume.

Bangor, June 9, 1841.

My dear Sir [Roberts]:

. . . I fear you have made an error in advertising “The Fortunes etc.” as originally written for the Notion. Some adverse paper may recognize the old work in it, and charge you with plagiarism, or me with fraud in selling you an old-story-in-part, as one wholly new. It might be better to say “for the first time collected and revised, with several new chapters expressly written for the Notion!” . . . By the way, if you care to have a collection of my poetical works, I should be glad to compile them for you gratis. They would make, I think, two such articles as you published of

Hoffman's. Shall you publish The Fortunes in the Semi-monthly Magazine or No? If you dō, I will correct a copy and return it tō you. I am, Dear Sir, Ever Yours most truly,

Henry Wm. Herbert.

[Autobiographical memorandum by Albert Pike sent tō Griswold for sketch tō be publishd in 'The Poets and Poetry of America.']

Born in Boston, Mass., Dec. 29, 1809—father remōved when four years old tō Newburyport. My father was a journeyman shōemaker, and worked hard, paid his taxes and gave all his children the benefit of an education. From the age of 4 tō 16 I was at school,—partly in the public schools at Newburyport and a private school there, and last at Framingham. About that time I entered (passing a fair examination) at Harvard. I dō not now recollect in what year. Our funds being scarce I became the assistant teacher in the grammar-school at Newburyport and after about a year and half, Principal, which I held some three months. Then traveled tō Fairhaven, where taught an Academy during ōne winter—then on foot tō Newburyport, whēre I opened a private school which I taught for a year. During this time I had kept up my studies, always intending tō have entered [sic] at Harvard in advance. In March, 1831, started off for the West—by stage tō Niagara, Cleveland and Cincinnati, thence by steamboat tō Nashville, on foot tō Columbia, Tennessee; thence on foot tō Paducah, whēre took steamboat tō St. Louis—and thence in August, started tō Santa-Fé, tōgether with twō young men from Newburyport, in a company of about 40 men. Reached Santa-Fé, Nov. 28, 1831, half starved and whole frozen. Remained there till September, 1832—part of the time as clerk in a store—and the residue traveling about the country, selling goods. In September, left Taos with a trapping party, traveled S. E. round the head of Red River tō the head-waters of the Brasos—Starved for food and water—and at last on the Brasos, with four men, left the company and came on tō Arkansas, the last 500 miles on foot. Reached Fort Smith in November, without a rag of clothes, a dollar in money, nor knowing a person in the Territory. Remained near Fort Smith, part of the time teaching a school, until July 1833—then went still lower down the country (my school having netted me but 14 dollars, which kept me in debt for board), and opened another school at three dollars a quarter—half money and half pigs—Taught it six weeks—for the fever and ague, and three dollars in money. Having in the meantime written some rhymes for the Advocate, printed at Little Rock, the Editor

sent for me tō go there and assist in editing. Crossed the Arkansas in October, and landed at Little Rock, paying my last bit for the passage of a soldier whō was a Yankee and had known my father. Edited the Advocate until October, 1834. During which time studied law—married, Nov. 18, 1834, and purchased the Advocate. Edited it and practiced law at the same time until the Summer of 1836, and sold it out. Since then have been practising law.

I wrote the poetry which I published in my little book printed by George W. Light, partly in Santa-Fé, partly in the mountains and prairie, and partly immediately on my arrival in Arkansas. The Hymns tō God, as originally published in Willis' Magazine in Boston, I wrote while keeping school at Fairhaven, in the schoolroom, during school hours. The poetry published in the Pearl I wrote in 1833, while keeping school—all of it. 'Tō the Mocking-bird' I wrote a day or twō after my marriage. I have written nothing since. Nothing of any importance, I mean. Nor dō I think I ever shall. If I should even collect the scattered leaves, and publish what I have written, and published, it will be solely tō get it tōgether so that I can have it in a volume for my own pleasure.

New York, June 19, 1841.

My Dear Griswold:—

... Our friend Hoffman has felt as nervous as the Devil ever since you told him that that precious piece of "biography" was tō go intō a book. He is anxious that you should cool it down at least fifty degrees of Fahrenheit before you print it there. The fact is, Hoffman has desired me tō become his biographer for you and at his suggestion. I [am tō] say that he was never distinguished for anything either at school or college except for swimming further, diving deeper, and coming up dryer than his comrades. Tō be sure he has had masters for every accomplishment under God's Heaven, but he never mastered ōne except that in which a duck and a spaniel beat him. Would it not be well therefore tō eschew all sorts of flourish? Charley says his father was four times as distinguished at five and twenty as he shall ever be with all our kind aid—yet he is now forgotten save by the few gray beards whō remember him as the friend and sometimes the rival of Hamilton. It seems mockery therefore tō build anything upon this thin foundation of particulars tō eke out your pages. I can supply you as well as H. (whō feels sensitive, rather ridiculously so) upon this point. He has no European associations or connections tō stock that

same page of glory as our friend B. has. His family, though German in their origin (they sprouted from Martin Hoffman, a Lutheran Clergyman who immigrated into the Province of the Knickerbockers about 1670), soon lost all identity with the Fatherland by intermarrying at first with the Dutch and subsequently with the Huguenots and early English settlers. He himself, though, prides himself no little upon having New England blood in his veins, his maternal Grandfather being John Fenno of Boston, the original proprietor and editor of the old Federal United States Gazette. I mention this because I have often heard Hoffman say that he felt a sort of pride in being an American through and through,—belonging to the soil of old, and as he sprang from such a jumble of races that he can claim an origin nowhere but here.

I am thus particular with this matter because I know that our friend dislikes any kind of flourish. Will you allow me to quote from a brief note I received from him in answer to a request that I might prepare for you a brief biography of his mind and character? After remarking how much he felt gratified at the kind notice of yourself and other friends he adds: "But for God's sake make no flourish—keep the aroma of puff for those whose nostrils it regales. I am," he continues, "unaffectedly gratified that my scribbles should be thought worth exhuming and reclaiming. But that pleasure, I tell you truly, was much circumscribed by Mr. Griswold's ultra praise. In the way of business I have no objection to a book of mine being puffed until the publisher is content. But praise of one man is a different thing, and his poetry,—the tears of his heart—the blood of it, sometimes, is a part of himself." So much for Greyslaer's feelings—and allow me to add that all this may seem very impertinent on his part toward one who has done so kindly for him, and argues most probably acute self love. But so it is. Hoffman wants your notice of him to be the quietest in your Book. Will you permit me, by the way, to select for it a single piece which I know to be a pet of his—"Lines on the Bob o' Linkum"—they were written and published before Mr. Irving made the theme a popular one, and of course those notes have lost no value from his endorsement. You will find the poem in Goodrich's 4th Class Reader.

I told Hoffman that I was going to be the organ of his feelings and would write to you on the subject. He wishes you to omit in your volume "Raise the Heart" and "The Declaration"—the phraseology of those above being his, the thoughts belong to others. So much for Hoffman's matters, and now a word as to my own. My volume is very nearly completed, and I

shall be able to publish it about the 10th of August ('41). The illustrations are exceedingly beautiful, and with your kind aid I think I have made a clever volume. [This refers to a volume of the Annual type, except that its contents were not original, called 'The Poets of America Illustrated by one of her Painters.'] . . .

I cannot sufficiently thank you, my Dear Sir, for the pleasure you gave me of knowing Mr. Tuckerman—he is decidedly the cleverest specimen of the New England Literati that I have met with,—really intellectual, and with all right modest. We Knickerbockers, I fear, do not sufficiently appreciate the leaven of Eastern scholarship. (God bless Benjamin, the Sargents and "all that ilk"). Excuse this long rigamarole and believe me,

Truly and gratefully yours,

John Keese.

At the time of Hoffman's death, in 1884, G: W: Curtis wrote of him with the kindly grace for which he was so well known. He was in error, however, in crediting the invention of the phrase 'Knickerbocker Literature' to J: R: Dennett, the article on 'Schools in American Literature' in "The Church Review" for October, 1850, having contained the following:—

"In recognizing another, and, in some respects, antagonist, school as existing in New York, we must not be understood as supposing that there is anything answering to the compact, mutual-assurance confederacy, which exists at Boston. The Knickerbockers—for such must be their nickname, have . . . no common focus. . . . When we mention the names of Irving, Paulding, Cooper, Verplanck, Sands and Hoffman we think we strike a chord in the hearts of our readers which vibrates with a more tender feeling than that which would respond to our mention of their cleverest Eastern contemporaries. These writers have . . . been industrious without parade of effort, scholarly without ostentation, active without bustle, and efficient without self-conceit; and, altogether, there is about them a unity of manner, thought, and moral principle, and even a negative quality of style, which constitute them, with others, a literary school." Viewed at a distance of fifty years, however, it appears that moral earnestness, even if sometimes misdirected, makes for fame more successfully than these negative virtues. But to come back to Mr. Curtis' remarks on Hoffman:—

"The Easy Chair has more than once alluded to Charles Fenno Hoffman, one of the chief figures in the "Knickerbocker literature" of forty years ago, and the founder of the 'Knickerbocker Magazine.' The felicitous phrase Knickerbocker literature was first used in the 'Nation' by Mr. Denny [sic] an admirably accomplished writer, who gave it a satirical turn as describing a kind of cockney or local and ephemeral literature, and his article had the tone of the Boston sexton who politely informed the stranger seeking a pew in the church for the afternoon service that it was hardly worth his while to go in—'excellent man, sir, but no talents; a New York man, sir.'

But while many of the noted writers in the Knickerbocker circle of half a century since are no longer famous nor even much known to the New York readers of to-day, yet the great Knickerbocker names are great still, and Irving, Cooper, Bryant, and perhaps Halleck, although Halleck is fading, still hold the place they held with our fathers. Willis is probably rapidly passing out of the public mind. . . The misfortune of his fate was twofold, that he was tempted to turn his bright talent into ready money, and that he did it. His gayety and his graceful fluency made him the first of our proper "magazinists." He had the lightness and ease of touch which are traditionally characteristic of the distinctive writer for the magazines, and whose success contradicts the old saying that easy writing is hard reading. But Willis's ease became at last a mannerism, and a certain tone of affectation and apparent insincerity crept over his page. . .

Hoffman was a year older than Willis, and he belonged to the same Knickerbocker group. Willis came from Boston, but Hoffman was of an old Knickerbocker family. Willis had a

certain European tone and character, but Hoffman was completely American. Willis died seventeen years ago, when he was sixty years old. Hoffman died the other day at the insane retreat in Pennsylvania where he had been secluded for more than thirty years—so absolutely secluded, indeed, that Bartlett's book of 'Familiar Quotations' records him as dying in 1850. Hoffman's books, like Willis's, are read no more, and his name survives only in his familiar song, "Sparkling and bright." That alone will give his name yet a longer date than Willis's, and the sad story of his life will be long tenderly told in our American literary biography.

Those who still recall his manly figure, and his fresh, breezy, gay manner, will remember the sense of profuse vitality with which he impressed those who saw him. He was a lover of the woods and waters, a natural sportsman, and this taste is reflected in his tales and sketches. His poems, as is always true of a great multitude of poems in every period, were echoes of the greater poets of his time. But they show his poetic feeling and facility, and a certain heartiness of nature which was his characteristic quality. The mental calamity which arrested his career, and practically ended his life nearly forty years ago, was not the only sorrow which this brave and generous man endured. As a boy of eleven a sore misfortune befell him in the loss of a leg. . . At seventy-seven the poet walked alone in the rural neighborhood of Harrisburg, pleased to hear the sounds and to see the sights of the fields and the woods, harmless and murmuring to himself. But for more than thirty years he had had no actual human companionship. The generation to which he belonged had passed away, and to the new generation his name was unknown."

Charleston, June 20, 1841.

My dear Sir:

... Of your proposed publication I have received some intimation. . . The selections hitherto made from my verses for publications of this sort (Bryant's included), have always seemed to me the very worst I have written; yet when you ask me to designate the best, I am at non plus. I must leave this solely to your own taste and judgment. I dare not venture to depend on my own. I am conscious, too, that there are very few of my pieces not impaired by blots, deficiencies, [and] crudities. To choose those which are least so would be a very different thing from choosing the best, and I should be divided between the desire to appear correct, and the greater desire to be original and true. My verses have usually been overflowings rather than workings. Like all overflowings they bear in their passage a great deal that is unseemly,—they are themselves too frequently turbid. I know this truly. I could wish that the public taste or my own independence would enable me to direct, guide and work a stream within proper channels, which now does nothing but overflow its banks. But the wish is sufficiently idle, as your own estimate of the public taste declares. You must choose the most bold among my verses which are at the same time the most clear. These perhaps will better represent my mind than any other. The list of my publications will tell you where to look for them. . . My first publication was a volume entitled "Lyrical and Other Poems" published when I was about 18. This was followed a year after by another called "Early Lays," a third called "The Vision of Cortez and Other Poems;" a fourth, written in 1830, at a few sittings, or rather, goose-like, standing on one leg, was called "The Tri-Color, or Three Days of Blood in Paris." Of these volumes little can be said. They were the performances either of boyhood or of extreme youth. I commenced doggerelizing, I think at 8 or 9, began to accumulate my doggerel in books even at that early period, and at 15 was printing it in newspapers whenever a good-natured Editor could be found to give me admission in what, among newspapers, is facetiously called 'The Poets' Corner,'—a corner which I think does a great deal of mischief, except in a purely literary Journal. All these books, the last, perhaps, excepted, were made up of the stuff accumulating from the earliest beginnings of my poetical infancy. I need not say to you that they contained a great deal of very sorry stuff. Still, I fancy that they had something in them, and I have been amusing myself, in later days, by revising, trimming them here and there, and stringing them together, by the batch, in Magazines, under the appropriate head of "Early Lays."

Of myself, in this time, the history is no pleasant one to me. My mother died when I was an infant. My father failed as a merchant, and emigrated to the West about the same time, leaving me with an aged grandmother, and a small maternal property which the latter hoarded so religiously as to withhold the appropriations necessary to my education. In consequence of this, the utmost of my attainments were those of a grammar school, irregularly attended, for I was so frequently sick in boyhood that it was almost the conviction with all that I could not be raised. But even sickness had its advantages. I got books, devoured them—books of all kinds without order or discrimination, and probably, in this way, acquired a thousand times more than I could have done under the ordinary school advantages. I grew apace in some things, singularly backward in others, studied law after a fashion and was admitted to practice when I was 21, the very day in fact. Before this I had taken to edit [ing] magazines, and soon after I involved myself in the meshes of debt by the purchase of a political newspaper, which failed, swallowing up my little maternal property and leaving me considerably involved. By this time I had lost my father and my wife. I had married before I was of age. In 1832 I visited the north for the first time. I had previously made two journeys, on horseback, to the South-west; traversing some very wild regions. At the North, at the town of Hingham, I prepared *Atalantis* [5] for the press. I wrote the last part of that poem at Hingham. The first portion had been written several years before. It was published at New York in the winter of 1832. In '33, I published "*Martin Faber*" [8], portions of which had been published in a magazine in Charleston some 8 years before. The same year I published "*The Book of My Lady*." In the summer of 1834 I published *Guy Rivers* [10], the first volume of which was written in '32. This was followed by "*The Yemassee*" [11], "*The Partisan*" [12], "*Mellichampe*" [13], "*Pelayo*" [14], "*Carl Werner*" [15], "*Southern Passages and Pictures*" [16], "*The Damsel of Darien*" [17], "*The Klowah*" and "*The History of South Carolina*" [19]. Besides this I have written *Tales and Reviews* without number, verses ad nauseam, I fear, and matters of one sort or another which it almost shocks me to think upon. 'I am afraid to think of what I've done.' The unclassified and unedited materials in my hands now would make a matter of 20 vols. more in print. A considerable portion of this is in print—a greater still in ms. You have a specimen in the Poem of "*Florida*" [21] sent you the other day. I am of opinion that much of this stuff is superior to anything I have ever published. I should be sorry to think otherwise. . . In

the "Book of My Lady" published by Key and Biddle in Phila. you will find several specimens of my early poetry which I think needs revision only to be as good as anything I have done. Some of my reviews have been considered fortunate. Such are those upon Mrs. Trollope and Miss Martineau. "Atalantis" I have entirely rewritten.

You have here a correct list of my labors, so far as I am at present able to communicate them. I will not conceal from you the fact . . . that I have been engaged in other toils which will be claimed in due season—labors which have had their successes, after the fashion of literary successes in our country. In enumerating these numerous performances, do not, my dear Sir, fancy that I speak of them with any feeling of "boyish brag." I sincerely wish that I could have had leisure to do less, of a different kind, and in another fashion. You have the unlicked efforts of an uneducated boy, gradually teaching himself by exposing his ignorance to his neighbours. I should be sorry if I could not add my conviction that I have improved and that I am still improving. At least, my humility is increasing, and that is sometimes a sign of wisdom: I trust not a delusive one in my case. . . My habits are retiring—perhaps quite as much from active self-esteem as humility. I am again a married man, the father of three children, all girls, one of whom is now at school in Massachusetts. . . Do not, however, suppose me insensible to the sweet solicitings of fame. It has been the dream of my life, the unnamed inspiration of my boyhood—dearer than life, for which I take cheerfully to toil, and toil on, though I see not the reward. Let me add, however, that Mr. James Lawson of New York may assist you in your biography. If not a very distinguished, he is a very worthy, kind-hearted and honorable gentleman.

Thus far, in answer to your inquiries, I trust I have answered you with sufficient distinctness. It is scarce necessary, but I may add that I am a native of Charleston—my father came from Ireland when a boy. My mother's family came from Virginia. They were all (the males) actively engaged on the Whig side in the Revolution—bore arms in the defence of Charleston, and a portion of them tasted the sweets of the British Prison Ship. My father was a volunteer in the Creek War under Jackson in Coffee's Brigade of mounted men. . . With friendly consideration, believe me,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

W. G. Simms.

The following letter being upon same subject, it is inserted here. The numbers in brackets indicate respectively, 1st, the order of Simms' books as here mentioned, 2nd, their order in the previous letter, 3d, order in Prof. Trent's bibliography.

Woodlands, Dec., 1846.

Dear Sir:

... Though exceedingly busy, and subject to frequent interruptions of care and business, I seize a moment of respite though not of ease, to respond to the request which you make. . . I commenced writing in rhyme at a very early period. At eight or nine years of age, while the events were in progress, I rudely versified the achievements of our navy in the last war with Great Britain [1 = 0 = 0]. At fifteen I was a scribbler for the first time in the newspapers, and about the same time wrote a narrative poem in four cantos entitled 'The Ring'—a tale of Italy [2 = 0 = 0]. Before I was twenty-one I had published two collections of miscellaneous verses [3 = 1 = 2, and 4 = 2 = 3] and had written portions of numerous things, besides ballads and epics and dramas, some of which I have subsequently turned to account in print.

I had discretion enough to suppress most of these things which now it would be scarcely possible for even such an industrious collector as yourself to find. Two other collections [5 = 3 = 4, and 6 = 4 = 5] followed between my twenty-first and twenty-fourth years, prepared and published while I was in the arduous toils of a newspaper Editor. These were in a more ambitious vein, but are also beyond your reach, and almost of my own. In 1833, I published 'Atalantis [7 = 5 = 6] a Story of the Sea'—a poem in the dramatic form. This production received the favorable notice of the London 'Metropolitan,' then under the control of the poet Campbell. . . Among the numerous favorable notices of this poem in the United States, it may be sufficient to mention that of the New England Magazine. . . Mr. Flint, then editing the 'Knickerbocker' Magazine, said of the same work,—'It is a clear and well got up Arabian Night affair, a real sea-goblin concern, with enough imagination and eloquence, and beautiful figures, and splendid conceptions, and wild paintings of such stuff as dreams are made of, thrown away upon it to have woven and embellished a real painting of life and living things, etc.' The error of the poem was in the dramatic form, and in the redundancy of the descriptive portions. I have lately revised or rewritten it.

While I am in for the poetry, I may as well place in this connection the names of my subsequent publications in verse. These are: a volume

entitled 'Southern Passages and Pictures' [$8 = 16 = 7$], the name of which will probably be found to describe its character. This was succeeded by a poem (incomplete) entitled 'Donna Florida' [$9 = 21 = 8$] which has been unjustly assumed to be an imitation of 'Don Juan,' and which is not distinguished by any of the grossnesses of that poem. Four Cantos of Donna Florida left the work still incomplete—the story, with the exception of the last Canto, being pretty well sunk in the digressions. Here, if you please, you might quote, as a sample, the opening verses of the 4th Canto, in which the Muse of the Nation is invoked, and the country personified. So also, if you think proper, might be given from the same Canto the conflict between De Laye, a Spanish adventurer, and the Chief of the Jenundes. At all events, you may say of the poem that it is playful and mischievous, and the allusions all inoffensive.

'Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies' [$10 = 0 = 9$] forms the next publication, which is a collection of sonnets. This volume is either imaginative, moral, or contemplative, or all mixed. For a sample or two of each of these characteristics, you might quote 'Progress in Denial' at p. 42, 'First Love,' at 44, and 'Home Service' at 20. To these succeeded 'Areytos, or Songs of the South' [$11 = 0 = 10$]. The object of these poems is not simply to associate the sentiment with a local habitation and a name, but to invest with an atmosphere of fancy such as distinguish the passion of love in days of chivalry, the ordinary utterance of this first emotion of the opening heart. As specimens of this volume, you might quote the song at 15, that on 19 and 20, and that on 74. These will all be found to embody equally the supposed warmth of a southern temperament with the refining fancies which are assumed to have distinguished the loves of a Sidney and a Bayard.

But the work which, in my literary career, succeeded to the publication of 'Atalantis' was 'Martin Faber' [$12 = 8 = 24$] a gloomy and passionate tale which, assumed by certain European critics, as well as American, to have been provoked by the British tale 'Miserrimus' was in fact expanded from a tale which I published ten years before in a magazine in Charleston, and which contained all the distinguishing traits and scenes of the subsequent romance. 'Martin Faber' belongs to the family of which Godwin's 'Caleb Williams' is the best known model. But those who read the two works will fail to see any imitation on the part of the American author. Of the work, the New York American, then edited by C. F. Hoffman, says . . . All admitted the power and interest of the work, but some cavilled at the

moral. The hero charges his crimes upon fate—an ordinary habit with such persons, and this is charged upon the author. He uses crime for his material, and in his case, as a young American beginner, the practice, unavoidable for any writer of fiction that ever lived, was supposed to be criminal. This work had several brethren of the same order, which followed at intervals. Among them may be mentioned 'Castle Dismal' [13 = 0 = 39] a tale which has been supposed to be particularly original, 'Confession, or the Blind Heart' [14 = 0 = 36], Carl Werner [15 = 15 = 31], Wigwam and Cabin [16 = 0 = 42].

These publications, forming in all some ten volumes, were marked chiefly by the characteristics of passion and imagination—by the free use, in some cases, of diablerie and all the machinery of superstition, and by a prevailing presence of vehement individuality of tone and temper. They constitute, in all probability, the best specimens of my power of creating and combining, to say nothing of a certain intensifying egotism, which marks all my writings written in the first person. There are yet other tales belonging to this category, and perhaps not inferior in merit to any of these, which have appeared in annuals and magazines, but which I have not yet collected in book form. Of one of these stories the London 'Examiner' spoke in terms of the highest commendation. . .

But, anterior to the publication of most of these, and soon after the publication of 'Martin Faber,' I gave my first novel to the public. This was 'Guy Rivers' [17 = 10 = 26]. It was meant to illustrate the border and domestic history of the South. The first volume of 'Guy Rivers' was written some time before the second, and the style betrays the labor and anxiety of a young author, highly ambitious of his tools, but as yet unpractised in the use of them. The difference between those portions of the work where he forgets himself in the excitement of the story is apparent at a glance. The work was highly successful, was stereotyped, and soon passed to a second, third, and fourth edition. Of this work the critics spoke very indulgently. At the time of its appearance Mr. Cooper had sole possession of the field. Mr. Paulding had not confirmed the impression made by his Dutchman's Fireside in his subsequent novel of Westward Ho. Guy Rivers rose to instant favor. It was republished in London in three volumes. Of the thousand notices of the press, mostly favorable, which it received, I refer you to that of Mr. Clark, of the Knickerbocker. This gentleman, who since I pronounced him a liar and refused to know him, has spared no occasion to lie about and disparage me, spoke of Guy Rivers as 'superior in

many respects to the general work of Mr. Cooper' . . . Belonging to the same family with Guy Rivers are some ten or a dozen volumes, distinguished by great activity of plot, vehement and passionate personality, and pictures and sketches of border character and border scenery, in which I claim to be equally true and natural. There are running through all these works a strong penchant to moral and mental analysis, such as led Hoffman, in one of his notices, to suggest that I would do well to devote a work entirely to the business of working out my metaphysical vein. These works were not published consecutively.

'Guy Rivers' made some enemies for me in New England, simply because Jared Bunce, a Yankee Pedlar, was not made the hero of the novel, and was kept simply what he set out to be, a Yankee Pedlar. In this humble character he is yet a good fellow, humane, intelligent, and steadfast, and only, like all pedlars, cunning. It is not true, as you have thought and taught that I got my rogues from New England. Guy Rivers himself is a South Carolinian, and he is the monster of the book. By the way, whole pages of Guy Rivers have been stolen by Sealsfield [As to this, Mr. A. B. Faust has shown that Simms, not "Sealsfield," was the thief. See page 47 of his dissertation on Sealsfield, published in 1892. Griswold naturally assumed the correctness of Simms' remark, and Prof. Trent, referring to Griswold's note, says his statement was 'an exaggeration.' Commenting on this Mr. Faust says: "The truth is that Sealsfield borrowed neither much nor little, he borrowed nothing. This is proved by the fact that Sealsfield's book appeared earlier than 'Guy Rivers,' viz., in U. S. newspapers in 1827-28.] and have been quoted abroad as superior to what could be done by an American, even describing his own country. My Jared Bunce is his Jared Bendell—so close is the plagiarism. Richard Hurdle [18 = 0 = 30] was published anonymously and instantly went to a second edition. Border Beagles [19 = 0 = 34] and Beauchampe [20 = 0 = 37] were also published anonymously.

But these works, though of the same order, did not follow the publication of Guy Rivers. That work was succeeded by 'The Yemassee' [21 = 11 = 27], the first of my Historical Romances. The success of the Yemassee was even more decided than that of G. R. . . . But it was reserved for the Evening Post to discover what seems to have escaped all the other critics, that the entire mythology of the Yemassee, which they took for Gospel History, was of the author's pure invention, elevating his claims to originality, and that of the work to the standard of pure romance. . . The

Yemassee was the first of a class to which belongs three other works, viz.—The Damsel of Darien [22 = 17 = 33] Pelayo [23 = 14 = 32] and Count Julian [24 = 0 = 41]. These three works are all founded on Spanish stories, though the scene of the first is in our own country, and the events belong to modern times. I do not think that the D. of D. ever had justice done it, though it received high praise from certain quarters. The theme was too stately for the taste of our day, which at that time ran on the rough and tumble. Pelayo and Count Julian, though full of scenes and passages of which I should never be ashamed, are yet, in design, not the things that I would make them now. Their history is given in the preface to the latter work. These did not follow the Yemassee in direct order. The Partisan [25 = 12 = 28] a tale of the Revolution, succeeded the Yemassee, a book that sold better and was better liked by readers than by critics. Though distinguished by delineations and scenes which satisfy me, the design was feeble, the parts clumsily put together. In truth the printing of the work was begun before the first fifty pages were written. Wherever the action was in progress, the story told, but there were frequent breaks and lapses which spoiled the effect. . . 'Mellichampe' [26 = 13 = 29] was a continuation of the Partisan and succeeded it. It was, as a whole, a better work and better written, but possibly had not so many scenes of power. 'The Kinsmen, or the Black Riders of the Congaree' [27 = 0 = 35] belonging to the same family, followed these after some interval. It was, as a story, a better work than either, and an edition (I think) of 2,000 or 2,500 copies were sold at \$2 retail, when Bulwer or James were retailing at 25 cents.

In History and Biography I have written a History and Geography of South Carolina [27 = 19 = 60 and 28 = 0 = 61] 2 vols.; a Life of Gen. Marion [29 = 0 = 62] and one of John Smith, the Founder of Virginia [30 = 0 = 63], the last not yet published but printed. The History of South Carolina, though limited in circulation to this state, has already in five years gone to three large editions. The MS. of Marion you probably know as well as myself. I have been guilty of two orations, which have been published—one delivered before the Erosophic Society of the University of Alabama, entitled 'The Social Principle, the True Source of National Permanence' [31 = 0 = 70]—the other before the citizens of Aiken, entitled 'The Sources of American Independence' [32 = 0 = 71]. As a writer of criticism, I have contributed generously to Periodicals North and South, reviewing Mrs. Trollope in the American Quarterly, Miss Martineau in the Messenger, Montgomery's Messiah in the Knickerbocker (under Flint) and Prescott's

Mexico, Horne's Spirit of the Age, Allston's and Mathews' writings, etc., in the Southern Review, and an immense variety of the same sort of writing in the Southern Literary Journal, the Magnolia, Western and Southern Review, etc. Of these contributions, the Reviews of Mrs. Trollope and Miss Martineau have been republished in Pamphlet form, and a selection devoted entirely to American topics has been made in two volumes for Wiley and Putnam's Library. I have now gone over the list of books which I have published and which I care to acknowledge, and may as well recapitulate.

Of the novels imaginative you have a large collection of tales some of which made an entire volume, viz.: 1, Martin Faber; 2, Castle Dismal; 3, Carl Werner, etc.; 4, Wigwam and Cabin. These make eight volumes. Of the Border Domestic Novels you have: Guy Rivers, Border Beagles, Beauchampe, etc., 10 vols. In Historical Romances you have: 1, The Yemassee, 2, Damsel of Darien, 3, Pelayo, 4, Count Julian; 8 vols. Of the Revolutionary Novels: 1, The Partisan, 2, Mellichampe, 3, The Kinsmen,—6. In Biography and History you have: The Life of Marion, Life of Smith, History and Geography of South Carolina,—4 vols. In Criticism 2 vols. and in Pamphlets 2. In Poetry there is: Atalantis, Southern Passages, Donna Florida, Grouped Thoughts, Areytos.

Talking of Poetry, and of the suppressed volumes, let me remark that Jas. G. Brooks (Florio) reviewing one of them published when I was 19, opens thus—'It is with more than ordinary pleasure that we have to pass judgment on the volume before us. Mr. Simms is entitled to take his place among the first of American poets. The fire of true genius burns in his song, and its light is pure, warm and brilliant. We have read his poetry with unqualified pleasure. We like its very faults, for they are the bold, generous faults of high genius and lofty feelings.' This was published in the New York Literary Gazette and American Athenæum. The review and extracts occupied several pages. Of another of these boyish volumes ["The Vision of Cortés"; 33 = 3 = 4], John Neal says in his 'Yankee'—'The man who could write this poetry, could, if he would wait awhile and take time for it do so much better, that instead of speaking highly of what he has done, we are resolved to say nothing in its favor: although if he had not excited such high expectations by here and there a brief passage, a line or two—a thought—or a simple word, mayhap we should be among the first to say—here we have another poet, springing up in the busy solitude of our country, among the ten thousand other neglected flower-bearers of a similar root and a similar growth, born to perish—if they do not hold back their strength till

the day of their maturity.' I send you, to close fitly this long detail, a sonnet which was published anonymously, but which is supposed to be by Rev. Mr. S. Bulfinch, on the appearance of 'Atalantis.'

'Simms! thou hast woven a garland fit to wreath
Thy country's brow of glory; all things fair
And wonderful are blent together there—
The flower of Spring,—the smooth-lipped shell. There breathe
Forth from their mystic twines sweet spirit voices,
And in the spirit are they heard. The heart
Of one young brother of the lyre rejoices
In thee and blesses thee; for thy high art
Hath wakened thought, and made the feelings dart
Up to their birthplace, where in boundless light
Dwell the realities of our visions bright,
And where thy inspirations have a part.
Go on then in the brightness of thy mind,
And in thy country's praise, thy crown of glory find.'

Of another suppressed work the Knickerbocker, conducted by Flint, writes thus: 'We admire the spirit in which the book is written. It comes on us in "this age of calculations" like a sunbeam from the days of Froisart. We like the chivalrous gallantry, the romantic devotion, the generous enthusiasm; all bespeak, not the cold respect of an economizing, calculating generation, but the high, and to us congenial, feeling of some southern and sunny land, where hearts beat with a prouder and loftier sympathy than in these colder climes.'

This summary has been written stampede in uno, and I have neither the taste nor leisure to run my eye over it after writing. Excuse faults, and try to repair deficiencies as you read. . . . Meanwhile hold me very truly,

Yours, etc.,

W. Gilmore Simms.

In Prof. Trent's excellent biography of Simms, which is the best of the many works on Southern literature, may be found some remarks on Griswold's relations to Southern authors. This compiler, who, the professor tells us, is now mentioned only with 'good-natured contempt or positive scorn,' would seem to have been an especial nuisance to writers below Mason

and Dixon's line. Simms was not the only sufferer: "Pinkney," adds Mr. Trent, "was to die in a year, and, worse fate, was to fall into the hands of . . . Griswold. Virginia could say much the same thing of the unfortunate Richard Dabney, but he, at least, escaped Griswold." As Griswold had no power to injure authors except by making their names familiar to a larger number of persons, or, as in the case of Cooke, by getting a publisher for them, it argues great stupidity on their part that they did not avoid the annoyance to themselves and their admirers by the simple course of refusing his requests for information and declining his offers of professional help.

Singularly enough, Poe and 'Young America,' of whom more presently, were alone among Griswold's contemporaries in seeing what a literary humbug he was, and even Poe did not perceive it till after Griswold had been offered his place as editor of 'Graham's Magazine.' It is perhaps not so strange, though, considering that even in our time, in spite of the clear vision enjoyed by posterity, there are persons unable to understand the true state of the case. One of these persons was the late H. Morford, whose opinion was quoted on page 36. Another is that of a writer in the 'Evening Post' of 8 July 1893:—

"An adjoining shelf holds Rufus Wilmot Griswold's familiar work 'The Poets and Poetry of America,' which Poe bitterly assailed in the satire [as well as in a lecture given shortly after its publication], and concerning which he says in a note, 'It is in the invaluable collection of Griswold that I have found the plot and groundwork of the tale'. . . The fact seems to be generally forgotten that his [Griswold's] literary labors far excelled in volumnity, research, and intrinsic value those of any other American writer of his time. No man did more than he

tō present the claims of American literature tō the attention of the American people; and he made many a thorny path of investigation smooth for the future historian, without receiving any other reward for his industry than the praise of the few whō shared his peculiar enthusiasm, and the satisfaction of successful research."

The metrical satire referred tō had the same title as Griswold's book. "The poem," continues the 'Post' writer, "which is signed 'Lavante,' is written in heroic couplets and comprises about 950 lines. The fact of Poe's authorship was pretty clearly shown a few years ago by an enterprising gentleman, hiding himself behind the nom de plume of "Geoffrey Quarles," whō unearthed the original Philadelphia edition in some out-of-the-way place and carefully edited a reprint."

Similarly perverse ar the views of Messrs R: H: Stoddard and T: Dunn English. I add them, as literary curiosities, tho, aside from the critical incapacity which they betray, the writers' evidence would be thrōn out of any court on account of their well-known incapacity tō appreciate Poe's moral worth.

Here is what Mr. Stoddard had tō say as late as 13 Aug. 1894: "Among all the early friends of [Griswold] thêre is no òne whō . . . remembers him with more kindness. I knew him as well as a young man can know an older man, and only knew him as a kindly gentleman whōse delight it was tō discover merit whêre he could, and tō serve his friends tō the utmost. . . I cannot but cherish the memory of Rufus Wilmot Griswold. I write clumsily, but I am sure you will understand my motive and feeling." Thêre is no excuse for Mr. Stoddard's writing thus in 1894, for he had been told by 'The Critic' in 1889, apropos of an article in 'Lippincott's Magazine,' that tō attempt tō defend Griswold was "love's labor lost."

"The charges against him [Griswold]," wrote Mr. English 1 Oct. 1895, "arose from the disappointed ambition of other parties; when he prepared his work on 'The Poets and Poetry of America,' the best ever seen of its kind, he made enemies not only of those whom he omitted, but of those he did admit where he did not give them great prominence or tickle their vanity. They followed him not only to the day of his death but after it, and slandered him most abominably, as I know. . . [Griswold] . . . had a great reserve where he could have done much mischief without passing the bounds of truth, and where he could do a service for another he always rendered it freely." 'The Critic,' however, knows better than this: so late as 20 Feb. 1897, it ["J. L. G."] casually refers to Griswold as a person "who made himself famous, or infamous, by his criticisms of Poe and other poets."

It is refreshing, after reading such silly remarks as these, to turn to the candid and judicial commentary of Mr. Edmund Gosse. Mr. Gosse, being an Englishman, writes with entire impartiality, as well as a high degree of acumen. His restrained and dignified style is worthy of the precision of his views; for sweetness and light where can be found a passage which exceeds this?:—

"It did not occur to our innocent mind, that the world could produce an insect so ingeniously wicked [as Griswold]." As to "this infamous person . . . we leave the particulars of his life to those painstaking naturalists that make the hemiptera the subject of their special study. If he has a grave may the toad pour out her poison there; if he lives, may he live long yet to enjoy the execration of all well-disposed persons. . . Such conduct requires a motive. The bewildered reader asks why? The answer is that the biographer was also a maker of

books, of very trumpery books, that Poe was a trenchant and fearless reviewer, and that he had occasion to show Griswold up as an impostor."

This theory, started by Mr. W : F. Gill, has been adopted by Poe's other admirers, Messrs Didier and Ingram. Yet these writers can hardly have overlooked the facts mentioned by Mr. W : J. Stillman in 'The Nation' of 11 Apr. 1878 :

"As if finally to refute his own theory of the malice of the previous biographer, Mr. Gill prints a review by Poe of Griswold's 'Poets of America' . . . Now, not only is the criticism itself in the very worst style of that crude and abusive early period of American literature; not only does it show us Poe as introducing puffs of himself, over and over again . . . but it specifically refutes the precise argument for whose sake it is introduced. This review by Poe was aimed at the third edition of Griswold's tedious book; whereas anyone who will refer to the first edition will find that the author had already implied there, very distinctly, the same low moral estimate of Poe which he later showed. In short, it was Poe, not Griswold, who wrote under a grudge."

It is possible that the views of Mr. Trent and Mr. Gosse upon Griswold's book were not based on independent examination, but were merely echoes of Poe's opinion. How the latter came to write his review, and his animus in doing it, may be read elsewhere; and, whatever his motive, his opinion of the book may have been the right one. But it is well to take into consideration the principle on which his reviews were written, as shown in Burton's letter to him of 30 May 1839:—

I am sorry that you thought necessary to send me such a letter as your last. . . I cannot agree to entertain your proposition, either in justice to yourself or to my own interest. The worldly experience of which you speak has *not* taught me [to] conciliate authors of whom I know nothing and from whom I can expect nothing. Such a supposition is but a poor comment upon my honesty of opinion, or the principles of expediency which you would insinuate as actuating my conduct. I have been as severely handled in the world as you can possibly have been, but my sufferings have

not tinged my mind with a melancholy hue, nor dō I allow my views of my fellow creatures tō be jaundiced by the fog of my own creation. . . You must get rid of your avowed ill-feelings towards your brother authors—you see that I speak plainly—indeed, I cannot speak otherwise. Several of my friends, hearing of our connexion, have warned me of your uncalled-for severity in criticism.

Mr. J: H. Ingram saw that this letter threw an undesired light on his hero's literary character, and suppressd it. When calld tō account for so dōing, in 'Temple Bar' for August 1888, he replied in 'The Academy' that "Griswold inserted a letter the authenticity of which I have every reason tō doubt, and which I did not, therefore, republish." Under these circumstances it is fitting tō remark that the above quotations have been made from the autograph.

That Poe experienced no change of heart in this matter is clear from the folloing:—

"Poe," we read in 'The Literary World' of 21 Sept. 1850, "was, in the very centre of his soul, a literary attorney, and pleaded according tō his fee. Tō omit, when properly invited tō dō so, tō retain Poe, by an advance of his peculium, was tō incur his everlasting hostility; and it is a striking illustration of this, that the author whō is made the most constant occasion, throughout these six hundred pages [The 'Literati' volume], of malevolent abuse and misrepresentation, is ōne whō, both from principle and necessity, never allowed himself tō be taxed by the late Poe tō the extent of a dollar. And yet the author of 'The Literati' was not without a gleam of consciousness of the peculiar course he was pursuing. For instance, we have here . . . a particularly personal and impertinent review . . . which Poe himself, subsequently, when sober, characterized, in a letter tō Mr. Mathews now before us,—'Could I imagine that, at any moment, you regarded a certain impudent and flippant critique as more than a matter tō be laughed at, I would proffer you an apology on the spot. Since I scribbled the article in question, you yourself have given me fifty good reasons for being ashamed of it.'"

Griswold seems tō have knōn what wer the vulnerable points of his book, for in the preface tō the edition of 1855 he has the folloing:—

"The book was in the first place too hastily prepared. There was difficulty in procuring materials, and in deciding, where so many had some sort of claim to the title, whom to regard as Poets. There had been published in this country about five hundred volumes of rhythmical compositions of various kinds and degrees of merit, nearly all of which I read with more or less attention. From the mass I chose about one-fifth, as containing writings not unworthy of notice in such an examination of this part of our literature as I proposed to make. I have been censured, perhaps justly, for the wide range of my selections. But I did not consider all the contents of the volume Poetry. I aimed merely to show what had been accomplished toward a Poetical Literature by our writers in verse before the close of the first half century of our national existence. With much of the first order of excellence, more was accepted that was comparatively poor. But I believe nothing was admitted inferior to passages in the most celebrated foreign works of like character. I have also been condemned for omissions. But on this score I have no regrets. I can think of no name not included in the first edition which I would now admit without better credentials than were before me when that edition was printed."

A continuation of the work was prepared by R. H. Stoddard in 1872. A passage in his preface indicates that the work, even at that date, was not without value:—

"The reasons which determined this . . . intention to leave Dr. Griswold's own work intact were submitted to some of the editor's literary friends, who acquiesced in their justice. 'If I were in your place,' was the advice one gave, 'I should not mix my work and Griswold's, but leave the latter precisely as he left it. Every reader now will want Griswold's book (at least I do), with his biographies, critical remarks, and selections. The latter are as good as is necessary; giving in almost all cases, the author's best and most characteristic poems; while his criticisms would lose their historical value if meddled with. To be sure he got into a good deal of hot water (there, by the way, is a warning to you, in dealing with the new names,) but all that has passed away. No one can complain if you let his articles stand, while there might be a great deal of complaint if you meddle with them.' "

New York, July 10, 1841.

Rufe Gris:

. . . I am poor as a Church mouse and not half so saucy. I have had losses this week, and am very perplexed and afflicted. I feel limber as

a rag. But better luck must cōme. I am fishing for a partner in The Tribune, and have hopes of securing one. A week will show.

Raymond has gone up the river tōnight, on his way tō Utica tō report the decision in the McLeod Case. Meantime I am on double duty, and shall hardly have time tō wink, let alone sleeping.

... About my account with Haughton's estate. It will be perfectly easy for the executors by turning tō the file of the Atlas for 1839 (commencing with twō or three letters from Albany) tō see what my account is against the concern. I was tō have \$50 a month for correspondence—Haughton's own offer. How much he paid me will easily be seen by turning tō his Ledger for that year. I kept no account—the Atlas is my ledger; I only know that I was not paid intō about ōne month, or \$50. That balance I should like, either with or without interest; but if I don't get it, I shall dō without. I hope, however, the Executors will at least dō me the favor tō look intō the matter, and adjudge me what they find due me.

Gris, I hope you and Demorest will find it convenient and think it advisable tō take the old Yorker, in September. I know I could dō as well with it pecuniarily in another shape; but I feel a pride in the old paper, and hate tō see it go down. It has a sort of reputation and character on which talent, energy, industry and business tact can build a fortune, I hope. . .

I suppose I have bored you enough with my sorrows, etc. Luck tō you, boy, and may you find a faithful guardian ōne day; if you belonged tō sōmebody you would be worth a whole India Rubber Company. The misfortune of being born free has ruined you.

Yours, tolerably,

H. Greeley.

Richmond, Va., July 17, 1841.

B. W. Griswold, Esq., My dear Friend,—

I wish you tō write "all sorts" of an article for the Messenger—not on the lawless outrage committed on Ludlow's property,—an outrage that would justify a result tō arms on our part tō recover his property,—but I wish you tō pen a paper for me on Mount Auburn,—tell us of the thoughts that pass in your mind, as you tread that consecrated spot. Give us with it, too, your own reflections on Death. Or, if you dō not fancy a subject so rife with melancholy,—send me a Sketch of Longfellow. I love the man, and therefore I wish my friends tō love him likewise.

Or, if you fancy neither of these subjects, choose one for yourself. I care not what you write on, so you put your varied power intō full requisit-

tion. And, mind, I dō not ask you tō dō this work for me for naught. You shall take some remuneration for the labor.

... All your notices will grace its pages, and I regret, deeply regret, that you had not sent me as many more. God Bless, Prosper, and Protect you from all danger, is the prayer of

Your Friend,

Th. W. White.

Portsmouth, July 20, 1841.

My Dear Griswold,

Just out of bed, and before shaving (think of that, Master Brooke) I am inditing a very brief epistle tō each of my particular cronies on Tri-Mountain.

Imprimis, I send you for insertion in the Times and afterwards in the Notion or vice versa, a copy of verses which were enclosed in a letter addressed tō your humble servant at our Portsmouth Fair last week. I can just guess the author, but dare not put her name tō the place. It has been shown tō a few only and has never been printed, so it will come out capitally in your paper, which by the bye, is the only solace in the way of literature I have known since my sojourn.

I would write you a long letter setting forth how I have fished in the streams, sailed on the rivers, rode [sic] on the beach, kissed the girls under the hedges, and made rhymes for commencement, but time fails me and the Engine, like "Time and Tide," waits for no man.

That I have enjoyed every moment since Wednesday last, a clear conscience and a sun-burnt phiz amply will testify. . . Here are the lines, and a benison on R. W. G.

Yours very truly,

J. T. F[ields].

New York, July 26, 1841.

Rufe Gris:

Why in thunder did you go off on Saturday without seeing me or seeing Demorest? I anxiously wished something tō be resolved on about our entangled business, but never a syllable did I get, or was there tō get. Why didn't you think of it? I beg you tō dō so at once. If Dem. and you don't want tō take The New-Yorker, very well; but I want tō know it soon, so that I may look out in other quarters. One way or another, I must dispose of it, and that speedily. Write me.

Another matter: You wrote me for a Kedge-Anchor something, and I got it and forwarded it promptly. But you promised me a copy of

Parker's Sermons long since and I have not seen the shadow of it yet. What can you say to that? No matter: This you must do: send me the value of my Kedge-Anchor (price \$2) in Parker's Sermons, and do it right off. I want them for distribution. I have read a borrowed copy, and I like it scandalously. Now don't disappoint me, I pray you, and write me what you think about the New-Yorker.

I have a letter this morning from W. H. Burleigh, with a good Poem. Do him justice in your medley; his friends don't ask any favors. He tells me his book sells,—which I marvel at, knowing its unmistakable excellence.

Let me know anything of interest.

Yours, etc.,

Horace Greeley.

Washington, July 28, 1841.

My Dear Sir:

Yours of the 6th I duly received. It will give me great pleasure to furnish you the biographies you mention upon the terms stated (for my circumstances will not suffer me to pursue my inclination in such matters).

... I have a poem by me of some 1800 lines which I should be glad to publish in Boston, for they get such things up well there, and there is a credit, of itself, in appearing in the poetical line from the press of the "literary Emporium."

Prentice, Poe, Ingraham and others have seen the poem and pronounce it decidedly the best thing I have accomplished. I have had it by me three years awaiting the movement of the waters in the literary world. Have you ever thought of the international copyright Law? I trust in God that after we get a bank and a bankrupt[cy] bill, that this law will not be forgotten. In every other country but ours literary men are at the top of the heap. Look at France: Thiers, Guizot, etc.,—see England. Here we are the poorest devils under the eye of "God's shadow," the sun. Hoping that these things may not always be, I sincerely sympathize with you, in your ardent desire to advance the interest of American Literature. Yours truly,

F. W. Thomas.

Have you seen "Specimens of Western Poetry?" ["Selections from the Poetical Literature of the West." Cin'tl, U. P. James, 264 pp.] I am told the work is edited by W. D. Gallagher, who has put Mr. Gallagher's poems first and longest! This may be Gallagher's opinion of his own merits, but Prentice is the first poet of the West, if not 'Amelia.' G. is behind either of them. Don't you think so?

New York, August 4, 1841.

Rufe Griswold.

Just hear me: If you let other People get Extras another time and I none, I'll blow you up. now mind! If you had sent me 200 off the Atlas yesterday, they would have been worth \$10 tō me. Now don't make any excuses, but send me the Extras next time without fail. Send me as many as they will give you for \$10 from the Atlas or any other decent paper, and put them through by Harnden or Adams, even though an Express has gone on before. . .

Now about the Yorker; Demorest has given up all idea of taking it. I suspected he would dō so from the first. Such an undecided, timid, shilly-shally fellow I never attempted tō deal with, and I felt relieved when he gave up. Now if you can find any capable person whō will take The New Yorker I shall be glad; if not, I don't care. I shall break it down and start a weekly Tribune next month. . .

Nothing new here. The New World goes about like a rover, and The Tribune is dōing better. I have great hopes of it, if you won't continue tō murder me in the matter of Extras. Dō you hear? Also the Parker's sermons. I understand the Jonathan is making money.

Raym. is away, and I have an awful sawney tō help me. It gives me the toothache tō look at him, let alone anything farther. He's no good.

Yours,

H. Greeley.

Richmond, Va., Sept. 12, 1841.

R. W. Griswold, Esq., My Friend,—

The notices you were kind enough tō send me from Philadelphia came tō hand, much tō my regret, too late for my Sept. No. They are all in type and will be in the October number, (along with your just tribute tō Goodrich), which I hope tō have in as early at any rate as the first of October. The last form will go tō press next Friday, before I could get a few more fresh notices from your pen. . .

Griswold, I have seen enough of you tō make me love you. I have my eye on you, and, it may be, if you and I live a year or twō longer, that I may have tō call on you for help—help that I shall be able tō pay you for.

In haste, Your Friend,

Th: W. White.

Boston, Sept. 15, 1841.

My Dear Boy:

This is Epistle No. 3. Think of that and weep, oh, Rufus! What has become of the other 2? Heaven only knows. . . In regard to B[radbury] and S[oden], poor Soden, I fear, is on his death bed. His partner told me this morning that matters had been arranged before his illness and you was to be co-editor of the new Mag. ['The Boston Miscellany'] at \$1250 per annum. But as affairs stand now, I cannot tell what will be done.

The poem went off like a volcano: more anon. I am to repeat it at our Lyceum, 7th October and at Salem, the same week.

I send with this a package from Mr. Norton. To-day I saw Dana at Brackett's room. B. has finished a fine bust of him and also of Sprague.

All well and glad to hear of your recovery. Kiss the small Edition for
Your friend and fellow sinner,

J. T. F[ields].

Boston, September 15th, 1841.

Friend Griswold:-

. . . Roberts has engaged [T: P. ?] Kettell, I believe, who commences to-day. . . Of how much advantage will it be to Roberts to change his editors so often?

Yours, etc.,

A. G. Tenny.

New Brighton, 22 September, 1841.

Sir,

I . . . rejoice that before your work goes to press I shall be able to correct some errors. "Truth and Falsehood" is not mine, and I know not even whose it is. The lines in answer to some of Willis' are my brother John W. Wilde's.

Very Resp'y, Your Obedient Servant,

R. H. Wilde.

Washington, Sept. 23, 1841.

My Dear Sir:

. . . I knew [E: Coats] Pinkney slightly. He was a very handsome man, punctilious to a fault, wayward, and Byronic, chivalrous and enthusiastic. . . I have always thought him the most original of our Poets. . .

I think certainly that Flint and [J. H.] Perkins should have a place in your book. The former I never knew. Perkins I know very well. He is decidedly a man of original genius. He has written often and powerfully for the North American and other periodicals, and is the author of many sketches, which have much of the point of Charles Lamb in them. They are, if I may so express myself, between Lamb and Dickens, without imitating either. His poetry is not equal, at all, to his prose, I scarcely have a poem of his impressed upon my memory.

With regard to your humble servant—I was born in October 25, 1810, (I think it was October, but the family bible is in the far west, and I cannot compete with T. Shandy, Esq., who tells the hour he was begotten.—“Have you wound up the clock, Mr. Shandy?” etc.) [In letter of 3 Aug., Thomas wrote that he was born in 1808; the figures are distinct in both letters.]

... By the bye—I have a song by me, which has been set to music by a friend of mine here. The tune meets the approbation of several of the fair (his pupils and others, for he is a teacher of music) and I am anxious to have it published. I will give the copyright of it gratis to any music publisher who will publish it. If to make the inquiry in the matter would not give you trouble—may I ask it of you? The song is of four verses, four lines in a verse. If instead of “No song no supper” in these troublous times songs cannot even be given away—will you learn for me the cost of printing it? I would not ask you to make the inquiry for me, were there a music publisher here, but there is not.

By the bye Robert Tyler, one of the President's sons, is a poet—did you know it? I do not say it because of his situation or his politics; but I say it because I have seen the MS. of a poem which he is now writing, and I think, sincerely, he is a man of fine genius—and will, I believe, make a hit with this effort.

Let me hear from you soon. All that concerns literature or literary men is to me of the deepest interest—particularly that and those of “mine own country.”

Yours truly,

F. W. Thomas.

Concord, Sept. 25, 1841.

Dear Sir,

Jones Very is a native of Salem, the son of a sea-captain who made many voyages to the north of Europe, in two of which he was accom-

panied by his son. He wrote his Essay on Hamlet with the more interest from having twice seen Elsinour [sic]. After his father's death, he prepared himself for college, and entered Harvard University in 1832, was graduated in 1836, and was appointed Greek Tutor in the College in the same year. Whilst he held this office, a religious enthusiasm took possession of his mind, which gradually produced so great a change in him that his friends withdrew him from Cambridge [and placed him for a short time in the McLean Asylum at Charlestown. His residence there produced little or no alteration and] he soon after went to Salem, where he wrote most of the poems in the little volume. He is now in a state of somewhat firmer health, I believe, but rarely writes any verses. In the Dial, No. V., you will find a brief notice of his Poems, written by me, to which I know not that I can add any thing excepting the few dates above written.

In regard to my own verses, I have printed them all either in the "Western Messenger," in the same Number which contained the Humble-Bee, or the two or three following numbers, where they appeared with my name,—or in the Dial. As I do not happen to have in the house a copy of either of these Journals, I can only indicate those which I remember in the Dial. They are "The Problem;" Stanzas—"O fair and stately maid, whose eye etc.;" "Suum cuique;" "The Snow-storm;" "The Sphinx;" "Wood-notes No. I;" and "Wood Notes No. II" which appears in the forthcoming number for October, with a little piece called "Fate," and another "Painting and Sculpture." There may be more than these few, but I do not remember them. In answer to your request for dates of birth and education, I reply, I was born in Boston in 1803, and was graduated at Cambridge in 1821.

Will you allow me to call your attention to the few pieces in the Dial signed H. D. T. (or, by mistake, D. H. T.) which were written by Henry D. Thoreau, of this town, a graduate of Cambridge in the year 1837. Unless I am greatly mistaken, Mr. Thoreau already deserves and will more and more deserve your attention as a writer of American Poetry.

I hope these few facts may suffice as a reply to your inquiry. In regard to Mr. Very I draw bracketts over the lines which I think ought not now to be published. With good wishes for your success in your enterprise, I am

Yours respectfully,

R. W. Emerson.

New York, Oct. 19, 1841.

My dear Sir [Graham]:

... Would you like to have an occasional poem from Professor Longfellow? I think I could get him to write for you at \$20. He asks \$25. I thank Mr. Poe heartily for his just notice—just as regards censure.

Yours faithfully,

Park Benjamin.

We read in Godwin's life that Bryant, when asked to put a price upon the poems he contributed to the U. S. Gazette in 1823-25, suggested \$2. each. This rate was raised by the publisher to 16 cents per line.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 20, 1841.

Rufus W. Griswold, Esq., My Dear Friend,—

"'Tis true—and pity 'tis, 'tis true,"—that I am confoundedly hard pressed still. For eight long years, have I been toiling for naught. All my energies, all my industry, all my tact, all my funds,—all—all, have been given to this pet [the Messenger] of mine. And for what? For a little Fame—for having it said that I had achieved what no one else could accomplish in our Southern States. Well, I have succeeded at last, I believe, in placing my publication on a solid foundation—on a foundation that will last, at least, as long as I shall last. Next year I mean to go for making money, and make it I will, if application can accomplish so desirable a desideratum. [He died 19 January 1843.]

Thank you for your occasional help. Your notices of publications, pithy as they are, give information that is desirable and much needed. All that you have sent me I have used. . .

If I had not become so accustomed to disappointments, you would have caused my "mouth to water" for the delicious food you have promised me, for my next. If it comes, I shall roll it "under my tongue" as a most precious morsel.

Presuming you will have no objection to a little help, I send you a check for \$6.25, and my note for \$14.75. Take the trouble, if you please, to call on the Harpers. I will ask them to cash it for you. It will, I hope, be worth to you in its full face, \$18.75, which will make \$20, I will have sent you. (Mind the Harpers do not owe me a dollar on earth, nor have I any claims on them. Still they are my friends, and therefore it is that I think they will accommodate you and me). In great haste, Your Friend,

Th: W. White.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 29, 1841.

Rufus W. Griswold, Esq., My Dear Friend,—

... Let me get the favor of you to read "The Hunchback," so far as it goes—and to give your opinion of it, freely and candidly. It strikes me as being very fine—very far superior to any novel-writing that has issued from the American press for the 20 past years. I have here an able co-laborer Heath [?] ...

Your Friend,

Th: W. White.

Griswold had become one of the editors of the Philadelphia 'Gazette.'

Near the Sources of Salt River, New York, Nov. 5, 1841.

Friend Gris:

I haven't done anything I promised you—and why? Because I couldn't. I went to see Mr. Root on Tuesday, but could find nothing out. Root did not know her [Mrs. Sigourney] till she lived in Hartford. So I have no data; and where can I get any? I don't know, I'm sure. So I do nothing, and wait to hear from you.

Raymond is still down on his luck; I fear he will never be well. We apprehend he has Bronchitis tending to Consumption.

Aren't we horribly smashed up in this State? We haven't a grease-spot left—Assembly, Senate, Canal-Board, Appointments, all—'All gone, and forgot the light we saw breaking.' Yours, with a broken back and a heavy heart,

Horace Greeley.

[10 Nov., 1841. ?]

My dear Gris:—

I return herewith Brainard with a sketch of his life comprising what I wished to say of him though oftentimes not expressed as I would have it. You must look it over, reconcile any inconsistencies and correct any errors, either in thought or style, which you may discover. The opinions expressed are such as I really entertain, tho' if they don't suit your notions or your purposes, of course you must change them till they do so. I'm getting well fast and shall soon be able to take my seat in the office again. I shall leave this with Greeley and it will go to Philadelphia sometime tho' I know not when. I trust it will not be too late. Do you wish me to do anything for the Southern Literary Messenger? If so what? I can do it now at any time.

Yours faithfully,

H. J. Raymond.

NO MORE
APPROVED

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MRS. SIGOURNEY.

New York, Nov. 13, 1841.

Dear Gris:

Your note and book received. Having got the right sort of a letter from Burleigh, I have set right down and written you an upset of it, so as to be sure of it. I know this is not the thing you want, it is too diffuse and flowing; but I think you need only strike out a portion here and there, and change a few words to make all right. I can't tell just what will be your fashion of treating living writers, so I put in all, and leave you to cut out at your discretion. How could I do better? I shall try to plaster over Mrs. Sigourney tomorrow; but you know how bad a job it is. As it won't do to say a word of her *real* history, how will it be possible to say *any* think? . . .

Yours,

H. Greeley.

New York, Nov. 17, 1841.

R. W. Griswold, Esq., My Friend:

Have you got my Biography of Burleigh? It is too long and precise, but you can cut it down, I think, with little trouble.

I have just done up Mrs. Sigourney by neglecting my own business entirely. . . This isn't a good biography; I've lost the list of her works, but that is no loss at all. The biography is less humdrum without it. You can carve and plaster to suit your taste.

Raymond is getting up, but good for nothing yet. I have Mrs. Ellet to write for you—that is all, I believe. I will try to do that sometime soon, and have it off my mind.

Now write me a few racy, spicy—not personal, far less malignant [letters] depicting Society and Life in Philadelphia. *Soon*, mind. Where's Eldredge?

Gris, don't have it known that you are connected with the Philadelphia Gazette. It will kill you. I never knew such a Thersites. You could not have written that attack on Rob. Walsh, certainly. Write me.

[H. Greeley.]

Boston. 18 Nov., 1841.

My Dear Sir:

Some time since you and I had a conversation upon the subject of the Editorship of the Boston Transcript, at which time you expressed yourself in favor of some arrangement with this Paper. I should be happy to hear from you upon the subject and learn your views in relation to an

arrangement,—such particulars, I mean, as to enable me to judge of the terms on which an arrangement with you could be effected. . . Yours truly,

James A. G. Otis.

New York, Nov. 23, 1841.

Dear Gris:

Keep up heart and hope. I trust you are not so ill as you think, though you are bent on killing yourself with calomel and carelessness ere long. But you must not go until your great work is out: after that you can afford to die. If you are taken dangerously ill—I mean in danger of not being able to oversee it—be sure you leave it in good hands. . .

We are doing middling well—not more. Be careful of what life is left in you, and turn Grahamite.

Yours,

H. Greeley.

Boston, Dec. 12, 1841.

My dear Rufus:

. . . In regard to the ages of those individual poets, not one will tell in what year he saw the light, so you will be obliged to say nothing on that head. . .

Dana was in a few days since and asked for you, was very sorry to hear you had been ill. Longfellow has been out of health but is now, I believe, recovered. He always inquires for you. Tuckerman is now at my elbow and says "my best regards to R. W. G."

I cannot get out of those fellows when the Lord made them, or I would gladly give you the dates. They all seem delicate as a spinster on that point, so you must give it up.

Allston has just accepted the office of President of a new Artists society, got up in this city, a few days since. Braham is here, antiquating melody most abominably. Jane Sloman carries everything before her, and the "Circus is now open." This is all of news I can indite. We are dull on that point. One of our largest houses is in hot water. If they (the firm) get out it will be with a scald at least. I refer to Hilliard, Gray & Co. . . In great haste,

Very truly Yours,

J. T. F [ields].

1 Jan., 1842.

My Dear Friend [Keese]:

Positively Mr. Griswold is the kindest, most generous and amiable man I ever yet knew. The impression he made on me the first moment I ever saw him, has continued in all its warmth and force.

He made an excuse that it was too late to call on Mr. Benjamin, in order to get me to go home with him. I have just returned loaded with books, autographs and engravings, rich and rare, and yet I feel as if they were the least—the manner of conferring the favors, the sweet amiable manner, increased them tenfold. I could do anything to serve such an amiable being. I feel indeed your debtor, for introducing me to Mr. Griswold, and only wish I knew how to show my gratitude both to you and him. . . Ever gratefully and faithfully yours,

R. Balmanno.

87 Murray St., New York, Jan. 11, 1842.

My Dear Griswold:—

. . . That scrap which I gave you for the *Memoir*—omit or shape it as you think best. I am sorry now I suggested the *Mirror*—for if everyone mentions his year of editorship poor Morris, I fear, would be marked as the court gallant in the play—when one claims the cloak, one the feathered beaver, and a third his doublet, until the unlucky *Magnifico* is only left a shirt to shrive in.

You might lump the matter in this way—"became the proprietor of the *American Monthly* in March, '35, and during the three or four following years, while the chief editor of the same, as well as subsequently, his pen was also busy in the *Mirror*, *New Yorker*, and other journals, in all of which, among a variety of subjects, he wrote zealously in favor of international copyright."

Now for God's sake don't keep this to put into your curiosities of literature under the head of "whimwhams of egotistical authors." My friend, it is no whimwham! I have a deep design in it. The fact is, I have such a devil of a bad reputation for laziness that I want to get credit in your book for every atom of industry that really belongs to me, and that without jostling the fame of others. Who has worked harder . . . than Morris? Tell me, thou biographical *Warwick*,—"the setter up and puller down of Kings" (poetic ones). Ever yours truly,

C. F. Hoffman.

New York, Feb. 18, 1842.

R. W. Griswold,

I have delivered my Lecture here, and got a few copies printed for my own use. I send you one by this mail, which you will keep out of

the dirty hands of all type-stickers, for the present. I am going tō repeat it at Newark a week from Monday evening, and of course don't mean tō publish it yet, nor before the 1st of April. But it has some good thoughts, and I would like a chance of trying it on tō a Philadelphia audience, if I could get a right good one. Is this thing practicable? I know there are hardly a hundred persons in Philadelphia whō know of me, yet if one of your Lecture Associations should have a hole in their programme, they *might* call me tō fill it, if suggested. Now, mind; I don't want a chance begged; I don't want tō come tō Philadelphia tō lecture tō a school-room full of loafers. But if the right thing is practicable within a fortnight or so, you will know it, and can arrange it. If not, say no more about it, but keep my Lecture close. If I come, I should expect tō be paid my expenses at least, though that would be no object. What I want is a *hearing*. So much for fun: Now tō business. Bisbee dunned me tōday tō write sketches of the leading Editors of the Country for a new monthly periodical. I told him I would dō it only with your co-operation—that I could rather lick you in solid writing, but in universal knowledge of men and things—in Literary cooperism, *you* were boss, decidedly. Well, he agreed tō write you tōday. Now, Gris, I write tō say; ask a fair price for dōing it, and stipulate how it is tō be done. I think about twō pages tō each person, and six editors tō a number, would be the load. They will probably be illustrated. Now if this thing is tō be done, it ought tō be worth \$5 a biography or Portrait (tō be divided between Sternhold and Hopkins) and it must be kept utterly a secret. If it is known tō these persons whō is dōing it, it won't be dōne at all. The Blog's must be perfectly impartial and conscientious, or they will be drivell and fall dead.

This is all for once. Read my Lecture tōmorrow evening; take a strong cup of tea and put a piece of ice in the back of your neck, and you'll get through it. Then give me a thorough criticism in òne page. Yours,

Horace Greeley.

Richmond, Va., 9th March, 1842.

Dear Griswold,

'Tis not every man whō ought tō have influence that has it. I have known Upshaw [the Secretary of the Navy] long and intimately. I ever have been, as I still am, his warm friend and admirer. Still I have not the vanity tō believe that I have the least influence with him.

What I think of yourself, and of your claims, I shall endorse in this. If not what you desire, fashion a paper for yourself, send it on tō me and I

will adopt it as my own. I like you much, and liking you am willing to do all for you that lies in my power. . . In great haste, Your friend,

T. W. W [hite].

New York. March 22, 1842.

Dear Gris,

. . . We got out our double sheet Daily this morning, and I respectfully submit that it is no small potatoes. (25,000 to 30,000 copies.) I had to fight to get in the tall puff of 'The Poets' which you will find in the best place in the paper, but I did get it in, while a great many others were left out, which I had promised, and meant to get in. If 'The Poets' do not sell, the fault shall not be mine.

When will you be on? I want you to bring me a right good copy to keep, and an ordinary one to write notices from, which I don't mind paying cost for. I want to write a Review for the Southern Literary, but don't know how to begin on the proof-sheets I have with me. However, I must try, if you are not here by Saturday.

Can you find any materials in Philadelphia for my 'Life and Eloquence of John Randolph?' or for my 'Life of Capt. John Smith?' which you have not already? The latter is to be got up soon, between you and I, as soon as you are a free man.

H. Greeley.

April 20, 1842.

R. W. Griswold, Esq., Dear Sir:

Have you fully determined on assuming the Chaplaincy and to abandon the editorial chair? Or could you find it in your heart to locate in Philadelphia? Let me hear from you as I have a proposal to make.

I like your book much. We received it from Carey and Hart yesterday, and although it will give offence to a few, it will be popular, and please every man of taste.

Yours,

G. R. Graham.

May 3, 1842.

R. W. Griswold, Esq., Dear Sir,

Your letter I should have acknowledged ere this—but have overlooked the closing sentence. I am glad that you agree to our proposal, and we shall be ready to give you the "right hand of fellowship," as soon as 'orders are taken.' Mr. P[eterson] is right. The salary [is] to be \$1,000

per annum. We shall hope to see the light of your countenance soon. Do you know how I could get full length drawings of Longfellow, Bryant, Irving, and other authors?

Yours,

G. R. Graham.

New York, May 16, 1842.

Rufus W. Griswold, Reverend Sir:

Can't you contrive to be in the City next week a few days just to kiss your babies and attend to my business? Raymond wants to be off; I have had lawsuits to attend to, and want to be able to be off, and I fear The Tribune will suffer. I will give you \$20 to work for me four days, commencing Tuesday morning and ending Friday night. Now don't come to oblige me; but if you can spare yourself, and happen to want to come to 'York,' why you will accommodate me, and not at your own charge. Yours,

H. Greeley.

P. S.—Why didn't you ask me to announce your connection with Graham? Raym hasn't half done it. Always come to headquarters. Yours,

H. G.

New York, May 19th, 1842.

My dear Griswold,

I have requested the Harpers to send you a copy of my little book. Please keep the authorship a secret, and if you can get the accompanying notices published, one in the North American, and the other in the Evening Journal, without betraying it, do so. I shall be much obliged, and will cheerfully reciprocate the favor at any time. Nothing new. Pray send me the [Saturday Evening] Post occasionally. I have an article for the Mag. in preparation. Yours truly, My dear G.,

Epes Sargent.

New York, May 20, 1842.

R. W. Gris.

I came down from Dutchess County this morning. I went up night before last to attend a Tariff Convention, and we had a right good one. I have hardly ever enjoyed a more refreshing season.

I found yours here. All right; I shall get along perfectly well. Raymond went off to see somebody night before last; so the T. had to go pretty much alone yesterday. It did it very well, however.

I mean to start on my Western tour a fortnight from tonight. I have

two libel suits next week, one of them at Saratoga. So you see business is brisk, notwithstanding the hard times.

Gris., do you know I am going West soon, and want my copy of the Poets to take along? That's the fact, anyhow. You know I gave mine up to Seaton, and you have postponed replacing it. Send me a decent copy and I'll take my Library copy when you get out your corrected edition.

Remember me and don't fail to write.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

The portraits of authors (steel engravings) published in Graham's Magazine were, for the greater part, failures, both as likenesses and as pictures. But that of Willis was an exception, a handsomer man than he was, according to this view, never was sketched.

[By permission of Mrs. J. T. Fields.]

New York, May 20, 1842.

My dear Sir [Graham]:

I send you a tale ad punctum temporis—two months before, as per order. If you do not like this story I am in despair. It is my best, says Mrs. Willis. . . Will you trouble yourself to look at the New Mirror. With this number I began to edit it, and I trust it will please you. I have not yet begun to write the literary notices, but shall.

By the way, three weeks ago I gave Mr. Dick a Sketch to take on to you. He did not go, however, and I took Griswold in to see it. He thought it excellent, and I think it could not be bettered. In haste,

Yours very faithfully,

N. P. Willis.

Considering how often our literary periodicals proclaim *this* to be the age of magazines, it is interesting to notice that the same opinion was held, by the same class of persons, fifty years ago. Mr. J. Inman, who, after long service on a daily journal, took charge of 'The Columbian Magazine' in 1843, introduced it by the following remarks:

"We have said that this is the age of magazines; advertising not merely to their number, but even more especially to their excellence. They are the field, chiefly, in which literary repu-

tation is won. . . In fact, the magazine is the true channel into which talent should direct itself for the acquisition of literary fame. The newspaper is too ephemeral; the book is not of sufficiently rapid and frequent production. The monthly magazine just hits the happy medium, enabling the writer to present himself twelve times a year before a host of readers, in whose memories he is thus kept fresh, yet allowing him space enough to develop his thought, and time enough to do his talent justice in each article. Then, too, on the score of emolument, justly recognized now as a very essential matter, and legitimately entitled to grave consideration, the magazine offers advantages not within the reach of either book or newspaper. . . . But the great point is, that magazines are more read than any other kind of publications. They just adapt themselves to the leisure of the business man, and the taste of the idler; to the spare half hours of the notable housewife and the languid inertia of the fashionable lady. They can be dropped into a valise or a carpet-bag as a welcome provision for the wants of a journey by steam-boat or railroad, when the country through which the traveller passes offers nothing attractive to be seen, or the eyes are weary of seeing; they while delightfully the tedious hours of a rainy day in summer, and afford the most pleasant occupation through the long evenings of winter."

After quoting the above, the editor of 'The Knickerbocker' continues the subject as follows:—"Touching the matter of payment for magazine articles: Mr. Willis informs us that many of the American magazines pay to their more eminent contributors nearly three times the amount for a printed page that is paid by English magazines to the best writers in Great-Britain; and he instances Godey and Graham as paying often twelve dollars a page to their principal contributors. This

refers to a few 'principal' writers only, as we have good reason to know, having been instrumental in sending several acceptable correspondents to those publications, who have received scarcely one-fourth of the sum mentioned. Mr. Willis adds, however, that many good writers write for nothing, and that 'the number of clever writers has increased so much that there are thousands who can get no article accepted.' All this is quite true. There is no magazine in America that has paid so large sums to distinguished native writers as the Knickerbocker. The books of this Magazine show that independent of the Editors' division of its profits as joint proprietor, or his salary as editor, annual sums have heretofore been paid for literary matériel greater than the most liberal estimate we have seen of any annual literary payment by our widely-circulated contemporaries. To the first poet in America we have repeatedly paid fifty dollars for a single poem, not exceeding, in any instance, two pages in length; and the cost of prose papers from sources of kindred eminence has in many numbers exceeded fifteen dollars a page. Again: we have in several instances paid twice as much for the MS. of a continuous novel in these pages as the writer could obtain of any metropolitan book-publisher; and after appearing in volumes it has been found that the wide publicity given to the work by the Knickerbocker has been of the greatest service to its popularity. We should add, however, that we have had no lack, at any period, of excellent articles for our work at moderate prices; while many of our more popular papers have been entirely gratuitous, unless indeed the writers consider the honorable reputation which they have established in these pages as some reward for intellectual exertion."

The editor discreetly avoids saying whether he means Bryant or Longfellow when he speaks of 'the first poet in America.' But while these authors, as well as Irving and Willis, got prices which were very large for the time, it appears from a letter of Thoreau that most writers got little or nothing:—"Literature," he wrote on the 14 Sept. of the same year in which 'The Knickerbocker' made these boasts, "comes to a poor market here, and even the little that I write is more than will sell. I have tried the Democratic Review, the New Mirror, and Brother Jonathan. The last two, as well as the New World, are overwhelmed with contributions which cost nothing and are worth no more. The Knickerbocker is too poor, and only the Ladies' Companion pays. O'Sullivan is printing the manuscript I sent him some time ago. . ."

Snowden, the owner and editor of the only periodical which paid, was joint owner of the Bowery Theatre. He died not long after, and it would appear from the remarks of the Knickerbocker on his death that his habit of paying was due to his goodnature rather than to business exigencies. "Mr. Snowden," it says, "was a frank, ingenuous man, and his death will be lamented by numerous contributors, good, bad and indifferent, whom his kindness has heretofore befriended."

New York, June 8 [1842].

My Dear Sir [Graham]:

... I have been greatly annoyed and really kept ill by a false and unpleasant rumor, started in the Aurora of this city, that I had become an editor of the Sunday News. This rumor has been copied and commented on throughout the Union once or twice in a manner that has wounded me very deeply, so deeply that if it were not that I am compelled to write for my bread I would never put my pen to paper again for an American paper

after my present contract has expired. No one but myself knows how earnestly I have persevered in my profession, how much of mere profit I have sacrificed rather than sacrifice anything of its respectability. I have never yet written a line which it would give me pleasure to recall from a fear of the injury it may do and, knowing this, I feel indignant and wounded that any member of the press should believe me capable of accepting a situation proper only for the other sex.

. . . I know that I may be feeling this subject too sensitively but no one knows how keenly I feel anything calculated to represent me as unwomanly. My husband has purchased a share of the News and that is all.

I am grieved to see the review of Mrs. Ware [by Benjamin] and I am sure your own generous heart never prompted the publication. She is a woman, and to such, a poetical temperament brings its own curse without harsh criticism. The man who wrote that review should remember that a woman cannot strike back without unsexing herself.

Remember me to Mrs. G. and Mr. Peterson and let me hear from you all soon. You see I write in a fit of the blues. Yours truly,

Ann S. Stephens.

[Referring to a short article on Niagara. It was published in the August number.]

Niagara, June 18th, 1842.

Dear Gris:

I have fulfilled my promise to you though at the cost of violating some other promises—or at least deferring their fulfillment. I hope this will reach you seasonably for August. . . It has been written very hastily and uncomfortably, but I think it will answer. Yours,

Horace Greeley.

[The spelling of these letters corresponds to that of the originals.]

Boston, June 18th, 1842.

My Dear Sir,—

Agreeable to promise I take this early opportunity of transmitting to you the views of our firm, in reference to the subject of editing the [Boston] Misselany.

We are decidedly of the opinion that a change of editor is necessary for the permanent success of the work, and as Mr. Hale's time expires with the Dec. no. of the present year we are anxious to make an early arrangement for the next.

We have no hesitation in saying that you possess our fullest confidence as being every way calculated to give a popularity to the work necessary to ensure a large circulation. Will you do us the favour to address a line to the writer stating your terms for furnishing the whole matter of the Miscelany and taking the entire charge of the editorial department of the same. . . Your obedient Servant,

S. S. Soden.

Philadelphia, 10th July, '42.

My dear James [Fields]:

. . . I have been to New York for a few days and saw all the people,—breakfasted with Willis, smoked with Halleck, took tea with Keese, dined with Maria 'del Occidente,' chatted with Hoffman, Balmano, Mrs. Embury, Seba Smith, Miss Thayer (an old Boston friend of yours, who is one of the greatest of living characters,) etc. Touching Maria Brooks—she is a wonderful woman—I have never seen her compeer. She talked as volubly as any woman, but not as women talk; but what I have to say of her must be addressed to Whipple, concerning whom, and Macaulay, we held appreciative converse. You have seen, I doubt not, the new arrangements for the magazine. I had little to do with the July No., as it was nearly all printed before I came hither; but the August is better, and the Sept. will be better still. Cooper, Bryant, Longfellow, all the while! besides Fields and Tuckerman!—of course you will send me something in time for it. Speaking of Longfellow—the MS. of his Spanish Student I shall have bound in green and gold—would you not like to have it? Such autographs are not to be picked up every day. . .

R. W. Griswold.

Boston, July 14th, 1842.

Dear Griswold:

. . . I sent White a brief notice of your book. What has become of it? . . . You have heard me speak of a poem prepared with some care, I believe. I am invited to deliver it before the "Literary Fraternity" of Waterville College in August, and have accepted the invitation. Rev. F. H. Hedge of Bangor is the orator. He is a very fine writer. Fields leaves tomorrow for an excursion to the White Hills. How beautifully Ticknor has published Tennyson. There are some most exquisite things in the work and some very careless ones. I had no idea until I read his collected poetry, how many bare-faced imitators he had in this country. F[ields] has made a very pretty affair of your "Poets"—having inserted about one hundred

very appropriate engravings and made two volumes, elegantly bound. You remember my copy of the 1st never reached me. I understand Pierpont poetizes at Brown University this commencement, and Wm. Cutter at Dartmouth. J. Q. Adams is the orator at Bowdoin. . . Whipple is mightily amused at some lines addressed to me in the June Literary Messenger by a young lady. I suppose he thinks the title of "gifted English writer" belongs rightfully only to Babington! However, as the praise was as unexpected as flattering, it's no fault of mine and was intended to be anonymous, I am told. White, indelicately enough, attached the real name of his correspondent to the lines!

Truly thine,

H. T. T[uckerman].

Otsego Hall, Cooperstown, August 7th, 1842.

Dear Sir,

. . . I never met with any person of so bad a memory as Mrs. Keen. I am glad to get the copy of the register, however, which determines one important fact about poor Somers, concerning whom so little is known.

I fully appreciate your motives in what you say about Mr. Irving. Bryant, however, does not understand me, instead of my not understanding Irving. My opinion has been independent of what that gentleman might have said of me, or my writings, or character. It has been solely formed on what are admitted to be his acts and what I think of them. I never understood that Irving was severe on me, either as a man or an author; if I had, pride might cause me to suppress what I think of him, but, when we meet I will give you facts, and leave you to form your own opinion. A published eulogy of myself from Irving's pen could not change my opinion of his career. His course in politics is of a piece with all the rest, and was precisely what had been predicted of him, by those who knew him. Cuvier had the same faults as Irving, and so had Scott. They were all meannesses, and I confess I can sooner pardon crimes, if they are manly ones. I have never had any quarrel with Mr. Irving, and give him full credit as a writer. Still, I believe him to be below the ordinary level, in moral qualities, instead of being above them, as he is cried up to be. I believe the same to have been the case with Scott, whom I know for a double-dealer. If you know the Carvills, ask them to give you the history of the manner in which they re-sold to Irving their right in his Columbus. I did not get the circumstances from them, but they doubtless will recollect them, if they dare tell them.

Bryant is worth forty Irvings, in every point of view, but he runs a little into the seemly [?] school. I see he begins to fire a little at Dickens, who, by the way, is doing precisely what I looked for, from him. This country must outgrow its adulation of foreigners, Englishmen in particular, as children outgrow the rickets. It will not happen in your day,—much less in mine. . .

Very truly yours,

J. Fenimore Cooper.

Cooper used to call on Bryant when in New York, and Godwin, with happy alliteration, characterizes the effect he made on these occasions. He came in, he says, "burly, brusque and boisterous, like a bluff sailor, always bringing a breeze of quarrel with him." Some observations of Mr. Dennett form an amusing commentary on Cooper's remark condemning adulation of Englishmen. "It is so true," says the 'Nation' writer, "as to be truismatically true that, to the end of their days, the writers who produced it [the Knickerbocker literature] were colonists and provincials; as literary men they had no right to any Fourth of July. . . Imitation was the life and breath of the Knickerbocker literature. . . Cooper was Scott whenever he could be, so far as he could be, and was himself only when he came to backwoods and prairies which Sir Walter had not seen."

New York, Aug. 8, 1842.

Rufus W. Griswold, Esq.

. . . You asked me for some autobiographical notes, which I promised. I do not expect ever to have more leisure than now—and now I have not half an hour. But you do not want much on so obscure a subject. So here I map you the voyages of my little cock-tail boat thus far.

Born Feb. 12, 1804,—South Canaan, Ct. Removed to Ohio, 1810. Learned letters, figures, etc., from my father and his books. He has been a bookish man—rather mathematical—a classmate of Chancellor Kent. Still lives in Elyria, Ohio. He was one of the most active and liberal of the founders of the Western Reserve College, though with a large family and

not a man of wealth. I loved reading, but had no ambition for a college education till friends, working on the religious enthusiasm which was kindled in me at about the age of 16, persuaded me to fit for college, in order to become a preacher—a vocation for which I never considered myself naturally qualified. I labored in summer and studied in Winter, attending the Tallmadge Academy which my father generally taught. In the summer of 1822, being considered “fit for college” the question was, how to get there. The Erie Canal was not then done. Farmers in Ohio had no market for their wheat or anything else. Money was out of the question. My father gave me a deed of 100 acres of wild land and five dollars—one brother added another dollar, another gave me a horse, and my mother, God bless her, gave me lots of good things for the journey. Two other chaps who were bound on the same errand, furnished a wagon and harness. We accomplished the pilgrimage to Canaan in three weeks—partly on the plan which is described by the phrase “ride and tie.” That is to say, two of us started at the crack of day from the lodging place, leaving the other two,—(for we had taken in a passenger)—to follow with the wagon. They overtook us at the end of two or three miles and, having gone ahead as much further, tied the horse in some safe place by the roadside and walked on. Overtaking the horse, we untied him, rode on, overtook, passed by, tied etc. Our expenses in cash were \$3.47 each, as near as I can remember, and I seldom forget figures. By the sale of my horse, mortgaging my land to some benevolent person for perhaps \$150, ringing the college bell, sawing wood, keeping school two quarters, and running in debt considerably, I attained to the dignity of the first sheep-skin. After this important achievement, I became preceptor of the Academy in Groton, Mass., at the salary of \$600 per annum, where I remained two years, and nearly ruined my health.

I then travelled in Pennsylvania six months as an agent for the American Tract Society. From this I was appointed Prof. in Mathematics, etc., in the W. R. College at Hudson, Ohio—then in the bud. In Sep., 1829, I was married to Miss Susan Clark, (one of my former pupils in the Academy) of Groton, Mass. Her constitution was not suited by the climate of Ohio, and regard for her health at last obliged us to return to the sea air.

In the year 1832 I had become interested in the Anti-Slavery question and the advocate of immediate emancipation, so that in 1833, when I had concluded to resign my place, half the trustees, who were the opponents of that doctrine, were quite willing I should go. I was appointed secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society at its formation and continued so till

1839. Then removed to Dorchester, Mass., where I now live. I am not a rhymers, much less a poet, by nature. Indeed the only attempt which I made at rhyming before beginning to "fit for college" was so unpromising that I threw my verses away and never after thought of repeating it, till about five years ago, when I did it to gratify my family. The translation of *La Fontaine* was undertaken purely as a little sidewise pecuniary adventure for the benefit of my family, and its completion and publication are altogether due to the untiring perseverance and self-denial of my wife. My hope of a sale was built on the pictures with which it was possible to adorn the work.

No doubt there are many other particulars of my life very important and interesting to the public, but they do not occur to me. If the mighty achievements which I have already recorded have wrongfully abstracted me from the plough-tail, one thing is certain, I am sincerely anxious to get back there.

Yours cordially,

E. Wright, Jr.

If we may trust 'The Tribune's' opinion, published 1 October 1842, Griswold was a successful editor; but as Greeley and Raymond were disposed, from friendship, to say the best they could of him, their evidence is not, perhaps, to be deemed decisive:

Graham's Magazine, under the editorial supervision of Mr. Griswold, has become one of the very best monthlies in the country. It contains, regularly, the contributions of the best and most popular American writers, and presents monthly many articles not only well fitted for a leisure hour's pleasant recreation but conferring honor on the literature of the land. The plates . . . have ceased to be the chief attraction; puerile love tales, maudlin sentiment and stupid verse are not allowed to monopolize its pages. The nervous pen of Cooper, the classic verse of Bryant and the delicate but powerful genius of Longfellow are enlisted in its support and furnish a work fitted to please the taste and delight the mind of the most fastidious reader. Mr. Griswold has done much in this way to elevate the standard of our periodical literature: he has already greatly raised its tone and increased its worth while he has preserved all its pleasing and popular features.

The leading article in the present number is a valuable biography by Cooper of Richard Somers. . . The best thing in the number is the continua-

tion of the Spanish Student, by Longfellow. Bryant contributes a thoughtful Poem, and Mrs. Kirkland . . . furnishes a racy and amusing Sketch. . . [Th. S.] Fay comments on Macbeth, not half as well, to be sure, as it has been done a dozen times before—and Mrs. Embury writes a very pleasant tale. Besides these articles there is a thrilling tale of a 'Night at Haddon Hall' a Criticism by Poe of Dawes' Poetry [the same which Burton refused to publish, and which Lowell objected to. It was doubtless filed for insertion before Griswold became editor.] true in the main but supercilious and rather commonplace; an 'Essay on Characterless Women,' by Mrs. Seba Smith, and several other brief and agreeable papers.

The Editor's Table contains two interesting features; first, to our minds, and of most value, the announcement that the Magazine will in future contain papers from the pen of Richard H. Dana, in our judgment the most powerful and gifted writer of prose and poetry in this country. There are few things in the language which seem to us half so worthy a comparison with Hamlet, in the thrilling power of its delineations and the profound philosophical insight with which the most subtle passions of the soul are traced to their home, and developed in all their strength and terror, as the wild and sombre tale of Paul Felton. Mr. Dana has written but little for many years, and we shall look with deep and delightful interest for his re-appearance in the pages of this Magazine. . . "

[In the same issue is to be found a criticism of 'Graham's' chief rival:]

The Lady's Book seems to us sadly misnamed, for it is of late uniformly filled with trash,—the most unmeet offering in the world for those to whom the book is professedly addressed. . . The Editor's Table seems uniformly written for children under twelve years old, and sadly lacks both dignity and sense.

Poe expressed his opinion of Griswold and his brother editors in 'The New World' of 11 March 1843. He had previously sent the same remarks, except that he then professed to hold 'The Knickerbocker' in high esteem, to that periodical, but Clark refused to print them, and in mentioning their rejection added a few contemptuous words relative to their author, though without naming him.

We commence our article with a list of the most prominent monthly periodicals of the country, which are as follows: The Democratic Review,

The Knickerbocker, Graham's Magazine, The Lady's Book, Sargent's Magazine, The Pioneer, The Lady's Companion, and the Southern Literary Messenger. In the above order we purpose to offer a few thoughts concerning the character of each, and shall conclude with a remark or two touching the tendency of this kind of literature. . . The glory of the Knickerbocker is forever departed. Once it was a thrice welcome messenger of intellectual entertainment to everybody, ladies, gentlemen, and all. Nearly all our distinguished literary men have at times made it the medium of their communications to the public. But, alas! the good names now connected with it are few and far between. . . But the principal cause of its melancholy decline may be traced to the peculiar and unappreciated talents of its editor, Lewis G. Clark. The only redeeming quality which we (mind we don't say the public) can find in this gentleman is in the fact that he is the brother of the late Willis G. Clark, who was one of the most gifted of our poets, and an exceedingly pleasant prose writer. Mr. Lewis Clark has made a considerable noise in the literary world, but how he has made it would be difficult for his best friends to explain. One of our readers might remark, 'Why, don't you know, it was by a long newspaper discussion, several years ago, between himself and his partner, Mr. Edson, wherein each one called the other all the hard names in the world.' Another, and a friend of his, points us to the Editor's Table of the Knickerbocker, with the significant assertion, 'That is the monthly production of Mr. Clark.' Our answer to this remark is that it is not so. But allowing it to be true; what is the 'Table' but a lot of detached sentences culled from various newspapers, together with extracts from rejected articles which the gentleman passes off as original? The present condition of this periodical is that of a poorly cooked-up concern, a huge handsome-looking body, but without a soul. The sooner it dies, the better will it be for the proprietors; but if they will secure an able and efficient editor [Edgar A. Poe, for instance], we doubt not but that it might be placed in the noble station which it once occupied. The most popular of all the magazines is that published by Mr. Graham, who is a practical business man and a friend to men of talents of every cast. Every article which he prints is liberally paid for and he has the honor of patronizing a large[r] number of eminent writers, in prose and verse, than any other publisher in the country. Can we say more in his favor or in favor of his magazine? But a word or two on the other side. The embellishments of Graham are not quite as good as they might be, because they are too many. It would suit our fancy better, though perhaps not that of the public, to receive one *gem*

of an engraving every month, instead of three or four of an inferior quality. Neither do we like the nominal editor of *Graham's Magazine*. And why? Because, though a pretty good compiler, he possesses too many of the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Lewis G. Clark. Mr. Rufus W. Griswold is wholly unfit, either by intellect or character, to occupy the editorial chair of *Graham's Magazine*. . . The *Lady's Companion* is a milk and water concern edited by a penny-a-liner and foreigner named Hamilton. It is a receptacle of nonsense from first to last, of picture nonsense, fashion nonsense, poetical nonsense, and prose nonsense. Of course we do not allude to the occasional productions of Mr. and Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Embury, and one or two other writers of reputation. It is a work of no beneficial influence whatever, and ought to be annihilated. . .

Philadelphia, Sept. 7, 1842.

My Dear Fields:

Yours per Ticknor was received this morning, and I sit down to write a hasty expression of thanks for all your good offices in my behalf. Perhaps Poe's article will not affect the book at all, but I am rather pleased that it is to appear, lest Poe should think I had prevented its publication. The review in *The Examiner*, I infer from what Ticknor says, and from your own brief notice, is a 'scorcher.' I am sorry Dwight had not the second edition, which has been a long time printed, but will not yet be issued for a week or two. The *N. A.* I anticipate with as much dread as I can feel in regard to any criticism. If I supposed it was yet unwritten I would send the corrected edition to Dr. Palfrey. Do you see Simms' *Magnolia*? He is very severe, though courteously so, on me for omitting *Southern Poets*! Ditto the *Southern Quarterly Review*. I hope Palfrey will find something omitted so that the wind may come in from all quarters. The *Christian Examiner* has not yet arrived in our city, which will account for my not having seen it. Our October number is good—very—with Bryant, Cooper, Longfellow, Hoffman, etc. That Peterson imposed on me a *Clam Bake*—the most wretched stuff. Your 'To Almeda' is in, with 'James' over it, in full, for your letter of the 15th came to me only yesterday.

In November we have Longfellow, Cooper, Bryant, R. H. Dana, Sr., Tuckerman, Hoffman, Osgood, etc. In October read my notes on the *Minstrelsy of the Revolution*, and see if you cannot get from friend Ditson those ballads he promised me, for a second article.

Present my regards to Tuckerman, Macaulay [Whipple] and others,
and believe me, Very sincerely, your friend,

R. W. Griswold.

[C: J. Peterson was Graham's man-of-all-work, and a novel by him was running when Griswold took charge. It is evident from Griswold's letter of 7 Sept. that he was blind to Peterson's merits.]

Poe privately agreed with Simms; writing to Daniel Bryan, 6 July 1842, he said: "I shall make war to the knife against the New England assumption of 'All the decency and all the talent' which has been so disgustingly manifested in the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold's 'Poets and Poetry of America.'"

The history of Poe's article, or what he wished to pass for its history, is very curious. He wrote at least two reviews of Griswold's book, the second of which, published in the 'Saturday Museum,' in 1843, is referred to on page 90. The first came out in 'The Boston Miscellany' for October 1842. On September 12th, Poe had written to Thomas as follows:—

He [Griswold] is a pretty fellow to set himself up for an honest judge or even as a capable one. About two months since [say July] we were talking of the book, when I said I thought of reviewing it in full for the Democratic Review, but found my design anticipated by an article from that ass O'Sullivan, and that *I knew no other work in which a notice would be readily admissible*. Griswold said in reply: 'You need not trouble yourself about the *publication* of the review, should you decide upon writing it, for I will attend to all that. I will get it into some reputable work, and look to it for the usual pay, in the meantime handing you whatever your charge would be.' This, you see, was an ingenious insinuation of a bribe to puff his book. I accepted his offer forthwith, and wrote the review, handed it to him, and received from him the compensation,—he never daring to look over the MS. in my presence, and taking it for granted that all was right. But *that review has not yet appeared*, and I am doubtful if it ever will. I wrote it precisely as I would have written under ordinary circumstances, and be sure there was no predominance of praise.

Dr. T: Dunn English, in 'The Independent' of 5 Nov. 1896, describes the incident thus:—

But while his occasional lapses from sobriety may be readily excused, his constant mendacity and deceit are capable of only one explanation. The intellectual faculties of Poe overbalanced all the rest, and the animal faculties dwarfed the moral. A reference to some of his acts will show that he had little sense of right and wrong whenever need or resentment provoked him, and could no more be held responsible for many things that he did than could a lunatic or an idiot. His audacity in asserting that I had borrowed money from him from time to time when he, poor fellow, rarely received five hundred dollars a year for his work, and I, especially at the time he lays his charge, was in receipt of a large salary and perquisites from official sources; when all our common acquaintances knew the facts, shows that he was perfectly reckless in his statements—a recklessness only excusable on the ground of moral idiocy. Two instances selected out of others are quite enough, as in these he himself furnishes the evidence.

One of these was his obtaining under a false pretense, through Griswold, a sum of money from the publishers of the latter's book, "The Poets and Poetry of America." One day in Philadelphia Poe met me, and said: "I have a good joke on Griswold;" and then proceeded to detail it. "I told him," said he, "that I thought he had made a capital book of his 'Poets and Poetry of America,' and I'd like to write a favorable review of it; but I was pressed for money, and couldn't afford the time. He bit at the bait like a hungry gudgeon, and told me to write the notice, and as his publishers could use it he would pay for them my price. So I wrote, and handed it to him, and he paid me."

"Well?" I asked; for I saw nothing in that but one of the tricks of the trade.

"I knew he wouldn't read it until he got home," continued Poe; "but I should like to have seen his face when he *did*."

"Wasn't it favorable, then?"

"Favorable? Yes, to the amateur in scalping. I abused the book and ridiculed him, and gave him the most severe using up he ever had or ever will have, I fancy. I don't think he'll send *that* to his publishers; and I'm quite sure they wouldn't print it if he did."

"It is a good joke—of its kind," was my answer. "You did not keep the money?"

"Keep it? No, indeed; I spent it at once."

New York, Sept. 8, 1842.

My dear Sir,

The recollection of my unperformed promise of sending you a short note on the subject of the establishment and history of the Democratic Review at this moment recurs to me, and I lay aside the occupation of the hour, while the idea is fresh in my mind.

The project of establishing a work of this kind, to strike the hitherto silent string of the democratic genius of the age and the country as the proper principle of the literature of both, had often been a subject of conversation between Mr. Langtree and myself, both very young, very sanguine and very democratic. Being, as you know, brothers-in-law, and resident in Washington, we at last felt induced to start it in the fall of 1837, the year of the total prostration of our party, and the first No. was issued in October of that year. Our resolution to undertake it had been matured in the spring of that year. Old General Jackson took a great deal of interest in it, and was its first subscriber. More than any other individual Mr. B. F. Butler, an intimate personal as well as political friend, sympathized with the views which animated us, and united with us in the counsels which resulted in our determination. . . . The disasters which everywhere at about that period overthrew our party stimulated us to strenuous efforts to counteract the influences that produced them. The testimony of friends and foes was pretty general that these labors were very influential on public opinion. . . . The truth is that we spoke from convictions and feelings equally strong and enthusiastic. Mr. Langtree attended chiefly to the publishing business; the political editorship was entirely mine—the literary editing being divided between us. From inexperience, dishonest agents, widely extended credit in the subscriptions, and the depreciation and irregularity of the currency in which we received payment (often at 50 per cent. discount) we sustained very heavy losses, though with a large circulation, and sank a great deal of money. We had expected to receive a sufficient amount of the printing patronage of the public offices, in accordance with the immemorial practice prevailing there of giving it to political friends, to cover these risks and losses of the enterprise; but as we never could nor would take the means necessary to get this, and as, from a proper delicacy in a matter of that kind, Mr. Van Buren, who could alone control it, would not interfere to direct it even if we had asked him to do so, these expectations were for the most part disappointed, and we suffered in no slight degree in the possession and management of an extensive printing establishment through which our pub-

lication and business were conducted. . . Private circumstances led me to remove from Washington to the North in the summer of 1839 [Mr. O'Sullivan was appointed secretary of legation at Paris in June of that year] of course withdrawing my active attention from the work, though I retained my interest in it. So it continued through 1840. After this period, I determined to resume its publication and remove it to New York. Being elected to the Legislature . . . I determined to intermit a half-year in the course of the work, and to recommence in July with a new series. The Langleys became the publishers. In the new series there is a much larger proportion of general literary matter, though there is a certain general pervading political tinge or bearing through the whole work. . . A Whig competitor started once in Washington, but it was in poor hands and soon broke down. Since its removal to New York, Mr. Langtree has had nothing to do with it. . . Yours,
J. L. O'Sullivan.

Mr. J: L: O'Sullivan was born in 1813, and died, in his 82d year, 24 March 1895. Poe refers to him as "that ass O'Sullivan," but Hawthorne had a different opinion. The following lines are abridged from 'The Evening Post':—"He was born on an English war-ship in the Bay of Gibraltar, and received his earlier education at the military school of Loréye. He completed his education at Columbia College. In the Legislature, he made persistent efforts to obtain the passage of a measure abolishing capital punishment. He was appointed minister to Portugal in 1854, and relinquished that office in 1863. He afterwards spent several years in England and France, returning to New York in 1881. He was intimately associated with Hawthorne, and his friendship with that author is frequently spoken of in Bridge's 'Recollections of Hawthorne.'" Mr. Langtree died the day this letter was written.

New Orleans, Sept. 29, 1842.

Dear Brother:

. . . The Santa Fé Expedition well nigh broke my constitution, but I have some hope that the wild breezes of Texas will soon, in a great measure, restore me. There is a little fun now going on with a few hundred Mexicans, and if we can believe reports from Mexico the Mexicans will give us a plenty of amusement this winter. I hope it will be so, for if they attempt to reconquer Texas I will have my turn with the yellow skins and show them how good it is to march 40 miles a day. I shall give them a turn as soon as I am able to take the field. I am no soldier and can boast of no

uncommon courage, but I believe I can risk my life in the defence against such beings as Mexicans with as much nerve as almost any other man. You have probably, ere the receipt of this, seen the account of their having taken Bejar, and their determination to blockade all our ports. The latter there will be twō to talk about. Com. Moore will be out in a few days, and if the Mexicans show themselves in this part of the Gulf you may look for a total defeat of the Mexican fleet. . . .

Yours truly,

S. P. Griswold.

New York, Oct. 21, 1842.

My dear Griswold :—

I will write you the notice of which you speak and send it tō you as soon as Wednesday at any rate. Will you want it sooner? I hardly know in what shape you want it—but will try and suit you.

I have just finished my *Life of Clay* for Swain. It makes 198 octavo pages. It has been written in haste and “tō order”—but it has merits of impartiality, of better method, etc., which previous biographies have lacked. That article in the *Foreign Quarterly* [on the newspapers of the U. S.], I suppose, is written by Dickens beyond all doubt. . . Greeley is in Albany preaching the Tariff, though I'm sorry tō say he cannot speak of the “acceptable year” in connection with it so far as Clay is concerned. Prof. [Tayler] Lewis has been writing a pamphlet about Government, but it will not be published soon. He told me about it and wants tō *lecture* it. . . Yours truly,

H. J. Raymond.

The *Boston Miscellany*, I see, has a good puff of your *Poets by Poe*.

In the folloing note tō Fields, Mr. Griswold refers tō his wife's death.

196 Clinton St., New York, Nov. 10, 1842.

The kindness of your former friendship leads me, my dear James, tō believe you will sympathize with me in my present terrible affliction. . . Five years ago last March, since we were married!

Newark, New Jersey, Nov. 25, 1842.

My dear Sir [Graham] :

I have this evening seen a copy of your December number, and I cannot avoid expressing tō you my surprise at what I have observed therein. I know myself not tō be in the least degree jealous of the literary reputation of others, or captious concerning my own, but the total omission of all men-

tion of my name either in your title page, whereon you have published the names of all your principal subscribers, or in your editor's table, is so remarkable that it is scarcely possible for me to believe that it is not intentional. Its being also coupled with the fact that you have suppressed a story of mine which you have in your hands, and which is probably not inferior to the bulk of your magazine, makes it the more extraordinary. You have unquestionably in your list of contributors some two or three names with which I have not the presumption to class my own, but with the remainder of your principal contributors I must claim at least an equality. You must pardon my requesting some explanation of this strange omission; I have no wish whatever to take offence, nor can I conceive any motive on your part for wishing to hurt my feelings, but you must permit me to say that I cannot write for any work in which I am considered a secondary writer, not worthy to be classed with the other contributors; and further I believe that, both in merit and quantity, my contributions to this volume are superior to several of those set above me. I understood moreover, that you had no regular literary subscribers for the ensuing year, although this a matter with which I have nothing to say.

I shall hope to hear from you at your convenience, and have the honor to remain,

Your obedient servant,

Henry Wm. Herbert.

We read with amusement of the eagerness with which strolling actors gaze at the posters of their troop to learn the exact size of type used to announce their names, but it is uncommon for authors to show such vanity even if they have it. Two years after this, Willis (no other could have done it with equal grace) wrote in *The Mirror*: "The list of contributors to *Graham* is a particularly strong one, but, while touching it, may we venture to insinuate a suggestion? It occurs to us now, and has often occurred to us, and to others before. Authors are sensitive plants,—and for this reason there should be no list of *principal* contributors. The omitted, rightfully or wrongfully, will be sure to feel the sting of the insult."

Herbert's career was almost as wretched as that of Poe, and,

apparently, without the excuse of inability to withstand the grosser temptations. His father (1778-1847) was the third son of the earl of Carnarvon, and he was born in 1807. He came to this country in 1831, and till 1839 was teacher of Greek in a private school. He married twice in this country, but his second wife deserted him, and shortly after (17 May 1858) he killed himself. Tho he wrote a great number of books,—all in this country—he is not mentioned in Beers', Hawthorne's, Pattee's, Richardson's or Underwood's 'American Literature'; his name is to be found in Stedman's.

Brooklyn, Nov. 28th, 1842.

Dear Sir:

I see Willis writing every month for three magazines—this grasping disposition as you might call it, or as he and I might designate it, industry—I thought was the cause of his exclusion from Graham's. I was surprised therefore to see that he is to be a regular contributor, a monopolizer of four magazines. Hamilton, some time since, told me Willis drew \$1200 per annum from three periodicals—he is likely to be well informed being editor of one of them ['The Ladies' Companion']. For the future we may safely say when he writes for Mr. Graham that he will draw \$1600, or, say he gives one up, then he would have doubtless more than \$1200, or what does he gain by the exchange? Now rating my merit to be as compared with Willis' as 6 is to 12,—that is that I have half the ability of Willis, I find myself continually grumbling that I can only earn, as hitherto, at the rate of \$23 per month average, or 276\$ or 280\$ per annum, not the fourth of Willis' earnings. . . Here is another matter which would go far to make me reconciled to restricted space, and that is, if the payments were monthly, say by the 15th of each month, three weeks after the appearance of the article. . .

Yours very truly, Dear Sir,

J. H. Mancur.

[Not even the name of Mancur is now familiar, but he must have been a writer of importance at this time, for he is among those 'principal contributors' whose honors Herbert envied. The other men authors in the list were, in this order, Bryant, Cooper, Dana, Longfellow, Hoffman, and Fay.]

New York, Dec. 12th, 1842.

My dear Cousin [Mrs. Osgood] :

I enclose first number of my new magazine.

I very much covet the beautiful poem you sent me for my magazine—but our expenses for plates, etc., at present are so enormous, that I feel compelled to reduce our editorial expenses to their lowest possible scale—in fact to get along for a few months as I best can with such articles as are gratuitously furnished. I will therefore re-enclose you your piece, as I know it is worth to you, at least its weight in gold. By and by I hope to offer you solid inducements to aid me with your contributions. I am, my dear cousin,

Yours Faithfully,

Epes Sargent.

Boston, Dec. 19, 1842.

Dear Sir:

I send you herewith my paper on Longfellow to which you may prefix such title as you think proper. I have spent a good deal of time upon it and have written it with much care, and it has turned out much longer than I expected, but you must contrive to find room for the whole. In regard to Compensation, I have only to say that that was by no means the motive from which I wrote, but after having written it for love, I know not why I should not be paid for it, and without affixing any price to it, I will thank you to send me such sum by way of compensation as you may think proper. I also depend upon seeing a proof. . . Being an intimate personal friend of Mr. Longfellow I might seem to have spoken of him in terms of praise too strong for good taste.

Yours truly,

Geo. S. Hillard.

Dear Griswold :

You cannot think how very disagreeable it is to tease you, particularly when you have been so kind to me, but the truth is that I am very poor. The little balance between us for the review . . . would just settle this. Pray do not think me unkind, troublesome you must think me, but I cannot help it.

Ever Yours,

H. W. H[erbert].

My dear Sir:

I was very sorry not to see you on Friday, and hope that you will give us the pleasure of your company whenever you find it convenient

tō dō so, as we always dine at home and shall always be but too happy tō see you.

With regard tō the little ballad, I beg you tō settle therefor definitely with Mr. Graham tōday. It is at his service at the price I mentioned tō you the other day. My terms for that which I write are necessarily in these hard times cash on delivery, dealing as I am dealt with—and allowing due time for examination of the article I must abide by it.

Unfortunately for me my pen is strictly my profession, and when I am in want of money (instead of drawing a draft) I write an article, and if I cannot sell it tō ōne I can tō another at better or worse terms.

I enter intō these little explanations tō you, which I would not of course dō except tō a friend, and tō excuse myself from the appearance of importunity, and further, in plain English, these Publishers show no indulgence in money matters tō us authors and I cannot tō them. . . Yours Ever,

Henry Wm. Herbert.

My dear Griswold:

The cause of my wishing tō see you was as follows. We are invited tōnight tō a great ball and fête champêtre at Woodvale Cottage and I am particularly anxious tō take Sarah tō it, as it is the only gaiety she has had an opportunity of seeing this winter, and as I am very glad of an occasion of her being introduced a little intō society here.

I cannot however manage this without a little ready money of which I am at this moment utterly short. . . My object was tō entreat you tō devise some means of advancing me the loan of *ten* dollars until Monday next on which day I can most certainly repay you.

Ever Yours,

Henry Wm. Herbert.

January 1, 1843.

Dear Griswold:

I have obtained for you a copy of Mrs. Smith's "Captive." It was, you know, written some years since, but only printed within the last twō or three. I think it shows in many parts the promise of the remarkable powers she has since developed, and is daily maturing. As for good grounds tō put her in the book—the fact of so few of her things having been collected intō a volume, I think, has nothing tō dō with it. That is an affair of Book-sellers, not of Editors. It belongs tō the trade of publishing, not the art of writing.

I yesterday looked over a bundle of her printed articles which would fill several volumes, though less than half of what she has written. Her finest tale is, I think, "The Flower Girl of Antioch" (in the *Opal*). Her most original one "Machineton" while "The Love Quarrel," differing as much from both of them as they do from each other, makes a remarkable trinity of varied powers in this department of art. Her "Riches Without Wings," one of the first of those little books for young people which have since become so popular, still continues to run, I am told, side by side with the best of them. Yet how different the style and object of this little treatise from those of her multitudinous essays!

No, I think the author of "Riches Without Wings," "The Sinless Child" and "The Western Captive" (three regular volumes) upon the score of delicate humor alone, the rarest trait among American authors,—will have no occasion to feel awkward on your list.

Why, Charles King, one of the most fastidious critics I know, thought "The Witch of Endor" "perfectly sui generis," and I should like to know another woman in the country, (or man out of it since Charles Lamb is dead) who could have written "the Sentiment of Friendship." See, too, the graceful and tender metaphysics of the "Sentiment of Self Sacrifice." I send you herewith all of these pieces, and I have tried, but in vain, to get her essay on "Egypt," which for richness and fullness of language and description would make a fine oriental accompaniment of "The Flower Girl of Antioch." I have been unable to get either of her papers upon Shakspeare, which, though unsatisfactory from their brevity, are singularly happy. I do hope you will find room for all I have mentioned, for "fame is money" to an author, and so much industry and so much desert with all the surroundings so uncheering make—but I know your feelings about this matter—and that the fact of Mrs. S. having none of those advantages of position which enable her to command a publisher, and being therefore compelled to "utter" herself in the magazines, derogates with you in no way from her claims as an approved woman of genius.

Thine ever,

[C. F. Hoffman.]

Poe, as well as Hoffman and C. King, held a high opinion of Mrs. Smith's merits; but it may well be doubted any of the forgotten writers of Griswold's graveyard, as his "Poets" has been aptly called, is more totally forgotten. That she was an

interesting character is evident from the obituary notice published in the local paper of Patchogue, Long-Island, 24 November 1893 :

The modest announcement of the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith and her burial in Patchogue Sunday would not suggest to the casual reader that the varied life of one of the most extraordinary women of the century had at last gone out.

When only sixteen years of age, at the time she was married to Seba Smith, she contributed poems to the magazines, and later on achieved a national reputation as an authoress and lecturer. She and her husband came here about 1860. . . Mrs. Smith was a woman of aristocratic mien and a woman of surpassing talent not always directed to noble ends. She stopped at nothing in carrying out her plans. All was not lovely in the family circle, and when the gallant Mr. Smith died here in 1868 his wife refused to come to his death bed. When she married him she objected to the name of Smith and wanted him to change it, but he refused to do so, saying it was good enough for him. When her children were born she got a special permit from the Legislature to change the names to Oaksmith. Her four sons married and the mother had a lively time in running the four household to suit herself. Alvin married a Spanish lady in Monte Video, but he maltreated her so shamefully that the law stepped in and separated them, giving, however, all the children to their father. Afterward they all ran away from him and returned to their mother. Strange to relate, Alvin and his wife are now living together in Maryland, having recently met and agreed to let the dead past bury the dead.

Appleton Oaksmith, the gentlemanly desperado, highly educated, and a man of daring projects, was a picturesque figure during the stirring times of the war. He is said to have owned several slave vessels and to have scuttled one with two hundred slaves on board when pursued, while he escaped on his consort ship. He was captured at Fire Island, while waiting for the bark Augusta which was supposed to be fitted out for a slaver. He was in Fort Lafayette, Fort Warren and the Boston jail. While in Lafayette an interesting story is told of how his mother visited the Commandant to plead for her son. She denied every thing and refused to believe the charges against her boy. At last Gen. Burke losing his patience said, "Well madam if you don't believe it look at the positive proof in those papers." Mrs. Smith took them, called the general's attention to something and coolly

threw them into the fire, saying, "Well, general, if these papers are proofs we will burn them." [A good story, but why should the commandant of a fort have such papers?] Appleton escaped from the Boston jail and a great furor was occasioned throughout the country by the rumor that a fellow Mason had helped the prisoner escape. It was thought, however, that the woman he afterwards married gave him assistance. It is said that Mrs. Smith appealed to Lincoln to pardon Appleton but he refused to do so. When Lincoln was shot Mrs. Smith said she was glad of it and that J. Wilkes Booth was a gentleman. Some place a good deal of credence in the statement that possibly Edward Oakesmith was one of the conspirators who assassinated Lincoln. After the war Appleton was prominent in the South, representing the New Berne district in Congress. He died some years ago.

Madam Oakes Smith was a prominent figure in Patchogue history during the time she lived here. She was interested in all the enterprises of the town, and at one time was Critic of the Patchogue Lyceum. She gave the Band Boys a grand supper, and distributed blankets and rubber coats to the army boys, who were about to go to the front. When Appleton's schemes fell through, and the family became impoverished, they lived in the little "green house," but she never lost her queenly bearing, even though her throne was nothing but a soap box. So notorious became the actions of Appleton, in the interests of the South, while her sympathies became so antagonistic to the sentiment of the community, that audiences would leave a hall if she arose to speak. The schemes she carried out in separating her sons and their wives, and in cruelly taking the latter's children away, would make rich material for a sensational novel. . .

The history of the family would make a book of intense interest. Whatever their opinions of the character of the Madam every one agrees that intellectually she was the most remarkable woman they ever knew. About 1876 the Madam went South, to Hollywood, N. C., and afterward returned and resumed her literary work. About 1888 she again went to Hollywood and died there last week Thursday. . . After a varied life of 87 years this strange woman, who had many friends, and whose intense affection for her sons was her chief virtue, was buried unattended by a single mourner.

New York, Jan. 5, 1843.

Dear Griswold:

You left me very abruptly when you were last here, when I was expecting to have a farther conversation with you, much to my disappoint-

ment. . . I had seen Atwell at New Haven some days before, and learned of him your intention to go to Europe next Spring.

To-day I met at dinner at our house Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, a lady of your sometime acquaintance, and learned from her, (by getting up a sham-fight with her in regard to your merits and starting her temper a little) that she is very intimately apprised of the internal politics of your office by some good friend in Philadelphia. I learned from her not only that you were to leave for Europe in March, but that Graham would edit the Magazine himself after that time; but she evidently anticipates having her finger very prominently inserted in one corner of it. All this is none of your business nor mine; I know you will have too much sense to say anything to Graham about it; and if any letter is written to Philadelphia relative to my criticisms on Graham, Peterson, Weld [now editor of Graham's 'Post'], etc., you simply know nothing of the matter. I was only curious to know, like Paul Pry, how much this lady knew of your business, and how she came to know it. I was satisfied. After you have gone, I will help Mr. Graham to see the difference in his circulation between your editing and his. Say nothing.

Write me a line to say what you think of doing, how and why; and when you will be here. How does the 'Poets' travel off? I am deeply interested in that. . . You must have small editions of that book printed, revising and extending it every year, so as to keep it the Poets for ten years yet. . .

I want you to prepare for me before you leave the country an edition of Præd's Poems, with a Biography; and I will get it published somehow if I have to run in debt for it. Can you add to it The Poems of Barry Cornwall? I mean to get them printed here yet. Is there anything you think of that you would like to get published? Can you pick up any materials for a Life of Randolph in Philadelphia? But don't trouble yourself about this, for very likely I shall never attempt it.

Now, Gris, write me as promiscuous a letter as this—directly, mind—and let me realize that you are still in the Land of the Living.

I have finished my Lecture on 'Human Life' to my liking. It has some criticisms on Education that I know you would like, and is fearless and dashing throughout. I suppose I can never get a chance to Lecture in Philadelphia, and I don't care; for Lecturing is said to be down at the heel there. . .

Yours,

H. Greeley.

Philadelphia, Jan'y 8th, 1843.

Frances S. Osgood, Dear Madam:

... I sometimes wish that I had gone on quietly in my little law office, using my pen modestly as a writer for a few more years, instead of embarking, on the stormy sea of publishing, heart and—I sometimes fear—Soul. I do not expect I should have made much more in the world, either as a lawyer, or a writer,—certainly I should not as both—for I had a happy faculty of shoving off the responsibilities of one onto the shoulders of the other, but I fancy, I should have had more moments of delight than can be possibly stolen from the bustle of an active and successful business life. Do you know, that among my forty thousand readers, there are but few, and among several score of agents, there are none, who do not think a publisher bound to answer all their impertinence, as well as to furnish them books for their money?

If you should see me, with from 30 to 40 business letters daily, on an average, before me to read and answer, you would not only understand the necessity of my turning over all proper correspondence to others, but would pity as well as forgive me.

I have written you a long letter as a sort of atonement for a very short, and I fear, as I have no copy, a tart one to Mr. Osgood. Will you explain to him, and give him my respects. . .

Yours truly,

Geo. R. Graham.

I shall be happy to receive stories at \$25., and poetry at \$10. per article, one or the other monthly.

Tribune Office, Jan. 10, 1843.

Dear Gris:

Only a word: Mac [Elrath] and I think of publishing an Edition of d'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* in numbers next summer. Will you just do us \$100 worth of work toward the *Curiosities of American Literature* as an Appendix? The manner and length will be pretty much as you choose. Please do it before you leave for Europe,—the money may be a comfort to you at some odd spell. I know you will be here soon, but I thought you might want to ransack something in Philadelphia first. There is no hurry; take your time, even if it runs into your voyage, unless you would like the money sooner. It shall be paid on the receipt of the MS. . .

Yours,

H. Greeley.

Cambridge, Jan. 10, 1843.

My dear Sir:

I am sorry I have not a portrait by Cheney in readiness. Must the engraving be ready for the April No.? Would the delay of a month or two make any difference to Mr. Graham?

As soon as I received your letter I went into town to see Cheney. He is confined by indisposition; and I do not know when he can get the likeness ready. Let us not do the matter in haste. I certainly do not wish to have Thompson's head engraved again. My friends all dislike it; and I am anxious now to have something that will please them. I will therefore have a portrait painted at my own expense, and as soon as possible. Will you wait? and not hurry the matter? If you can, we shall get something worth having. Do you prefer Parker to Cheney as an Engraver?

I fear I can send you nothing for the March No. but will send a poem as soon as I can. I have several in my mind; but have not yet felt in the right mood to put them upon paper.

Thanks for your word about the "Poems on Slavery." I hope, however, you have said nothing to injure your Magazine; for I should be sorry to do that; and I did not think you would like to speak of the book in any way.

Very truly yours,

Henry W. Longfellow.

New York, 31st Jan'y, 1843.

Dear Sir,

... I frankly confess, I don't like Mr. Cooper's agreement with you, and though having expressed myself willing to be placed on the same footing with him, I am bound to stand to my word, yet I would much prefer the original terms proposed, namely:—ten dollars a page for all contributions, within the compass of five pages, or not exceeding it, and five dollars a page for all over that number; by which I understood that the former sum was to be allowed for the first five pages, and the latter for the remainder; not that the whole should be averaged at Five Dollars. I don't know now, whether to understand you so or not; but will express myself fully and frankly on the subject.

It is my design, while I remain in my present state of idleness, to devote my leisure hours to your Magazine exclusively, though I may possibly occasionally apply them to other objects not interfering with this. It is therefore my wish to contribute an article to every number, to be regularly

inserted, if transmitted in time, and approved by you, as containing nothing unfit for a respectable periodical, or which may probably injure its circulation. I am in the habit of condensing my ideas in few words, and it will be seldom my articles exceed four or five pages; and for all within, or not exceeding that limit, I should prefer being paid the price you settled at our first interview. For all beyond this limit you may allow what you please. The last article, and one on a somewhat similar subject, will considerably exceed five pages, and the same rule may be applied to these. After that, I shall probably seldom transgress in this way. I am Dear Sir, Your Friend and Servant,

J. K. Paulding.

West Chester, Feb'y 3, 1843.

Chas. R. Grayham, Esq., Dear Sir:

I did not distinctly understand at the short conversation of Mr. Cooper and Mr. Griswold on the morning of Mr. Cooper's departure for home, at what time his article [?] in answer to Mr. Kinsey's life of Perry and of [illegible] Burgess's Lecture on the battle of Lake Erie would appear in your Saturday Courier. It is my wish to have a copy sent to each member of the Legislature of the two states of Pennsylvania and New York with many other persons both in and out of our Country. . . I have neither seen the manuscript, nor the Diagrams which Mr. Cooper informed me would accompany them, thus I can't be charged, as in the compilation of his Naval History, of dictating to him. Had I, surely I would not have placed myself on board the 'Madison' of which ship I was flag captain, then drawing too much water to join in the attack on the batteries [?] After landing Pike and his Brigade, 500 of which I had on board my ship, I volunteered to lead in all the schooners to the assault of the Batteries in the Conquest, did so, and lost one fine young officer killed, Hatfield [?] of Albany, and four men wounded, here we were opposed to the fire of the Forts on beating up to the head of the Harbor, and when fired on were called on patiently to brave [illegible]. Would not a Knowledge of this fact tend to fix the seal of falsehood indelibly on McHenry? Be pleased to mention this subject to my old friend Mr. Weld. Very Respectfully Yours,

J. D. Elliott.

[Jesse Duncan Elliott, second in command at the battle of Lake Erie. Cooper ascribed to him a larger share in the victory than other writers had done. He died in 1845.]

New York, Feb. 4, 1843.

Dear Sir:

You requested me some months since to furnish you with an occasional contribution for the magazine of which you are editor. Having just finished a poem of some hundred and fifty or sixty lines, I venture to make you the first offer of it, though not as a gratuity. It has cost me some considerable time, and not a few "poetic pains," to render it worthy your magazine; and though I should be sorry to be deemed a mercenary—a mere mercenary—rhymester, yet these are trying times, and certain little folks at home must be cared for. . .

W. P. Palmer.

Providence, Feb. 5, 1843.

[To Mrs. Osgood]:

Do you see the Boston Pioneer? It is very fine. I. B. Wright is W. W. Story. I have lately written two or three "Sketches" which have been published—but am too much ashamed of them to let you see them. . . I am yours,

H. Fuller.

Washington, 6 Feb. 1843.

Dear Sir:

. . . My contributions to journals, reviews and magazines have always been gratuitous. I have not time for such engagements, and shall soon have less than ever, for I am about to change my residence and resume my profession, a source of income too important to be neglected in the present depressed state of the country, when all property is unproductive.

The uninterrupted and laborious course of study which my new career will require on a theatre [Louisiana] and under a system of law utterly unfamiliar, must necessarily cut my literary amusement off at once and entirely. It might very possibly be years ere I take pen in hand for any such purpose, even to finish the 'Italian Lyrics' or the 'Life and Times of Dante.' Under such circumstances all I can do to evince my sense of your too flattering interest in my pursuits, is to send you the enclosed specimen of the former, a brick from the edifice, which may perhaps be built into the pages of your magazine without disturbing its symmetry. . .

You are mistaken in supposing the bill has passed allowing me a copyright altho' my work should first be published in England.

It has merely passed the Senate. Whether it will go thro' the ordeal of the House I know not and since it became apparent that I must devote all my time to other occupations, it has ceased to interest me. . .

Very truly yours,

R. H. Wilde.

New York, Feb. 10, 1843.

Dear Griswold:

I am pained to have you write so about your health. "Death," as you say, may be "no unwelcome friend of *yours*." But your living friends think so much more of you than he can that he has no claim upon our hospitality or good feeling. Death and you friends! The proposition's absurd. Think only of the lives you have attempted, and the many more you will yet succeed in taking! You are rivals, man! and must keep as far aloof from each other as possible.

Seriously, though, you are just at the period of life when a man's constitution changes, and if you fight the next 18 months through with a stout heart, you will live to be as burly as a Bishop, and publish at 80, "Griswold's Recollections of His Own Times." "This," says a review of 1890, "is one of the most curious works that the venerable and respected author has given to the public. The two or three great poems which the present generation has produced has not made us unmindful of that genial glow of letters which suffused the face of the country during the youth and memorable early manhood of the illustrious writer. Poetry seems then to have been so universally the language of sentiment that the semi-fabulous stories of the Italian improvisatori of a former age became almost realized in that springtime season of our yet nascent Republic. . . Perhaps, indeed, no fraction of the present work will more interest the philosophical reader than Mr. Griswold's curious account of the sudden and wonderful growth of that periodical literature which now constitutes the greater portion of American letters. Our readers must examine for themselves to see how this venerable authority disposes of the much vexed question whether or not his associate Graham was really the founder of a system of publication [See page 36] which produced such wonderful results, or only attained his present celebrity by conveying it farther than others. As is the case with all other distinguished names we think it can be shown that much of Graham's reputation is owing to circumstances of which he had the energy and ability to take advantage. Mr. G. admits that in the year 1842 his famous magazine had not yet attained

a circulation of above 100,000 copies. It was at time merely a work of taste and entertainment, but early in the year 1843 a now forgotten publication which we learn from these memoirs was entitled "The Lady's World of Fashion" having attempted to compete with him in the matter of fictional illustration, he instantly took new and stronger ground and became, through his vigorous corps of contributors, the leader of literary opinion instead of the successful follower of public taste. It would seem that at that time there was really no other acknowledged organ of literary opinion in the country, and the coolness with which Graham seized upon the position and the almost miraculous success with which he maintained it has indissolubly interwoven his name with the existence of American letters." Ever yours,

C. F. H[offman].

P. S.—Do send me that [Saturday] Museum. I had so much fun in laughing at the first one that I must see the second. . . If funds are floating about you I wish you would send me \$25. I owe my cook for the last dinner I gave to poor critics, and my banker is out of town.

New York [22 Feb., 1843.]

Dear Griswold:

The hand of Affliction is upon me. I have had one of the hardest sieges over a 'cold' as it is called, I ever heard of; and now I have a severe ear-ache, a constant ringing in the ear, and a general debility which causes me to fear that I shall be compelled to break my appointment in Philadelphia. The left side of my head is all one maze and crowd, as though it had been struck by the falling wall of a house; and I have been operating upon it for days with no hope as yet. I still hope that a tumor in my ear will break by tomorrow, and thus enable me to fulfil my Philadelphia appointment; if not, God help me! You know how anxious I am to improve this opportunity, which has occurred so accidentally, and which may never be renewed. . .

How could you go off without seeing me?

Yours,

H. Greeley.

Dorchester, Feb. 24, 1843.

Dear Sir,

Would anything I could write, either in prose or rhyme, be considered worth printing and paying somewhat for, by the editors of Graham's Magazine? I send a thing (which has amused my wife, at whose suggestion it was written) as a sort of sample, which, if you want it you may have for

whatever you think it is worth. I am so little acquainted with Graham's Magazine, that I hardly know whether I am doing a thing mal apropos or not.

Have you seen the extermination I have met with at the hands of the New York Observer? It has finished old Jean and me at one blow, and when my flesh quivered a little after death, then the pious editor raised his serpent-crushing heel and trod into the dust my mortal remains.

So I am doubly dead. If you have seen or can see these papers (Jan. 14 and Feb. 4th) and can say anything anywhere in favor of my resurrection, I shall be much obliged to you to do so. Observe, you are in the same condemnation. You are one of my "endorsers" and the Observer has a rod in pickle for your special use. You must look out or you will be squelched—or perhaps you will be set upon the dunce-block with a split pen upon your nose,—or perhaps you will have your nose rubbed in your own article in which you recommended the "filthy" fables of La Fontaine for the young! Bah! It was in the Evening Post that I ventured to say a word in my own behalf. The Observer itself was far too pure and pious to admit a reply from my corrupt pen. I have sent another piece to Bryant which he will probably insert.

For the present, the Observer has frightened away my customers very much. I am going to expurgate, but with very little hope of satisfying my censors who seem to have the gift of smelling obscenity afar off. . . Very respectfully and cordially yours,

Elizur Wright, Jr.

[The "thing" was probably the poem called

A Eulogy

On the Great Unknown Mr. John Frost

which was published in the magazine for March, 1844.]

It was about this time that Griswold's acquaintance with Taylor began. The latter, we are told in Scudder's Life, "had published several poems in the 'Saturday Evening Post' . . . and out of the correspondence with Mr. Griswold there came the first literary friendship which the young poet formed. When writing in March, 1843, to a school friend, he speaks with a shy and happy pride of the little opening which he had made:—'I have met with strange things since I wrote last. Last November I

wrote to Mr. Griswold, sending a poem to be inserted in the 'Post' [founded by Graham, and edited in connection with his magazine]. However, I said that it was my highest ambition to appear in 'Graham's Magazine.' Sometime ago I got an answer. He said he had read my lines 'To the Brandywine,' which appeared in the 'Post', with much pleasure, and would have put them in the magazine if he had seen them in time. He said the poem I sent him would appear in April in the magazine, and requested me to contribute often and to call on him when I came to town. I never was more surprised in my life.' Mr. Griswold was one of the literary magnates in that thin but promising period of our literature. He was editor of the leading literary magazine, he had edited "Poets and Poetry of America," and if his dimensions have shrunk in the course of time he was then an important personage, whose advice and help were sought and valued. To Bayard Taylor he was a serviceable friend just when the young author desired introduction to the larger world of literature, and he helped him to the publication of his first volume of verse. 'I called on Griswold,' he writes October 10, 1843, 'and had an interview with him. He had part of a Romance in poetry ['Rosalie,' renamed 'Ximena'] which I have been writing, and strongly advised me to publish it with my other poems in a volume. I have it nearly done,—about a thousand lines; I have not concluded whether to do so or not. . . I place great confidence in his judgment." It appeared in February 1844. "It was dedicated to Rufus W. Griswold, as an expression of gratitude for the kind encouragement he has shown the author."

New York, April 6, 1843.

R. W. Griswold, Dear Sir:

I regret to say, what you will doubtless have heard before directly, that Ralph W. Emerson has concluded not to deliver his Lectures in Boston till next Fall, and so declines to let his Introductory be printed in your Magazine at present. This is too bad, but how can I help it? He wrote me to this effect yesterday. I suppose I am more vexed than you are, but I had set my heart on your having it, and am sorely disappointed.

I wish my own lecture on 'Human Life' would answer instead, but it won't. Some parts of it would read well; others are unfitted.

I have threatened to write a Sketch of the leading Transcendentalists, after the manner of John Neal; but I don't know that I could make it attractive. Yet Emerson, and Bronson Alcott and Margaret Fuller are great characters if a body could only bring them out in bold colors. If I were not to be known as the writer, I could do a tall thing; but, being known, I should be very apt to fail. So let it go.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

Boston, April 12th, 1843.

My Dear Griswold:

My heart beat as the familiar hand writing of my old friend met my eye at the Post Office just now, and I hasten to say, this very hour, that so far from your being forgotten by me, there is not a day during some part of which your name is not mentioned at the Corner. Forgotten! no indeed never for a moment! . . .

We are about as usual here. H. T. T. is in N. Y. and Whipple is writing clever articles for the papers. Often, very often we talk of you and how much we wish to see you cannot be written down in ink. Ever Yours,

J. T. F[ields.]

New York, May 1, 1843.

Dear Sir:

I am extremely obliged to you for your kind notice in the Magazine, and for your very friendly letter. . . I was afraid that some of the piratical publishers, who abound in these days, might . . . get out a very incorrect edition.

I thank you for the good opinion so courteously expressed in your letter. Of course, I am perfectly aware what is the reason that I am not invited to write for the popular periodicals of the day; for it requires no

extraordinary vanity to suppose that I could write better articles than some who are invited.

But this effect of unpopularity is no inconvenience to me; for I could not write for such publications if I were ever so much urged. Life is growing too earnest with me to admit of my writing "pretty stories."

The Letters probably will not be out till the middle or last of June; as I am obliged to be out of the city a few weeks. Yours very gratefully and respectfully,

L. M. Child.

A somewhat different tone is struck in a letter from Poe's friend Wilmer to a Mississippi poet named Tomlin:—

Philadelphia, May 20, 1843.

Dear Sir:

I have not heard from you for several weeks. I sent on in various packages, a dozen copies of Recantation which I hope came to hand. Any numbers of that, or the "Quacks" are always at your service.

Literary affairs are at a very low ebb in this city at present. Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, who once ranked high among the writers of our country, has become a common loafer about the streets. It is distressing to view such a change.

Edgar A. Poe (you know him by character, no doubt, if not personally), has become one of the strangest of our literati. He and I are old friends,—have known each other since boyhood, and it gives me inexpressible pain to notice the vagaries to which he has lately become subject. Poor fellow! he is not a teetotaler by any means, and I fear he is going headlong to destruction, moral, physical and intellectual.

T. S. Arthur, another old friend of mine, has acquired great popularity by a certain kind of writing and is getting along prosperously.

The "Philadelphia Clique" as it is called, composed of Robt. C. Conrad, R. Morris, J. C. Neale and several others, has seen its palmy days and is falling into disrepute;—their association to hold each other up will not avail them. Jos. C. Neale, nevertheless, is a man of splendid talents, and Conrad has some excellent points; but the political unpopularity of the latter affects his literary reputation. Neale is indolent.

My next publication will be "Preferment," a political satire, not partisan or very slightly so. Much of it is already written and I expect to bring

it out sometime within the present year. Favor me with a few lines whenever you have time to waste. Your obliged and sincere friend,

L. A. Wilmer.

New York, June 12, '43.

Dear Griswold:

... Mrs. Oaksmith's story was also duly attended to—what a grand affair it is! Most affluent in language, most finished in expression. She must, according to your prophecy, take a stand out of hooting distance of any other of our writing women. That is if her constitution be strong enough for the necessary mechanical labor of triumphant authorship...

Ever yours truly,

C. F. H[offman].

Concord, July 2d, 1843.

My dear Sir,

There is a mistake as to my having refused to write for Graham's Magazine; the truth is, I have heretofore had no opportunity to refuse, even had I been so inclined—your own letter being the first intimation that any contributions might be acceptable.

I am never a very diligent penman in the summer time; and, moreover, I had projected a little work for children as this summer's literary labor and amusement, which is still to be begun. I have likewise one engagement to fulfill for a Magazine, before I can undertake any other of the kind. These matters being first disposed of, I shall be very willing to send you an article, and will agree to the terms you propose, rather than take upon myself to settle the marketable value of my productions.

I am advised that the publishers of Magazines consider it desirable to attach writers exclusively to their own establishments, and will pay at a higher rate for such monopoly. If this be the case, I should make no difficulty in forswearing all other periodicals for a specified time—and so much the more readily, on account of the safety of your Magazine in a financial point of view. Should you desire an arrangement of this kind, be pleased, at your leisure, to state the terms of it. I hope to free myself from other engagements by October, at furthest, and shall then be happy to become one of your contributors. With much respect, truly yours,

Nath. Hawthorne.

It would appear from the above that Hawthorne had a very short memory. We are informed by Mr. Albert H. Smyth, in his book on Philadelphia Magazines, that "Lowell was a subordinate editor of the magazine [Graham's] as early as 1843, and in April of that year communicated to Nathaniel Hawthorne the desire of the editor, Edgar Allan Poe, that he too should become a contributor." Mr. Smyth further tells us that "Hawthorne included many of his early contributions to this magazine in his *Twice Told Tales*." This shows great industry on Hawthorne's part, for he was not asked to contribute (Smyth) before April 1843 (or, himself, June 1843), while the second and last series of *Twice Told Tales* was published in 1842. The Student is under obligations to Mr. Smyth, also for discovering that Poe edited the magazine in 1843, and that Lowell, at any time, was his assistant.

Washington, August 4, 1843.

Dear Griswold:

Perhaps you will remember an old acquaintance when you glance your eye at the bottom of this, or at the top of the opposite page. I know you will, and therefore I can, with the utmost propriety, ask you to publish the lines herewith sent, in *Graham's Magazine*. But, in the first place, I should have consulted your judgment, for which I have much respect. You know that when we lived together, "long time ago," I used to carpenter a little in verse. I do little of it now, for various reasons. The lines before you were written by request of a friend, somewhat reluctantly, I confess; for I feared that I might mar beauty, or "blot the rainbow." But what's the use of all this talk. If you think the humble lay worthy of an obscure corner in your able magazine, please let it appear. If you reject my attempt, please return it to me as soon as you shall have considered about the matter and compared it with the scripture.

I should be pleased to receive a letter from you at any time. Yours respectfully,

L. A. Gobright.

Boston, Sept. 1st, 1843.

My dear Sir:

I read a Poem at the dinner table of the Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge the other day which I should like to publish in Graham's Magazine if the Editors want it and are willing to pay for it.

It consists at present of 166 lines in the heroic measure—but I should be inclined to make it about two hundred, or very nearly that, by certain additions. I believe that for me it was remarkably happy, but you may think it no great thing. At any rate it has more point in it than most things of the kind I have done lately.

Two or three weeks ago Mr. Frost, on the part of Godey's Lady's Book, made me some liberal offers for anything I would give him. I answered that I felt bound to offer them to you first but without the least idea that I should so soon have anything to publish. I therefore mention it to you and end my proposals with these questions.

1. Do you want such a poem?
2. What will you give me for it?
3. Are you afraid of a hit at repudiation in it?
4. Can it be published in your Magazine "word for word, letter for letter, comma for comma?"
5. Do you want to see it before you meddle with it?

This is a very straight-forward business letter, and does not require any answer unless you want the Poem. If so I shall hear from you. Believe me very truly, Your Friend,

O. W. Holmes.

P. S.—No tender feelings are concerned which might interfere with Editorial interests.

[The poem, then called 'Terpsichore,' appeared in the magazine for January 1844.]

New York, Nov. 13, 1843.

R. W. Griswold, Esq., Old Friend,

I want to thrash you for the way you have done Béranger [published by Carey, 148 pages]. O Gris., you have not taken sufficient time with that work! Your choice of translations is often dreadful. 'The Garret' kills me. Jo Price's version

—'espying the world with its sages and asses,

In a Garret at twenty how cheerly time passes!'
is worth a million of that you have given.

Then 'My Old Coat,' 'And part shall we never, my trusty old Friend!' by Falconer is better than that you give.

So Falconer's 'My Vocation' is probably less faithful but a great deal more spirited than the one you have.

So 'The Cossack' ('Come forth, my proud steed,') is better than the one you have. Where is 'Gauls and Franks, Close your ranks!'

'A song for Bonaparte returned from Elba' Gris. you *must* not get up books so jobbingly. You never will get above journeyman's wages unless you amend. O if you only caught me once reviewing you in right earnest, you would imagine your hide was off and you in a hogshead of brine. Now if Béranger goes to a second edition you *must* mend it. I will [illegible] it if you don't.

What about Praed? As he is English, you haven't a chance to show your bad taste or carelessness by choosing wrong translations. But you may omit something, and completeness is vital. Don't overlook the gem of all 'Josephine'...

As to letters, let us have them as soon as may be. About half a column in length—spirited and lively, but not spiteful. Satirize Society and customs, if you must, but don't touch individuals. Two a week will be about right.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

Fort Columbus, New York, Dec. 12, 1843.

Dear Sir:

... My fever of last summer, with many other circumstances, has prevented me from doing much that I wished to do in this country; if however, you will do me the favor, sir, of attending a little to it, I will endeavor to forward a bill of exchange after my arrival for the purpose of getting out an edition of "Idomen" either in Philadelphia or Washington. The Harpers say "it is too elevated to sell"—an expression which is rather libelous to the American public. I think, however, it will be read if proper means are taken. . . I do not think that any effort of my humble imagination can be "too elevated," or even elevated enough, for the better part of the public as it really is in these North American States, but I absolutely know that my little works have been nearly suppressed by the vilest impositions which can possibly be practiced.

In the words of poor Spurzheim (which were uttered a very short time before his death occurred in New England) I solace myself by saying,

"stupidity! stupidity! the knowledge of that alone has saved me from misanthropy!"

I feel for you sir, a sincere gratitude on account of your having taken pains to see me in person after having read a few of the effusions of my solitude. Whatever I may write to you in private letters you are at perfect liberty to publish (in case you may wish to do so); I look upon myself as a being out of this world, yet in it at the same time. The few pleasures accorded to me have been absolutely heavenly in their natures; and 'in all the creation of this world, there is scarcely a pain which my heart has not proved, either in reality or apprehension.

If Heaven permit me to arrive safely at Cuba, I may commit to paper my epic poem, which I now call 'Beátriz, the beloved of Columbus;' if death come before the completion of my intention, what exists only in my mind will of course be naught, and the little, the very little, I leave will be so spoiled and mutilated by this steam-engine generation as to be good for nothing to those who may respire, afterwards, the breath of the land where I was born. From the Heavenly powers, alone, comes all that is possible on earth! That these powers may protect and make you happy is the heartfelt wish of Sir, your obedient servant,

Maria Brooks.

P. S.—Mr. Wordsworth has sent to this country for all the letters of the late Dr. Robert Southey, and particularly mentioned those few in my possession. I cannot part with the originals; for it soothes me whenever I read them; but I have just got copies of them made. . .

" 'Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven,' is by far the most original poem that this generation has produced.' So said (writes Andrew Lang, in 1896) the British Poet Laureate, the late Mr. Robert Southey. The author of 'Zophiel' was Mrs. Brookes of New England. Remembering all this, I [Lang] turned eagerly to Professor Brander Matthews' 'Introduction to the Study of American Literature' in search of facts about 'The Bride of Seven' . . . for Southey did not praise all poetry at random . . . Therefore it is extraordinary that Professor Matthews leaves 'Zophiel' out of his 'Introduction' in which I expected 'The

Bride of Seven' (what a woman) tō be the most conspicuous jewel. Mrs. Brookes, of New England, is not in the Index ; not with Priscilla Alden, Charles H. Farnham, John Jay, E. P. Whipple and the other literary swells [Priscilla Alden a *literary* character !] I call it cruel ! I demand justice for Mrs. Brookes and ' The Bride of Seven. ' ”

A very interesting, (chiefly because of its original letters) tho fragmentary, account of Mrs. Brooks, by Mrs. Zadel Gustafson, was publishd in Harpers' Magazine in 1879.

New York, Jan. 24, '44.

My dear Griswold :

... I really have a great curiosity—no, an interest—tō see you just at this moment. How go the sentimentalities ? How the women have affected your condition it irks me tō know. They handle all of us hardly enough, but God ! when they get hold of a chap of your poetic temperament they use him up completely—at least for a while. But it is in that interval, those off days of the ague of female bedevilment, that you . . . doth the most work. A capital relief you have from the excitement [of] Turning round at once tō attempt peoples' lives. How many biographies have you written ? But I won't say a word more lest you forget that this is a business letter, although from lack of change it will cost you a shilling. Ever yours truly,

C. F. Hoffman.

P. S.—I received lately a letter from Mr. Graham which I have deferred answering only because I wished tō write tō him at length. The story he asks for shall be forthcoming.

C. F. H.

New York, Jan. 27, '44.

My dear Griswold :

I was just roaring over an article in the Foreign Quarterly upon " The Poets and Poetry " when I received your melancholy letter. I pray you turn tō that paper at once and it will put you in good humor. John Bullism in perfection is tō me always the most amusing thing in the world. My bump of benevolence is unfortunately so great that fond as I am of the grotesque, human absurdity more often awakens compassion than fun in me.

I feel greater pity than diversion at Don Quixote's troubles, but the fanatical conceit of a real Sancho Panzoac Englishman is tō me always delicious. I have only as yet read the first part of the article as copied ("tō be concluded") intō the New World. Bryant tells me that I get a more savage mauling than anyone else in the article. I plagiarize, it seems, from Tom Moore! a devilish good fellow tō steal from: shows my taste. I wonder they don't appreciate him more in that way at home. Hope the article will bring Moore intō notice there. I must tell you though, that this mad Bull—whō, with the most solemn unconsciousness lashes his brother Briton, of the N. Y. Herald, for writing with the same choice reserve of language that he himself uses—this mad Bull, I say [illegible] upon our capital while thrusting his horns intō you:—"Mr. Griswold admits that in America utility was all in all at the beginning and Poetry nothing. They began at the wrong end! In all other countries poetry appears first and utility afterward, the slow fruit of necessity and experience."

But you must read the article,—'tis the best advertisement of your book yet out, for the fellow abuses the country so roundly that the people, roused tō a discriminating ire, must at last take the Poets under their protection, as a part of themselves. Here's a remark that will show you the fellow's frantic stupidity. "This journal failed, and Freneau went tō sea in command of a Merchant vessel; qualification being as little required in commanding an American vessel as in writing American poetry." Ah, my nervous friend, our corners are rubbed off so in this country by habitual attrition with emigrants from every nation that we should not judge these redoubtable islanders too harshly. Yet I admire your boldness in going as missionary among them—what in God's name can you dō for them? Take them out of their mechanicism and shop-keeping, and they are of Beotian stupidity. Genius, transcendant as it has been there, is but an excrescence, refinement but a veneering, neither of them permeating or forming any essential part of the coarse grained character of the noble, useful and most powerful, but most ungenial race that the world has ever produced. You should ask your friend Herbert about this matter before you go there. Any Englishman of Rank (that is, belonging tō the "excrescency" or the "veneery") will tell you the same thing when put upon his "voir dire" over a cup of mononghelela, though he might fight you the next morning for reminding him of it. . .

Ever yours,

H[offman].

This article in 'The Foreign Quarterly' attracted great attention. Lowell comments on it in a letter to Poe dated "Elmwood, June 27, 1844":—

... I agree with you that the article on Griswold's book in the Foreign Quarterly Review was fair enough as far as the conclusions the author came to were concerned—though at the same time I think him as ignorant in poetical matters as a man can well be—in short ignorant to the full to be a Reviewer. But you are mistaken as to the authorship of it. It was not (I am quite sure) written by Dickens, but by a friend of his named Forster (or Foster)—the author of a book named "Statesmen of the time of Cromwell." Dickens may have given him hints. Forster is a friend of some of the Longfellow clique here which perhaps accounts for his putting L. at the top of our Parnassus. These kinds of arrangements do very well, however, *for the present*...

[Boston, 12 Feb. 1844.

Fields to Griswold.]

Distant, secluded, down in the isle of Manhattan, lives Rufus the thought-
full!

Into the hands of the parson from Newport many days since placed he a
letter

For one he regardeth. The Doctor, fat, fruitful, forgetful, failed then to
deliver it.

But coming to Boston on business parochial he took from his pocket the
glorious hexameters.

Thanks reverend and learned! Thanks most grave and most potent!
thanks, Gallic Translator!

I thought thee dead,—dead, Rufus, and Doge-like declined to the dust, Sir.
But at sight of thy writing I leaped like a man in a mad fit.

Sometime in the Spring, that is coming upon us I go to the city,

The city of New York. There hoping to meet thee, and pour in thy bosom
Fresh comfort and whiskey, we'll talk of old times, Rufe

And banish our sorrow. Bespeak me some oysters and hot steaks from
Florence,

Some liquor Falernian and fixin's to match them. Adieu, Gentle Doctor,
we meet at Phillippi.

Philadelphia, 10 April, 1844.

Mrs. F. S. Osgood, Dear Madam :

... I cannot really afford to pay my new ones more than I pay Miss Orne, Miss Davenant, and indeed *all* my other writers, except you and Mrs. Stephens, who are above all rule. For prose I give them \$2.00 per printed page: for poetry \$5.00 a poem. This is, perhaps, no remuneration for them; but it is all the publishers here, excepting Graham, give, and all we can afford. . .

Very respectfully,

Chas. J. Peterson.

New York, Apr. 20, '44.

My dear Sir:

... What a warm, earnest and excellent friend that gentlemanly young Janvier is of yours. If you can get a woman to understand you as thoroughly, and be at the same time as really attached as he is, you will not have loved the sex in vain.

Tuckerman and I have both taken to him exceedingly. I pray you write soon to

Yours ever,

C. F. Hoffman.

Miss Smith, a sister of Thomas H. Smith, connected with the N. Y. Hospital, long a distinguished merchant and member, subsequently, of the legislature, and as an author connected with Wm., the brother of Wash. Irving, who was two terms in Congress.

The Morning Chronicle, projected in 1802 by Dr. Irving, was long marked for the elegance of its manner, its literary tone, and indeed occupied a position not unlike that of Mr. Charles King's 'American' in a subsequent period. Among the contributors to the Chronicle were many who afterward became eminent.

Irving published here his "Oldstyle" Letters, Paulding his first essays, and Dr. James Smith, the brother of the historian, imitated Anacreon in clever epistles to women and wine.

But the chief star of the Chronicle was a lady who wrote under the signature of "Clara", and she was as celebrated there as "Amelia" or "Norma" or "Kate Cleveland" have ever been since. This was Miss Smith, who married Mr. Will Lucius Rose, whose irregular habits brought him to beggary, and for his abilities and his connections with the old associates of other Burrites, was connected in sympathy with the Burr faction.

The marriage of Miss Smith was not a happy one, and it is unnecessary here to lift the veil from her domestic life further than to disclose her subsequent divorce from Rose, intimacy and marriage with the late Justice Wyman. She died within the past two years.

New York, June 11, 1844.

My Dear Griswold:

... Don't sneer at my ruled paper—"Tis the latest "fashion," as Willis may perhaps tell the world in his lecture to-night on that Estate at the Tabernacle. I do hope you have not abandoned the idea of coming to live in Brooklyn. 'Tis delightful there now though we really miss Janvier; cool, fragrantly airy, and no mobs! I am really in a state of anxiety in expectation of a paragraph like this:—

"Signal vengeance and irremediable devastation! The destruction of Dr. Moriarty's library wounded most deeply the literary sensibilities of our Irish population, and though from policy hitherto silent upon the subject, we have rightly anticipated such a catastrophe as that which it is our sorrowful duty to have to commemorate.

The valuable library of the Reverend R. W. Griswold, the distinguished Protestant clergyman, who lately abandoned all his other literary labors to devote himself to an anti-Catholic Review [The Quarterly Review of the American Protestant Association: Phil'a, Hooker.] was last night consumed by an Irish mob. The light from the blazing books and MSS. illuminated the Delaware and part of Chestnut Street, and was seen by every train within a mile of Philadelphia. We regret to hear that Mr. G. was slightly injured by throwing himself into the scene of devastation. It seems that some of the most precious MSS. were kept in a bathing tub, and attempting to gain the house through the back way, his hands were terribly cut while in the act of dashing in the windows. The presence of mind of his friend D. H. Janvier, Esq., in seizing him by the skirts of his coat at this instant, alone prevented the Reverend Gentleman from being smothered by the tainted smoke which at once poured through the aperture.

N. B.—Since writing the above we learn that at least one half of Mr. G's MSS. are safe. They were in the pockets of old coats, hats, etc., left from time to time at the houses of friends. We need not say that all good citizens should frown upon this not unprovoked but somewhat disorderly conduct of our generous but somewhat excitable adopted citizens. The

exemplary character of our beloved city must ultimately suffer from these occasional outbursts of misdirected energy."

C. F. H[offman].

Thursday, June 12, ['44?]

My dear Griswold:

... I send you to-day a copy of Monday's Gazette with my remarks on Scott, regarding whom I know you have never been at the pains to form an opinion, though you have permitted yourself to imbibe a prejudice from some of the shallow dogmas of the critics of Poedom and the Lowell Institute. Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what I have written here. The critics upon Scott make exactly the same blunders that they do about Cooper's genius. They call Cooper, too, "only a daguerreotype painter of external life." Now to prove that he is a creator by a brace of arguments that would mortally offend Mr. Cooper himself:—

Imprimis—One of the most sailor-like old salts in the navy once said in my hearing—"Sir, Mr. Cooper is one of the first geniuses that ever lived. He is no sailor sir, no sailor at all, but his sea scenes are so much like truth, and they give so much poetry to the details of my profession that I love every line he writes."

Again—A Vermonter, who is a great Hunter and Woodman, called in my office last week with a note of introduction and at once commenced talking about Cooper. "People," said he, "don't dream what that man's genius is—why now, for instance, he is a mighty poor Woodman and often wrong, wrong altogether, but I take his books with me on my tramps, and whenever he gets in the woods I could read what he has to say forever. That's what I call genius. He makes a Nature of his own that you are willing to substitute for real Nature."

Read my paragraph about Scott, and you will see the application of these remarks to his poetry.

Your indulgent friend,

C. F. Hoffman.

Saint Louis, 19th June, 1844.

My dear Mrs. Osgood,

Mrs. Bill informs me in a recent letter, that you have done me the honor to request my autograph. Will you pardon the method I take in conveying it to you, when I confess that the selfish desire of numbering among my correspondents one with whose pure and beautiful thoughts I

have long been familiar, has often crossed my mind? Many years ago, Mrs. Gilman pointed out to me, in the Boston papers, several poems under the signature of "Florence" as "the productions of a little girl about my own age, whom I would do well to keep before my mind as a model" if I wished to write for the public. Now you must know, I always love those to whom I look up with anything like respect and admiration; and the natural result of seeking out every thing from your pen has been, to draw me towards you as invisibly as the magnet draws the steel. How far Mrs. Bill's charming letters, (in many of which you are so fully discussed) have contributed to strengthen my predilections, I leave you to determine; only adding, as a conclusive motive for this letter, the wish I feel to thank you for the kindness you have extended to me by interesting yourself in my behalf with Messrs. Graham and Peterson.

Mrs. Bill tells me you are desirous of obtaining some description of "Amelia" [Welby]; an elderly gentleman, a friend of mine, speaks of her thus in a letter I received yesterday:—

"I saw Amelia at Louisville, and had the honor of being presented to her by one of the most elegant and accomplished ladies in the City, Mrs. G. D. Prentice. She lives in a sweet little cottage, in the midst of a small court beautifully cultivated in flowers and shrubbery, some of the flowers she did me the honor to present me with her own poetical hand! I shall preserve them. Her parlour is plainly but neatly furnished, a well toned piano is one of the ornaments, and a neat round table well filled with choice works, among which is a small volume of her own poems. Amelia's figure is slender and tall, but her manners are not graceful, indeed there is a rusticity and awkwardness about them that plainly indicates the want of early culture and good society. She required too much persuading to sing, for one who sings so well, and would only consent after Mrs. Prentice had sung some thing from Norma. Amelia has a fine, liquid, silvery voice, and need not fear to sing before Kings. She warms up with her singing, and her eye, which is a large dark hazel, tells as plainly as eye can tell the emotions of her heart. She sang several of her own pieces, among the number, "Sweet memories of thee." While at the piano I had an opportunity of examining her head, as far as the fascination of her music would allow. She has a glorious head! a forehead broad and expansive like that of the Gods. The upper head capacious, evincing an ample development of the moral and intellectual organs. The posterior portions of the brain would point her out as a genuine daughter of Eve; having all the qualities necessary to make her

an affectionate wife and fond mother. If my theory is correct, she is naturally religious, and has a lively sensibility to the beauty and grandeur of God's glorious works. Her head is very much like that of the Hon S. S. Prentiss, the orator of Mississippi. If I have not impressed you with the belief that she is a favorite with me, I wish now to state it. I like her exceedingly, and have only to regret that she has not those elegant and comely manners that would so well become her genius and her fame; for I am compelled to say in all truth and solemnness, that she has an awkward way of putting her fingers in her mouth, and other little unbecoming ways which do not impress one with a high idea of her merits." Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Osgood, this long extract, but it may serve better than a less minute detail to give you an accurate idea of our "Western Star." . . . Your sincere friend,
 Anna Peyre Dinnies.

Ingress Abbey, Greenhithe, Kent, Sunday, July 25, 1844.

[To Mrs. Osgood]:

And so at last you did remember that Eliza Cook was alive? Oh I should so like to scold you for the uncivil forgetfulness with which you have treated my poor name. If I had known where to address a letter I should certainly have inflicted a yarn on you long since, but America is a big place, and so I was forced to be content with thinking of you now and then. Right glad am I of this opportunity to gossip with you. How are you getting on? How is Mr. Osgood and how is little Ellen?—the fairy imp who was just beginning to walk into the rough road of Life? I should so like to come to the land of Washington but my lungs will not look "old Nep" in the face, and "I guess" if I ventured to float in his large pickling tub I should soon be salted down myself. Even the soft breezes of the Isle of Wight and the still more southern clime of Jersey are poison to me. I cannot live where saline particles are found, so I never hope to reach your land. If I could breathe on the blue wave, this coming summer would find me at New York, and you would see that your old friend would be just the same "strange fish" as ever.

You have told me nothing of yourselves. I want to learn how you are thriving—whether Dame Fortune is "smiling or smiting or kissing or biting." Do not think I am rude or impertinent in this curiosity. I am certain there is much in our natures and feelings to promote sympathy, and nothing would be more grateful to my feelings than to hear that you were happy and prosperous. You *must* write a very long letter and tell me more of your-

selves. I have not seen the youth whō bore your welcome favour yet, but I intend tō ask him tō meet me if agreeable tō himself, and then I may gain a little more Yankee news than you have afforded me. Now tō tell you how the world treats *me*. I believe you have a kind interest in my fame, and I shall rattle on just as the humour prompts. Fortune has never once knit her brow when gazing at me. I may consider myself blest as far as poetic success can bless.

The Editions of my work have sold well, and my last Edition is just out of print. But I must tell you that Bogue, the successor of my late publisher, has not used me fairly. Letters were received by him from the Langleys in your city relative tō an Edition of the plates in my volume being sent them. One letter addressed tō me, containing a fair and flattering arrangement as regarded my own views, was detained by Mr. Bogue for twō months and at length given tō me *opened*, thereby shutting me out from all co-operation with the American people, when I should have been most happy tō have aided them in any way. But Mr. Bogue availed himself of the correspondence, and entered intō agreements which I dispute the justice of.

I instantly wrote tō "Langley," New York, explaining the whole affair in, as I thought, a very frank and kindly manner, requesting an answer as soon as convenient—this I have never had, and my opinion is that some dishonourable and secret jockeying has taken place between them and Bogue. Now surely, as a *lady*, I have a right tō some consideration, and a formal acknowledgḡment should have at least been allowed me. I am strongly prejudiced in favour of the Americans, and extend my warmest wishes tō them—they are heartily welcome tō any use of my works, and the more my poems are promulgated among them, the better I am pleased. . . If you see Mr. Griswold, present my compliments, with the assurance that he has highly flattered me by deeming my simple compositions worthy his attention. . .

The English are crammed tō the skull top with Daniel O'Connell, Irish Repeal, League Meetings, Cornlaws, and Mesmerism, slightly relieved by Concerts, new Operas, Charles Kean and Charity Balls. Thomas Campbell has gone tō reside in Boulogne, being much shattered in health. Dickens is a vast "lion" here, but I presume he has done for himself with your people—indeed I think his "American Notes" a very inferior work, even in a literary point of view, and I suppose the detail of matter is not quite just. He

has published a "Carol" this Christmas which is "a rare bit," and has very considerably advanced his reputation thereby. . .

They say I write such stern and sometimes horrible things, but I like such things best. If I could but get intō some of the American dells and dingles and forest shades, how I should become imbued with the beauty of the vast country, and what huge overgrown stanzas I should commit! What a monster sonnet I should get up! . . .

I must cut and run, for my brother has just entered my "sanctum" with my American style of pet "Tell," whō stands something about even with the table, and threatens tō blot this with his mighty tail. . .

Give my love tō Mr. Osgood, and tell him he is not forgotten by me. . .

Eliza Cook.

New York, Aug. 16, 1844.

My dear Sir:

. . . I wrote tō Mr. Graham some time since mentioning tō him that I had some poems by my brother—twō pieces—which I should like tō dispose of for his magazine. As you, I believe, still interest yourself somewhat in the affairs of his periodicals, will you, if you see him soon, remind him of the matter?

Yours truly,

W. C. Bryant.

The cause of Griswold's inability tō keep his place in Graham's office is hinted in Greeley's letter of 5 January. Ingram, in his "Poe," makes a more specific statement, viz., that "R. W. Griswold was an employé of Mr. Graham, and, it is alleged, was dismissed for dishonesty." One would suppose that such a discovery would have put an end tō all relations between them, but it seems not tō have done so, as Griswold continued tō act, off and on, as assistant editor for several years. His portrait, as ñne of "Our Contributors," ("Our Dishonest Employé" would have attracted more attention) appeared in the magazine for June 1845.

New York, Aug. 22nd, 1844.

My dear Griswold:

I am vexed with myself, that I have so long neglected tō write you when I promised. My only apology is my extreme press of employ-

ment. I doubt whether at this time it is not too late to furnish any data respecting myself. If so, it is no matter, as far as I am concerned.

The data are simply as follows; Born among the mountains of Otsego Co., N.-Y., in the town of Westford (about 12 miles from Cooperstown) Oct. 25th 1818, the fifth of nine children. Parents from New England. Father native of West Hartford.

Father a clergyman of the Congregational order. At the age of three years I was removed with my father's family to Royalton, Niagara Co. Lived there nine years.

Principal early advantages during this period were an indifferent district school, a large library belonging to my father, an unbounded love of reading shared in common with the rest, and a disposition on my father's part to indulge it to the utmost. By the age of twelve had read a large portion of English classical literature.

From Royalton my father removed to Elba, Genesee Co. After spending three years there in desultory reading, English studies and laboring on a farm, I went to New Haven, to prepare, under my oldest brother, a tutor in Yale College, now deceased, for my collegiate course. Entered Yale in 1835, at the age of 17. Graduated with next the highest honors in 1840, at the age of 21. During the next year kept a classical school at Hartford and wrote "Tecumseh."

Yours very truly,

Geo. H. Colton.

[Mr. Colton died three years later at the age of twenty-nine.]

Boston, Sep. 13, 1844.

Dear Rufus:

The stupid hackman who drove us to the Cemetery at Fairmount so miscalculated his time that instead of getting us in at 12 as we anticipated and he promised, it was nearly 3. We called at your house but you was missing and we did not see you again. I regret this exceedingly as I had many things to say to you touching your plans of publication and other matters of general interest. I wanted to say many things which I cannot write; in short to suggest among others the propriety of checking your publishing ambition rather than urging the horses onward, etc. This I was prevented from doing by the two-legged sinner who kept us on the road so long. •

With regard to the "Christian Ballads" it will be for the interest of L. and B. to send them at once to us for Editors. I should prefer they

would be sent from you to Mary, as she thinks you a tremendous clever fellow, preferring you, I think, to the literary tribe generally.

I am very busy just now with recent importations or I would write more touching what news I found on my arrival home but as I am surrounded with Invoices and new Books you will be less bored than I have it in my heart to do.

Let me hear from you often. I think you are very pleasantly situated, and wish I could have remained longer in my favorite quaker city, though "fore God" I think it has fallen off vilely since I saw it last. Regards to H. T. T. and all friends.

Yours always,

J. T. F[ields].

Avondale, Oct. 20th, 1844.

My dear Sir:

... I might possibly be of some service to you in procuring for you some of the poetical remains of the late Francis Key, author of the Star-Spangled Banner. I am well acquainted with the family, and have frequently heard his sons say that the "old man" (as they called him) had written much better things than his renowned national song, and that he has left behind him a large number of poems, principally of a Devotional order. Now, my dear Sir, if you think these would be of any service to you, I have not the least doubt but that I might be instrumental in procuring them. . . . Excuse haste and believe me ever Your sincere friend,

Thomas E. Van Bibber.

Oct. 24, 1844.

Dear Griswold:

... Mr. John Neal, who, according to the standing advertisement on the cover of his publication, has rare power of discovering talent and a most condescending liberality in fostering it when found, speaks of you in his last Jonathan as "a Mr. Griswold, we believe that is the man's name." I am really sorry for you, poor fellow! how do you get along without being either "discovered" or "fostered" by this Portland magnate? Yet you are not alone in your pitiable condition—the hapless author of Charles O'Malley was crushed last Saturday by the same piece of Maine Timber.

Yours ever,

C. F. Hoffman.

111 Fulton St., N. Y., 28th Oct., 1844.

My dear Sir,

I have already said my 'say' of Barrett's Poems in the Democratic Review for Oct. (where you will find I have also made suitable acknowledgment to Graham's Magazine), and Duyckinck has said his in the new [American] Whig Review. Aside from this, judging as in my own case, I am sure it would please the authoress better to have each Critique by an independent hand: and I shall take care to let her know the service you have done her when you write. . .

I see that Godey is disposed to give Mr. Graham a run for it in the Portrait Gallery! Every author in the country (if things go on at this rate) will have to set his face against these undertakings. Yours Truly,

C[ornelius] M[athews].

[An interesting series of letters from Mrs. Browning to Mr. Mathews relative to the publication of her poems in this country, reviews, etc., was published in 'The Collector,' Nov. 1891—Mar. 1892.]

New York, Dec. 28, '44.

Your plan is a famous one, my dear Griswold. . . I certainly would balance the florid style of Bancroft with the directness of Sparks—nor would your book be complete without quotations from Gouverneur Morris, whom the men of his day thought a master of elegant writing. In making my selections, I would choose the passages which are most characteristic of the writer (which in some instances are not the best that might be culled). Timothy Flint's description of Red River, for instance, in his "Francis Berrien" is happily the most Flintish as well as the finest passage you could quote from him.

Irving's Bracebridge Hall has a passage which is the very tip-topper of his elegance.

In Frisbie's review of Byron there is a passage of rare musical cadence. In Gouverneur Morris you will find a blending of the epigrammatic style of Junius with much of the polished facility of the old French memoirs—and in John Randolph you have more than the biting sarcasm of Wilkes. . . Ever yours truly,

C. F. H[offman].

Cambridge, 7 Jan. 1845.

My dear Sir [W: H: Furness]:

I should be very glad to comply with your request in a more satisfactory manner than it is possible for me to do. My information is not sufficiently extensive, nor is my memory ready enough, to enable me, at least without a fortnight's thought and examination, to make out even a very imperfect list of those writers whose claims may deserve consideration. Nor, while it is clear that some writers should be admitted into the work proposed, and others rejected, should I find it easy to draw any tolerably definite line separating one class from the other. Wherever I might stop in the selection of writers, after proceeding beyond a very few of the most eminent, I should apprehend that some half-dozen would rise up before me, having claims so nearly equal to some half-dozen admitted, that it would be hard to say why the latter were taken and the former rejected. But without suggesting any further difficulties, I will show, at least, my desire to comply with any request of yours by throwing out some hints and bringing together some names just as they occur to me; though I am sure my recollection will be often at fault.

The oldest writer who might be thought of, so far as I happen to remember, is Cotton Mather, from whom some striking or, perhaps, I should say, remarkable passages might be taken. If the reputation and merit of an author, supposing him to have no eloquence nor beauty of style, may be a reason for giving him a place, Dr. Chauncy should not be overlooked. There are eloquent passages, I am told, in the writings of Mayhew, with which I am not acquainted. James Otis of course would not be forgotten. How is it with Dickinson, the author of the *Farmer's Letters*? What is to be done with the elder Adams? and his wife Mrs. Adams? John Quincy Adams, I presume, would not be omitted. There would be no question, I suppose, about Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Ames, Webster, or Clay. Dr. Belknap may deserve consideration, the historian of New Hampshire, and the author of the "*Foresters*" and other works. President Edwards, Dr. Dwight, Dr. Mason of New York, and for anything I know to the contrary, President Nott, must all be candidates for admission. I came near forgetting General Henry Lee. I wish I had some book at hand containing reading lessons or pieces for declamation to help my memory, but as I have not I will now mention without comment, and without order, a host of names just as they happen to present themselves. Dr. Channing, Buckminster, Greenwood, Thacher, Dr. Ware the elder, Dr.

H. Ware, I think Dr. John Ware, William Ware, Dr. Kirkland, Mr. Frisbie, Noah Worcester, Dr. and Mrs. Gilman, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. H. Lee, the two Abbots, whose books have been so popular, Edward Everett (how could I have left him to this place?) Alexander Everett, Irving, Cooper, Brockden Brown, Hoffman, Kennedy, and other novelists whose merits I am not acquainted with,—Verplanck, Paulding, our minister Mr. Wheaton, perhaps DeWitt Clinton, Mr. Bowen, the present editor of the *N. A. Review*, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Ticknor, Mr. Hillard, H. R. Cleveland, Burnap Upham, the two Peabodys (brothers), Legaré, Wirt, Sparks, Palfrey, Dr. Walker, Professor Channing, Judge Story, Washington Allston, the two Danas, father and son, Dr. Freeman, Rev. Mr. Coleman, Dr. Lathrop of West Springfield,—Bancroft, Brownson, Emerson, Willis.

On running over the preceding list I perceive at once many names that should be, or that may be, added, and when I have added these, I presume many will still be omitted—Longfellow, Hawthorne, Mrs. Kirkland (Mrs. Clavers), Timothy Flint, Dr. Dewey, President Quincy, Commander Mackenzie, Rev. B. R. Hall (author of the "New Purchase"), Schoolcraft, Stephens (the traveller), Warren Burton (author of the "District School as it Was") Dr. and Mrs. Follen, Audubon, Wilson the Ornithologist and Nuttall, if they are to be considered as Americans, Robert Walsh, Dennie, the editor of the *Portfolio*, William Dunlap, William Tudor, Mrs. Childs,—to go back again to older times, Dr. Rush,—Rev. Mr. Putnam, the last year's Phi Beta Kappa orator at Cambridge, Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick (author of *Alida*, etc.)

But the contracting space of my paper admonishes me to stop. I can hardly hope that my suggestions will be of any further service than to prove my unwillingness to neglect any request of yours.

Very truly, my dear Sir, yours,

Andrews Norton.

New York, Jan. 15, 1845.

Friend Griswold:

I send you on the other leaf a notice of Miss Fuller's book—meagre and vague enough, as a notice in twenty lines could hardly fail to be. I want this, as much better as you can make it, in *Graham* for March, and no mistake. Don't disappoint me.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

P. S.—Margaret's book is going to *sell*. I tell you it has the real stuff in it. . .

Knickerbocker Office, [11 Feb. 1845.]

My dear Griswold:

I write this at our friend Clark's elbow—whō (Clark, not the elbow) tells me that eight years ago, just about, his brother, then editing the Philadelphia Gazette, wrote in that paper a column about N. P. Willis—scoring him savagely and putting in some *facts* which would be of use tō me. I was, and still am, loath tō trouble you with the matter, but I made an unsuccessful attempt through another person tō have it looked up: and I now *must* trouble you. Please look it up—either yourself or send somebody (tō the Phil. Library, whēre is a full file,)—have it copied and leave it with Mr. Hart at the U. S. Gazette office tō be sent tō me. You of course have seen my squabble with Willis. If you'll dō this, I'll meet any expense you may incur, and will repay the obligation in any way you please. Yours, as ever,

H. J. Raymond.

The Rev. B: T. Onderdonk, Bishop of New-York, was sentenced by the court of bishops tō suspension from his office on 3 Jan. 1845,—the same sentence which had recently been imposed on the bishop of Pennsylvania. Allowing for the difference in newspapers then and later, the case attracted even greater attention than that in which H: Ward Beecher was concern'd thirty years afterward. A few months before this, Willis (with Morris as business manager), had started The Daily Mirror, which claimed, apparently with justice, tō treat the events of the day from the point of view of the well-tō-dō and educated class. Willis said he at first decided tō ignore the Onderdonk affair, but having expressed the opinion that the verdict was unjust, because the offense was unprōved, he was forced tō establish the correctness of this view by an examination of the evidence for the prosecution. From this he argued that their witnesses wer not worthy of belief, a position which at once drew the fire of Raymond. Those whō think that personal journalism is something new may read with interest the

following extracts from 'The Mirror' (weekly edition) of 15 Feb. 1845:—

A paper that, of all American journals, has the most consideration (measured by the country's standard of representing more wealth than any other)—the New York Courier and Enquirer—came out, unprovoked and unexpectedly, a few days since, with a paragraph containing two vile insinuations against my private character—no less than libertinism, and most discreditable motives for the boldness with which I defended the Bishop. . . A second most injurious attack immediately appeared in the Courier, and a country paper was brought in the same day, with a still more low-bred assault upon me to the same purport,—both certified to be from the pen of a diminutive and busy little reporter [Raymond was 25, Willis 39] who saves the cleaner side of his pen for the Courier, and, with the other, writes "spicy scandal" for a country paper. . . The simple taking off of the little man's borrowed brass . . . resulted in his giving immediate proof of his ungentleman-like breeding and quality. I am saved all further trouble as to an appreciation of the Courier's Raymond. . . But . . . this little viper, besides what is born under his tongue, has started up, from the grass, as he crept toward me, the hidden slanders that were brooding unseen in the nests of prolific envy. Offensive as such foul birds are, it is as well to have them served up and named in the daylight for recognition. . . My defense of Bishop Onderdonk is next called a "public display of profligacy, written after dinner, when not in a condition from which prudence is expected. . . This long libel winds up with a tirade against the Mirror, which Raymond calls "the pet of pimps, and himself (myself) the coward leader of all the profligacy that seeks a higher resting-place than the gutter." It is extraordinary that with "intemperance" and "libertinism," health shows as freshly on my cheek as it did at sixteen! extraordinary that I am one of the happiest men on earth in my well-known and much visited home, that a more industrious editor does not exist in this hardworking land, and that I can show invitations to *pulpits* all over the country to lecture, to *resides* by hundreds that I have no time to visit. . . Once for all I declare myself a good citizen, a good husband and father, and a moral and capable editor. . .

After this one concludes that only shrinking modesty prevented Willis from getting heavy damages by means of a libel suit.

On the 17th May, Raymond gave Griswold his view of the squabble:—

I believe I have never yet thanked you for your labor in looking for that article concerning Willis for which I wrote. I procured it afterwards through another channel, but I was none the less obliged to you. You were quite right in supposing that my quarrel with W. was not at all to my taste. I would have given a good deal to avoid it—but after the manner in which he treated me, what could I do? His position, compared with mine, gave him power to injure me very much:—and it was not until I saw he was determined to use it, without stint or remorse, that I made up my mind to turn the tables and put him on the defensive. This, I believe, I did effectually enough:—and yet I am heartily sorry for the whole affair, and would give a good deal even now to have it reconciled, could it be done with propriety. But I think W. treated me very badly, and I do not think he had a right to expect any thing else than I gave him. From remarks I know he made, in private, I am sure he counted on abusing me with impunity—first because I was not able to repel his attack, and next because Webb would not let me if I wished. This certainly added meanness to his malice.

Tribune Office, Sunday, Feb. 16, 1845.

R. W. Griswold, Old Fellow,

... Margaret [Fuller]'s book is out. I tell you it will make its mark. It is not elegantly written, but every line talks.

Yours,
Horace Greeley.

New York, Feb. 19, 1845.

Dear Griswold:

... You asked me when I last saw you for my opinion of some of Fay's writings. You will find it in the *American Monthly* in a review of "Norman Leslie" and "Clinton Bradshaw," which review, by the way, contains the passage upon the resources of American Romance which I spoke to you about. Have you seen that new work by Vivian, "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,"? 'Tis a good deal of a book, written in a style of delightful simplicity, and condensing, digesting, and arranging most admirably the best received knowledge of the day on the subject so as to secure a well defined system from it.

Miss Fuller's "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" begins to make some talk. There's a good story afloat about her and your friend Ralph

Waldo. They were at the theatre looking at Fanny Elsler for the first time—"Margaret, that is Poetry!" observed he. "No, Ralph, that is Religion," rejoined his friend with mingled enthusiasm and rebuke.

We have a live Yankee here now by the name of Hudson who makes some stir among the Shakesperians. There must be something in the fellow—a great deal,—he is so strongly praised and so indignantly damned by different parties. His reputation, like his style, is so excessively antithetical that there must be at least two strong points about him. I shall try not to miss his next night.

Onderdonkery seems gradually to become quiescent notwithstanding the new pamphlets which continue the row among a few. But there is no truth in the report that the Bishop has gone as a Moravian Missionary to the Pawknees. Do let me hear from you soon.

Truly yours,

C. F. H[offman].

Portland, Feb. 27, 1845.

Dear Sir:

Your plan I saw mentioned in the papers, and having had a similar thought in my head years ago, I was prepared to understand the difficulties you would have to encounter. My plan was to take up one writer of the country, worth meeting, and give a just notice of what he was good for, with samples. Yours, I take it for granted, is a better and safer plan. You will make no enemies and I no friends. I should stir up ten thousand communities—the busiest and the noisiest of the land—with here and there a disciple or an imitator who wouldn't care one single snap what became of me or my book, after he had been heard in my defence. In your *Poets of America* you were certainly not just to me—but then you were unjust to so many more, who could not bear it half so well, that I never gave the matter a second thought. Your injustice to me however was not so much in what you did not do—of that I should never complain—as in what you did do. You adopted the second hand opinions of other people who had never read my poetry; and you praised or quoted, which amounts to pretty much the same thing, a parcel of stuff I had been ashamed of ever since it was written. The poetry I refer to was something about a soldier and his wife, on the shore of Lake Ontario—which had been borrowed by some half dozen people before to show what I was made of. The simpletons! That *Birth of Poetry* was worth a cartload of such trumpery—and so were the lines to *Ambition*. . .

As for you, now, if you have a hearty relish for poetry, sincere and generous and beautiful poetry, as distinguished from conventional poetry, classical rhythm, and all that, which between ourselves, I very much doubt, I tell you that you have no idea of what I have done (tõ say nothing of what I can dõ) in that way, than if you had never heard my name in your life.

But—you “admire my novels.” Not all of them, I hope—for if you dõ I must give you up. I can stomach a good deal of my own writing in that way; but really when I come tõ think of some that I have written, I feel the blood mount tõ my temples—and “go a rippling tõ my finger ends.” The only comfort I have is in the reflection that by dõing it, I have learned tõ dõ better; and that I never should have been what I am now, had I not been what I was, when they were thrown off, like eruptions from a volcano in full blast; my notion being that we learn quite as much in this world by failure as by success.

I wish I could put you in the way of getting the volumes you want and at a reasonable price, but I cannot. They are all out of print, and I hope will remain so, at least, until I can meet with a publisher worth giving them tõ, and leisure for putting them intõ a new and better shape.

‘Brother Jonathan’ was never published here and the only copy I have is so disfigured by alterations, in trying tõ make the whole worthy of facts, that I am afraid tõ let any mortal see it. ‘Seventy-Six’ I hold tõ be the best by far, both as a story, and as a whole. Bating some errors and a great many extravagances, *that* I should be willing tõ see republished in its original shape. ‘Randolph’ contains some bold and generous writing, but I can call to mind nothing, now, which would suit you or your readers, except perhaps a criticism on Shakespeare and the poets of Great Britain. If you should extract that or any part of that, pray allow me tõ see the proof.

I dare not furnish you with a biography of myself. I never did such a thing but once in my life and that was in a frolic; and then I could not bear tõ let it go for another’s; and so I said, in so many words, this is what Mr. N. says of himself. I was writing for Blackwood and reviewing our whole prose literature from recollection, without having a single book tõ refer tõ. Wishing not tõ be known as the author, and having reviewed everybody else, I could not overlook myself without betraying the secret; and having once undertaken it, I durst not flinch or falter, but gave my opinion of my own writing just as I would of another’s, acknowledging however (that others might not be misled) where I had picked them up, namely from the author himself. You will find them in Blackwood about 1824-5 in

a series of papers by me. In the New York Mirror about 1826 or 8—a sketch appeared, by James Brooks of the Express, embodying a variety of personal facts, very few errors, so far as I can remember now, and some very good, because very natural, writing. There are some fifty more, I might refer you to—but you would only lose your time in consulting them. Write as you feel—write from your own judgment of me, without the least reference to others, but however unjust or severe you may be, in my own opinion, I will forgive you with all my heart, and like you all the better for it. . .

I thank you heartily for your kind invitation, and if I should pass through your city (which I vowed some twenty years ago, never to do if there was any way of getting round it!—no easy matter, I acknowledge, if getting round Philadelphia means getting round the Philadelphians) I shall make it a point to drop in upon you and take a peep at your library and *your wife*.

Yours with respect,

John Neal.

Portland, March 8, 1845.

My dear Sir,

I see plainly I shall have to lend you a hand. Your letter has satisfied me that we have long misunderstood each other.

If you get 'Brother Jonathan'—well: but for Heaven's sake don't follow the punctuation. That was one of my idiosyncrasies at the time—trying to carry out a system, at the sacrifice of many things worth more than the system itself. Should you fail to get a copy, you shall have mine. If you get one—I hardly know where to point you for an extract, not having looked into it, I verily believe, these ten years and being really afraid to do so—lest I should lose my patience, and peradventure not a little of my self-respect. Still, there is a description of Edell Cummin—a creature people have supposed I got from Goethe's Mignonne; I hardly know why, for there is no earthly resemblance that I can see, and her character was painted long before I had ever read a line of Goethe or knew that he had ever conjured up such a character, or apparition rather, as Mignonne. So, too, perhaps you might take a fancy to a description of the breaking up of a river or a flooding of low lands in the first vol. I rather liked it if I remember. But after all, I do not know that, so far as Edell is concerned, you would not save yourself some breath and get just about as good a notion of all I was after in her character, by running your eye over the first volume of my last novel, written for the 'Brother Jonathan' paper, but never finished. It is called—

may I be hanged if I can remember the name just now!—but I began it for Morris to help start the *Mirror*. I literally finished it in the B. J.,—and the ‘Brother Jonathan’ with it. ‘Ruth Elder!’—that’s the name. I wrote it at a hand gallop, and was not a little astonished, the other day, at seeing a foreign extract from the story of Brother Jonathan which satisfied me that I had been stealing from myself—recovering the very dross of the mould, where the imagery of my youth was smelted.

There’s one pretty little fairy story—which your Mr. Charles Naylor is raving mad about, entitled ‘Goody Gracious,’ and which I think might be worth your attention. It appeared in the N. Y. *Mirror* six years ago, perhaps. I might mention several others—clear, simple, and straightforward,—one published in a sort of anti-slavery book called the *Envoy*, 1840, Pawtucket, R. I. which a slaveholder might read, I think with tears in his eyes, and a swelling of the heart—if he were so disposed; and another, which I am sure you would be pleased with, called *Idiosyncracies*. It appeared in the *Brother Jonathan*, about a year ago May 6 and July 8, 1843. I have written volumes of such things, but can recall none just now which seem adapted to your purpose, except these and one called ‘Children, what are they?’ which was the arch-type of many a volume that has appeared since in the shape of Magazine writing about children.

The duel you mention is in ‘76’ at the end of the first vol. I remember it for its bad French—the printer playing the very mischief with my revise.

To-morrow my son shall copy off a poem or two not over long, which will give you a better idea of the ore than you have had an opportunity of acquiring. If you lay your hand upon a copy of the ‘Yankee’ . . . you will find some lines to an Idiot Boy, which I have had the misfortune to hear declaimed, where it ought to have been “said or sung,” more than once—and the lines, rather lengthy as we say here, to Byron, written just after my return from his funeral in England. They are bold, but want retouching here and there. The poems I shall send are, ‘The Dying Husband to his Wife,’ and perhaps—‘The Marriage Ring’—if I can find a copy.

As you promise me a look at the proofs, I begin to feel easy. A word or two, here and there, may serve me at least for another generation and help you.

The second edition of *Niagara*, preface and all, you ought to have. It contains a great deal of poetry not to be found in the first . . . I want you to read the preface; and to overlook if you can—for I cannot—the affectation

and extravagances of some parts, for the strength and sweetness of others.

I have not a copy of *Ambition*—but when I last saw it going the rounds, I wanted to pull the hair out of somebody's head—I didn't care much whose—for two or three lines like these: 'I *loved* to hear the war-horn cry'—instead of 'I've loved,' etc. . .

No, I did not dream that you wanted me to review myself, though your language might have admitted such an interpretation, much less that you wanted my opinion of myself, though I might have said so, but simply to state the truth as I might perhaps without unseemly bragging: for in good faith [?] I have had uncommon hardship to grapple with, all along through life, with nobody to help me and fewer still to encourage or sympathize with me. Hence I have been always at war, in one way or another. And yet I acknowledge that I have always been happy—that no man had ever more to be thankful for [cut out] life of worldly comfort, health, strength and household affections—or [cut out] for making war upon its fellowmen. Your lot I see, has been altogether more trying, and you may be sure—you *are* sure—that my ignorance of your domestic state led to the untimely question about your lost wife. . . I had a sort of notion that you were a bachelor, for which I felt rather sorry, and somewhat vexed, having a horror of such cattle with a house over their heads and the means of making some dear woman happy. Yes, depend upon it, if I go to Philadelphia, I shall hunt you up. Meanwhile, be thankful, if you can, that you lost her so suddenly—that she and you and your children were spared the wasting separation of protracted illness—that the cord of life was not slowly untwisted but snapped and the spirit set free with a bound. God comfort you and your dear children. If you are led this way, of course you will see me and mine. [cut out]

It has just occurred to me that a psalm of the death of Edell Cummin—the death chamber I mean would be likely to suit you. According to my present recollection it is an affecting and faithful picture.

On the whole, as there is no time like the present, I believe I shall go to work myself and send you such samples as lie in my way at once—and in as great variety as I can—part warlike and part of a time of peaceable temper but American at any rate, whatever else they may be.

[John Neal].

P. S.—Your determination to go through all my novels reminds me of a similar act of heroism by Longfellow, after his return from Sweden. He had never read one before and had no just idea of anything but my faults

and follies, but he began and read through thick and thin, and without stopping, I believe.

Neal's genius was not everywhere appreciated: 'The Knickerbocker', of June 1842, had the following:—

In 'London Assurance' there is a character called 'Cool,' and his part is one which might be well filled by Mr. John Neal,—a victim of the cacoethes scribendi who has contributed more spoiled paper to line trunks and singe fowls than any other writer in the United States. A friend has called our attention to an insinuation, in one of his late crazy communications to a city journal, that he had declined heretofore to write for the Knickerbocker, because he was fearful that he should not be sufficiently rewarded for his pains; as two of our favorite correspondents (whose very last brief communications to these pages brought to the one twenty-five and to the other fifteen dollars) had advised him of old Diedrich's defalcation in their case! Now we desire explicitly to say, in justice to our reputation for a respectable taste, that we never in our lives saw an article from the pen of Mr. John Neal, in prose or verse, with which we would have encumbered the pages of the Knickerbocker, even had we been paid for so doing; that we never invited him to write a line for our Magazine, nor has his name ever been mentioned or alluded to in any way as one of our contributors. We have been once or twice asked, indeed, by a friend (and doubtless at Mr. Neal's own instance) to solicit his contributions; but sharing the indifference of the public to his bedashed, inflated, and affected 'tattlements,' or rather twattlements, we always very respectfully declined the proposition.

Midnight, March 18, 1845.

Dear Griswold:

... Mary remains comfortable, but I think she is fading daily. Her disease is consumption, for which, I am persuaded, there is no cure.

We all often speak of you, Griswold, and wonder what you are doing in these vexatious days. Whipple is still in nubibus. Now and then he descends, but his visits earthwards are but seldom. You may catch him over his coffee at his accustomed "Haven" but he rarely tarries long. At the Exchange Reading Room hangs one who gathers—subscribers, but he is not himself when thus engaged. 'Tis only when "daylight dies" you may look at him through smoked glass. For women he has no "pangs." Now

and then he mumbleth "Mowatt" but this is his only sign of remembrance of the sex.

Let me have Alfred soon and believe me always, Yours most truly,

J. T. F[ields].

A glimpse of the literary manners of the period is given in the New-York correspondence of 'The National Intelligencer' for 20 March:—

The jury, in the case of Park Benjamin and J. W. Judd, indicted for an alleged libel in the 'New World' newspaper, brought in a verdict of "not guilty" on Saturday afternoon. Owing to the positions of the parties in the suit, considerable interest was attached to it. The history may be briefly stated. Mr. Cooley of this city, wrote and published a book "The American in Egypt." Mr. Gliddon, son of our late consul at Alexandria, saw, or fancied he saw, some unworthy reflections upon his father in said book, and he wrote a severe review of it, exposing in a caustic style its defects and mis-statements. Mr. Cooley feeling himself aggrieved, made a personal assault upon Mr. Gliddon, under circumstances which did not impugn the latter's courage or capacity to defend himself. Mr. Cooley was indicted, tried, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$5. 'The New World', in commenting on the affair, remarked that "Mr. Cooley had acquired his skill in knocking down as a Chatham Street auctioneer." For this and other remarks of rather a playful than a severe character, Mr. Benjamin was indicted and tried. The jury, in acquitting him, took occasion to add that the article complained of was "ill-judged and uncalled for." And thus a suit, which should never have been commenced, was terminated.

Benjamin seems to have been a man of good morals and correct habits, but he had queer notions of literary ethics. In August 1842, 'The Brother Jonathan' (then edited by H. H. Weld) published the following from 'The Boston Post':—

'The New York Union,' in alluding to the exposure of a system of puffing in vogue among a certain class of writers, says: "The Brother Jonathan gives five letters of Park Benjamin, which are piquant models of epistolary composition, brief, bold, admirably qualified to startle a man out of a twenty-dollar bill. 'The Ladies' Companion' was to be reviewed in the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' the 'New World' and the 'New Yorker' by contract; besides which the following stimulant, a kind of whet to the pub-

lisher's sated appetite, was held out in a postscript: 'What say you tō a first rate notice in the Boston Post?' Et tu quoque!

We ['The Post'] beg tō say tō the Union, and tō the public, that Mr. Benjamin has never written a review for the Post, and had no more authority for putting the above interrogatory tō the 'Ladies' Companion,' respecting this journal, than he has tō ask a similar question respecting the Union, or any other paper. Our "Literary Notices," published as editorial, all emanate from our own establishment, entirely uninfluenced by authors or publishers, and express nothing more nor less than the reviewer's unbiassed opinion of the contents of the volumes and periodicals laid before him.

We ['The Brother Jonathan,'] publish the above in justice tō the Post, and should have said when the letters were published that we knew enough of that establishment tō know that Mr. B. does not dō his puffing there. We know where he has dōne it, though, and will publish the proofs if he desires it. The Aurora pertinently asks, "Mr. Benjamin, what dō you say tō a first rate notice in the Boston Morning Post?"

In its September issue 'The Companion' vigorously replied tō its assailant in language which reminds the reader that these wer the days of the 'Eatanswill Gazette':—

As we always avoid making our pages the vehicle of scurrility, we have tō request the forgiveness of our readers, if in noticing a gross attack recently made upon ourselves and the Companion, by the notorious Park Benjamin in the New World, we for once sully them with language repugnant tō our feelings. . . Like the viper which was warmed intō existence, and repaid its benefactor with its bite, were we repaid by this literary reptile. The Companion, which had hithertō been the idol of his warm laudation, all at once became the victim of his falsehood and scurrility. . . Were aught required tō exhibit the nefarious system pursued by this literary hedgehog for a subsistence, we need only inform our readers that it is his constant practice tō entice unfortunate authors tō entrust their compositions tō his care for supervision (?) and sale. If he should be fortunate enough tō find a purchaser for them, a heavy discount is then exacted from the unlucky wight; if not, the publisher whō declines the negotiation immediately becomes the victim of his scurrilous attacks. For a full development of his conduct towards the Companion we refer our readers tō the publication of certain letters of this "Literary Algerine" in the Brother Jonathan of the 18th ultimo.

New York, May 17, 1845.

My dear Griswold:—

You are so universally known tō be plenipotent with booksellers, that I suppose you are never surprised at being called on tō transact with them the business of others:—and I know that your kindness will excuse a commission from me. I have been wanting for some time tō prepare for the *Courier* a review, or rather extended summary, of the *History of the Exploring Expedition*, but I have not got the book. A copy was sent tō Col. Webb, whō copied Chandler's notice of it, and of course he will dō no more. King also has a copy—but he has so deep a prejudice against Wilkes that he would never say anything in his favor. And I, whō am the only one likely tō dō or say anything about it, have not the materials wherewith tō dō it. And moreover I need not tell you—whō are perfectly au fait in newspaper matters, that there is no great inducement for ōne tō write labored and extended reviews when ōne has not seen the book tō pay for his trouble. Now if L[indsay] and B[lakiston] think it worth while tō let me have ōne of the \$25 copies, I will write at least six, and more likely ten, articles about it, for the *Courier*. It strikes me that this would be for them a better investment than they have yet made, at least, so far as this paper is concerned. If you can mention this matter tō them incidentally—not as by request from me, but as what you know of my wishes, and my ability concerning it, I should be greatly obliged tō you, and I will very gladly write extended notices of any books of which they may send me a copy; but when they come tō Col. W. (whō of course is always entitled tō a copy when but ōne comes), or tō King, I shall of course only write such notices as are matters of course,—Carey and Hart used tō send me (through your mediation too,) their books—when I was in the *Tribune*, and I noticed them accordingly. I know it's hard tō make a publisher or any one else believe that a subordinate Editor is an Editor at all:—but you know enough of the proportion of labor they perform, and of the discretion they have, tō understand the matter better.

Now, my dear Griswold, don't go a step out of your way tō attend tō this; but should you have a good chance tō speak tō L. and B., or C. and H., about it, you would dō me a good service, and, I think, them also.

I was very sorry not tō see more of you when you were here. I wanted tō know more what you are at and how you flourish. I hope you are working at your *Biographical Encyclopædia*, for I think you can make that a matter worth a good many years' labor, not only in fame but in cash. There is not ōne extant, I believe, which could compete with it at all, and still it is

precisely one of those books which everyone would want. The Harpers are in the way of publishing a good many valuable books of reference, and would be anxious, I should think, to secure that. Could you not make better terms with them than elsewhere? I merely suggest it, because I am anxious that it should yield you the uttermost farthing. And why cannot you get it under way? Published in numbers—with a respectable interval between—you could easily follow it up, and it would be “kept before the public” more than if issued in any other way. . .

But I will not bore you with this matter. I hope to see you whenever you come to N. Y. I am boarding now at the N. Y. Hotel, but shall soon be housekeeping at 107 Nineteenth St. You probably saw the Herald's statement that C. Mathews had fallen heir to a large estate. I am told it's humbug—but Duyckinck has [illegible] his new novel into Wiley & Putnam's series! Pray drop me a line as soon as convenient, and believe me, as ever,

Most truly Yours,

H. J. Raymond.

Cornelius Mathews was a man-of-letters whose like has not been seen before or since. He was for many years the constant subject for snubs and ridicule in almost every organ of opinion except those in which he or his friend Duyckinck had a proprietary interest. But the more absurd he was made to appear, the more, apparently, he enjoyed the situation, thinking, apparently, that fame being unattainable, notoriety was a fair substitute. He died 25 March 1889. Concerning the book mentioned by Raymond, ‘The Knickerbocker’ discoursed thus, beginning with a quotation from an article by C. C. Felton in the North American Review:—

Wiley and Putnam's ‘Library of American Books’ is a series which with the exception of a few of the volumes, is not likely to do much honor to American Literature. It is difficult to imagine what can have seduced those respectable publishers into printing, as one of the series, that indescribably stupid imitation of Dickens, entitled and called ‘Big Abel and Little Manhattan’. [Here ‘The Knickerbocker’ interrupts its contemporary to say that “In justice to the enterprising publishers, it is proper to explain, that ‘Big Abel and Little Manhattan’ was announced through a misunderstanding, or

without their knowledge, upon the cover of a previous issue, as one of their forthcoming 'American Books.' The author was offered a cheque for a hundred dollars if he would withdraw it from the series; but as it had been printed at his risk, he would not consent to surrender an opportunity of adding to his literary laurels. It is worthy of remark also, in this connection, that the 'silly and affected motto,' to which reference is had by the reviewer, is from the same luminous pen that traced of 'Big Abel and Little Manhattan' the wondrous history. A library, however, which includes among its volumes such excellent and attractive works as 'Mosses from an Old Manse' . . . should not be tabooed on account of two or three worthless or uninteresting publications] a contribution to the patriotic native American Literature a good deal worse than the very worst things of 'The Yemassee' and 'Guy Rivers.' Surely, surely, this dismal trash cannot have been seriously chosen as a fit representative of American originality, in a 'Library of American Books;' though it does very well to follow the silly and affected motto which some evil-disposed person has persuaded them to adopt from the Address of the American Copyright Club."

A year before the North-American had paid its respects to Mathews as follows:—

Mr. Mathews has shown a marvellous skill in 'failing, each failure being more complete than the last. His comedy of 'The Politician' is 'the most lamentable comedy;' and the reader exclaims, with Hippolyta, 'This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.' The 'Career of Puffer Hopkins' is an elaborately bad imitation of Dickens; and must be ranked in fiction where 'The Politicians' stands in the drama. It aims at being comical, and satirical upon the times. The author studies hard to portray the motley characters which move before the observer in a large city; but he has not enough of the vision and the faculty divine to make them more than melancholy ghosts of what they profess to be. The attempts at humor are inexpressibly dismal; the burlesque overpowers the most determined reader, by its leaden dulness. The style is ingeniously tasteless and feeble. He who has read it through can do or dare anything. Mr. Mathews suffers from several erroneous opinions. He seems to think that literary elegance consists in the very qualities which make elegance impossible. Simplicity and directness of language he abominates."

After quoting the foregoing, 'The Knickerbocker' continues:—

There are two things for which we applaud the author of 'Big Abel;' first, his choice of American subjects in composing his books, although his bald imitations of foreign authors make his merits in this respect of very little account; and secondly, his advocacy of an international copyright. By the by, it may not be amiss to remark here, that there have been some amusing 'illustrations' of the necessity of an international copyright law by two or three of the new dynasty of *littérateurs*, whose pen-and-ink works are 'without demand,' as the prices-current have it. These 'minor' writers, who lament that their 'book-making' efforts are rendered nugatory solely by the want of an international copyright law, are very justly rebuked in these words, by the 'Courier and Enquirer': 'We dislike the prevalent cant about the hopeless condition of American authors. American books are not now published for the first time, nor have books worthy of favor failed in general to receive it; as the works of Irving, Prescott, Cooper, Bancroft, Story, Wheaton, and at least a score of others, can abundantly testify. These we regard as the 'red-letter names' of American literature; and although we are glad to see the productions of some of our minor writers about to be issued we dislike the effort to hide greater and brighter names beneath their shadow. There is no 'patriotism' or 'family pride,' which should lead an American to prefer a bad book, or one of mediocre merit, to a thoroughly good one.' These are our Knickerbocker's sentiments precisely; for the expression of which, when we have had occasion, we are denounced by one of the scribes whom we have exposed, as an 'enemy in the camp of American literature.' American '*literature*'! Fish!]; although his pertinacity in obtruding his name in connexion with this object has done it infinite harm, by preventing influential men from giving it their countenance, as they naturally felt unwilling, in a cause like this, to play 'second fiddle' to the author of 'Puffer Hopkins.' But enough: let it suffice to say, in conclusion, that Mr. Mathews has been so often, and in such a variety of ways, tried in the literary balance, 'and found wanting,' that we have no alternative left us but to dismiss him to the unsatisfactory notoriety or the enviable oblivion which awaits him; for as 'an author' he can only pass without ridicule when he passes without observation.

In January 1847, 'The Knickerbocker' had the following amusing squib:—

We have seldom seen a better satire than is conveyed in one of the recent 'English Letters,' written from London to the 'Evening Mirror,' by

a most veracious gentleman whō signs himself 'F. M. Pinto,' probably a relative of the great Ferdinand Mendez himself. Mr. Pinto is a guest at Eton-Hall, not a great way from Liverpool, where all Americans make it a point tō go shortly after landing in England; and there he encounters James, the novelist, each having been apprised that they were tō meet:

"Sauntering intō the library, after having taken a stroll through the conservatories, I saw a slender gentleman, dressed in a rather jaunty manner, with a light blue coat and silver buttons, with a green shade over his eyes, examining an illuminated copy of Froissart. Thère was no other person thère, and as I entered, he looked up from the book and said:

'Ah! I presume this is the celebrated Mr. Pinto, from America?'

'The same,' I replied, with an honest blush at hearing myself called 'celebrated' by a stranger.

'Well,' he said, 'I am the celebrated Mr. James, the novelist. I am happy tō see the countryman of Cooper, Ingraham and Hopkins.'

'What!' I exclaimed, grasping him by the hand, 'dō I behold the real G. P. R. James, the author of that prolific Novel which has appeared under so many different names?'

'The same, Sir,' he replied, embracing me warmly. 'Pray, Mr. Pinto, are my works read in America?'

'Your *work*, I presume you mean,' I replied: 'why, my dear Sir, it is published ōnce a month regularly by one of our great publishers, and always with a new title. The last time I think it was called 'Morley Earnstein.' Can you tell me what it will be called next?'

'I have already chosen the name of 'Beauchamp',' he replied; 'don't you think it a good novelesque name?'

'Admirable,' said I. 'Now let me ask you, Mr. James, whère you obtained that brilliant idēa of beginning your novel by describing elaborately a horseman and so forth, 'whō might have been seen at the close of an autumnal day?' And also allow me tō inquire whether or not anything of the sort ever was seen?'

'Oh, I understand,' said the great author; 'why, that is a trick of my confounded amanuensis, whō is a shocking mannerist. I observe that your distinguished countryman, Mr. Simms, has copied that, as well as the other little faults of my novels, very faithfully. Dō you know that my publisher once accused me of issuing one of my novels under the name of Simms? Fact. Somebody sent him a copy of 'Guy Rivers,' and he swore I wrote it!'"

It strikes us that the power of the burlesque in association could no

farther go than in Mr. James's classification of our 'distinguished' authors, Cooper, Ingraham and 'Puffer Hopkins'!

[In a later letter, Pinto] describes a breakfast at Rogers', where the following, among other conversation, took place:

"Bulwer, who had been watching his opportunity to say a word, now remarked that he had just received a copy of the 'Literary World' [then edited by Mathews and Duyckinck] from New-York, and was happy to see from the booksellers', as well as by the editorial matter, that the Americans still gave the preference to English books. 'That was an excellent idea,' 'of establishing a paper of your own, to review our books after they have been noticed in the forty or fifty literary journals of this country; because your critic will have the benefit of all the opinions that have been expressed abroad before he ventures to give his own, if he should happen to have any. I suppose that your critic, instead of reading the book which he criticizes, just takes and reads some half a dozen or more reviews of it in our journals, and then makes a review out of them.' I replied, indignantly, that my literary countrymen were entirely independent of foreign criticism, and that they put no value whatever on English reviews in particular. To which he replied, 'Walker!' evidently being very much disconcerted, and not knowing what else to say."

Wholesome and just satire this, 'which nobody can deny.'

Later in the same year 'Blackwood's' expressed a like opinion of Mathews:—

How it happens that the publishers have admitted to the 'Library of American Books'—as if it were a book—a thing called 'Big Abel and the Little Manhattan,' is to us, at this distance from the scene of operations, utterly inexplicable. It is just possible that the author may have earned a reputable name in some other department of letters (!); pity, then, he should forfeit both it and his character for sanity by this outrageous attempt at humor. Perhaps he is the potent editor of some American broadsheet, of which publishers stand in awe. We know not; of this only are we sure, that more heinous trash was never before exposed to public view. We read two chapters of it—more, we are persuaded, than any other person in England has accomplished—and then threw it aside with a sort of charitable contempt. For the sake of all parties, readers, critics, publishers and the author himself, it should be buried at once out of sight, with other things noisome and corruptible.'

Griswold, meanwhile, had published his 'Prose Writers,' and his view of Mathews is summarized by 'The Knickerbocker' thus:—

Mr. Griswold joins the 'North-American Review,' the Knickerbocker, and we may now add, the 'Democratic Review,'* in animadverting upon those distinctive characteristics of these writers which we have heretofore been compelled, in the conscientious discharge of our duty to our readers, to condemn. For example, Mr. Griswold observes that in the writings of Mr. Simms our attention is sometimes engrossed by actions, 'but,' he adds, 'we feel no sympathy with the actors. He gives us too much of rufianism. The coarseness and villany of many of his characters have no attraction in works of the imagination. If true to nature, which may be doubted, it is not true to nature as we love to contemplate it, and it serves no good purpose in literature. Mr. Simms does not discriminate between what is irredeemably base and revolting, and what by the hand of art may be made subservient to the exhibition of beauty.' This is almost the very language of the Knickerbocker. Concerning Mr. Mathews, our author speaks with equal justice and severity: 'The style of Mr. Mathews is unnatural, and in many places indicates a mind accustomed to the contemplation of vulgar depravity. Who would think of finding such names as 'Hobbleshank,' 'Greasy Peterson,' 'Fish-blatt,' or 'Flab,' in Washington Irving or Nathaniel Hawthorne? But they are characteristic of 'Puffer Hopkins.' His language is sometimes affectedly quaint, and when more natural, though comparatively fresh, it is rude and uncouth. Some writers are said to advance on stilts; our author may be said to proceed difficultly, jerkingly through mire. The charge of a want of nationality is somewhat stale; but as copies of the works of Mr. Mathews have gone abroad, it is proper to say that nothing has ever been printed in this country that exhibits less the national character. It is not intended here to say that 'The Politician' and 'Puffer Hopkins' are German, French, or

* The 'Democratic Review' for March, in a commendatory notice of ... 'Library of Choice Reading,' considers it as unfortunate that the publishers should have provoked a comparison with that series and one so unfavorable to our national pride as their 'Library of American Books.' It would have been better, the writer contends, not to have published any of the several books in this series than to have given to the public the 'lame and impotent' efforts of Mr. Mathews, and the 'intolerable diffuseness and endless drawl of words' which distinguish the writings of Mr. Simms.

English, but merely that they are not in any kind or degree American. The most servile of all our copyists have thus far been those who have talked most of originality, as if to divert attention from their felt deficiencies in this respect. 'Young America' had not wit enough to coin for himself a name, but must parody one used in England; and in its pronouncements in favor of a fresh and vigorous literature it adopts a quaint phraseology, that so far from having been born here, or even naturalized, was never known among us, except to the readers of very old books and the 'Address of the Copyright Club.' In all its reviews of literature and art, the standards are English, which would be well enough, perhaps, if they were English standards, but they are the fifth-rate men with whose writings only their own can be compared. . . Their very clamor about 'Americanism' is borrowed from the most worthless foreign scribblers, and has reference chiefly to the comparatively unimportant matter of style. Of genuine nationality they seem to have no just apprehension. It has little to do with any peculiar collocation of words, but is the pervading feeling and opinion of a country, leavening all its written thoughts."

This not only 'hits the nail on the head'; it drives it home, and buries it. We quite agree with Mr. Griswold in the remark, that 'of all absurd schemes, the absurdest is that of creating a national literature by inventing tricks of speech, or by any sort of forced originality; of which fact, proof enough may be found in the writings of Mr. Mathews.'

Naturally, Mathews and his friends (Duyckinck and W. A. Jones) set to minimize the influence of a work which held such views, but their success seems not to have been great:—

We [Knickerbocker, May 1847] quite agree with the 'Courier and Enquirer' daily journal, that the reviews of Griswold's 'Prose-Writers of America' which have appeared in the 'Democratic Review' and 'The Literary World' are 'very shabby, very weak, and show only uneasy malice.' We understand that the 'Southern Literary Messenger' has been hired, by a species of literary 'dicker' of no particular value, to republish one or both of these notices. It is well remarked by the 'Boston Courier,' that Mr. Griswold and the public know too well how this 'independent criticism' is prepared and managed, 'to be at all affected by malevolence in the mask of candor, or to have any difficulty in detecting the whine of whipped conceit or the howl of mortified vanity in the disguise of affected sneer. Mr. Griswold's book has been executed honestly, ably and well; and is a valuable contribution to the original literature of the country.'

International copyright had often been discussed, but the public took no interest in it before the visit of Dickens in 1842. No statement of the case equalld in vigor and simplicity Carlyle's letter, which, throu Dickens, receivd wide attention :—

Templand,* (for London,) 26 March, 1842.

My Dear Sir :

We learn by the newspapers that you everywhere in America stir up the question of International Copyright and thereby awaken huge dissonance where all else were triumphant unison for you. I am asked my opinion of the matter—and requested tō write it down in words.

Several years ago if memory err not, I was one of many English writers whō, under the auspices of Miss Martineau, did sign a petition tō Congress, praying for an International Copyright between the twō nations, which, properly, are not twō nations—but one—indivisible by Parliament, Congress, or any kind of human law or diplomacy, being already united by Heaven's act of Parliament, and the everlasting law of Nature and Fact. Tō that opinlon I shall still adhere, and I am like tō continue adhering.

In discussion of the matter before any Congress or Parliament, manifold considerations and argumentations will necessarily arise, which tō me are not interesting nor essential for helping me tō a decision. They respect the time and manner in which the thing should be, not at all whether the thing should be or not. In an ancient Book, revered, I should hope, on both sides of the Ocean, it was thousands of years ago written down, in the most decided and explicit manner, 'Thou shalt not steal.' That thou be-longest tō a different 'nation' and canst steal without being certainly hanged for it, gives thee no permission tō steal. Thou shalt not in anywise steal at all! So it is written down for Nations and for Men, in the Law Book of the Maker of this Universe. Nay poor Jeremy Bentham and others step in here, and will demonstrate that it is actually our true convenience and expediency not tō steal; which I, for my share on the great scale, and on the small, and in all conceivable scales and shapes dō most firmly believe it tō be. For example, if nations abstained from stealing, what need were there of fighting—with its butchering and burnings—decidedly the most expens-

* Templand was a farm in Nithsdale which was the home of Mrs. Carlyle's mother. She had died in the winter of 1842.

ive thing in this world? How much more twō nations which, as I said, are but one Nation knitt in a thousand ways by Nature and Practical Intercourse; indivisible brother elements of the same great Saxendom, tō which in all honorable ways be long life!

When Mr. Robert Roy McGregor lived in the district of Menteith, on the Highland border, twō centuries ago, he, for his part, found it more convenient tō supply himself with beef by stealing it alive from the adjacent glens, than by buying it killed in the Stirling butcher's Market. It was Mr. Roy's plan of supplying himself with beef in those days—this of stealing it. In many a little 'Congress' in the district of Menteith, there was debating, doubt it not, and much specious argumentation this way and that before they could ascertain that, really and truly, buying was the best way tō get your beef, which, however, in the long run they did with one assent find it indisputably tō be, and accordingly they hold by it tō this day.

Wishing you a pleasant voyage, and a swift and safe return, I remain always, My dear sir, yours, very sincerely,

Thomas Carlyle.

Here was a new opportunity for Mathews tō attract attention, and he was not slo in seizing it:—

We ['The Knickerbocker,' Sept. 1842] say it in no spirit of vainglory; but all the arguments advanced in 'P.'s' paper on 'Copyright' have already been employed by 'Ollapod,' Mr. Washington Irving, and the Editor, in these pages. International Copyright is founded on the immutable laws of truth and justice, and it will sooner or later be incorporated in our national statute-book. It is not impossible, however, that the period of its adoption may be retarded by the crude and violent advocacy of certain small littérateurs among us whō are riding it as a hobby; whōse apparent aim for the protection of their own 'works' against British competition gives the whole question an air of burlesque in the eyes of many here, and exerts a positive influence against 'the right.'

New York, May 23, 1845.

Rufus W. Griswold, Old Friend:

Our friend [G: G.] Foster has got up Shelley's Poems in the best style, with appropriate introductions, etc. There is not a copy of them tō be had here, and I presume not in the Country. You know they ought tō be published, and yet there is no house here that is fit tō dō it. Won't you

—
speak to Carey and Hart about it? There is no risk, and Foster don't stand on terms, unless they ask pay from *him*, and that you know is inadmissible. Just have them brought out, or write me about the matter anyhow. Yours,
Horace Greeley.

June 28th, 1845.

... How stand you "Philadelphia air" now? It must be as hot as tophet. Here we have the thermometer at 85 in the shade, but a sea breeze night and morning that refreshes one mightily to go through the day. At Brooklyn there has not been a night when I could not sleep under a blanket, and this morning in crossing the ferry the water was so rough that the steamers actually careened to the wind.

Yet I am dripping from "exuding pores" while writing this. I would bet now that at the very hours when we have the breezes you have a sort of leaden, "muggy," sky at Philadelphia, and then you have a kind of sticky feeling under your clothes all day, feeling, the while, as if you would like to be stripped and rubbed with lime juice and sweet oil to lubricate you. Come to the ocean banks, come to the sea-foamy tide—come snuff the brine and see the porpoises in motion—come hither my friend while you have any liver to bring along with you, and the sea air will pickle it into health in a trice.

Yours always,

C. F. H[offman].

New York, June 30, 1845.

My Dear Griswold:

... I may here add, as you do not mention the place of his birth, that Philip Frenau was born in Beekman Street, New York, as Dr. Francis and, I think, Mr. Rapelje will tell you.

Do you know, I think you missed it in not giving him more room;—that piece "His blanket tied with yellow strings," etc. should have been in. There is more of nature and poetry about him than in all the Yankees that follow till you come to Hillhouse. Dwight, Barlow etc., were men of great intellectual vigor but their poetry was an exercise of mental ingenuity merely.

Freneau, if half an idiot, would still have had more poetry in the other half than could have been squeezed out of all the others boiled down to a consommé. I am my Dear Doctor, Yours, etc.,

C. F. Hoffman.

Tribune Office, New York, July 3rd, '45.

R. W. Griswold, Esq., My Reverend Friend:

Miss Fuller and I greatly desiderate a set of "Hood's Works," or so near them as you can come, preliminary to an article on Hood for The Tribune. Will you send us by Express a set of those works, as soon as you can, whether your own or some goodnatured friend's? Yours, in the love of Cheap Postage,

Horace Greeley.

P. S.—I will thank you not to be out of town when this reaches the Quaker City.

New York, July 11, 1845.

My Dear Doctor:

I saw Tuckerman last night, who told me that he had rec'd a letter from you in which you spoke of expecting one from me in reply to something you had written lately. I really do not know to what this alludes for I have answered all your letters for some months the moment I received them. They generally contain something about my getting proof "next week" a phrase that seems to have about as much meaning as "your Humble Servant" when the writer has no idea of serving at all.

And so, as I learn from Tuckerman, you publish your letters on Literature in the Intelligencer. I saw an extract from one in the Mirror, and expected daily [more of?] them from you to copy into the Gazette. The Intelligencer I do not see. The Alleghanian, as I told Tuckerman, would be a good paper for them to appear in. This paper [R: Grant] White, who is the sole Editor, tells me is getting along bravely. The Broadway Journal stopped for a week to let Briggs step ashore with his luggage, and they are now getting up steam to drive it ahead under Captains Poe and Watson. I think it will soon stop again to land one of these. Let me tell you a good joke. Poe and Tuckerman met for the first time last night, —and how? They each, upon invitation, repaired to the Rutgers Institute, where they sat alone together as a Committee upon young ladies' compositions. Odd, isn't it, that the women, who divide so many, should bring these two together!...

H[offman].

New York, July 17, 1845.

Reverend and Dear Sir:

Greeley informs me that you are the only antiquarian to whom to apply for old books—I want a set of Brown's Novels (Charles Brockden). You have got them—of course you will send them to me.

I propose to republish them in 25 cent volumes, and from what I have read of them (I am now reading Arthur Mervyn), I feel sure they will sell as well as any modern novel. The last edition was Goodrich's, Boston, 1827, and copies are very scarce.

An introduction, original, ought to be given, and *you* could write it—and if you give me the books and Preface, I will give you \$25. Recollect I am now as poor as Job's Turkey, and wish to strike when I can do so without molestation.

Suggest some good, old, rare and standard book,—none knows better what will go.

I can get all but "Ormond" here—but would like a complete set—I cannot find that at any of the old libraries.

Please to give me an early answer, for if I begin, I wish to begin soon, yet not to publish till fall.

Yours truly,

[Jonas] Winchester.

New York, July 29, 1845.

My Reverend Friend:

The clock strikes eight P. M., the stage starts for Harlem; and I let it go and leave me here to scrawl you a hasty note. I am debtor to the Greek and to Barbarian in the matter of letters, and I must take the benefit of the act,—there is no help for it. The work I have promised to do would break an elephant's back, and here I am, badgered to death by all sorts of people from 9 A. M. to late in the afternoon before I can begin to write; then the paper *must* be attended to, and eight strikes, the stage goes, and I must go with it, leaving letters to take care of themselves,—such is my daily life.

Let me try to give you, in my own loose way, my ideas of our Political Economists. Alexander Hamilton was the first of them, in more senses than one, as indeed he was first in a good many things. Hamilton essentially founded our Government; Marshall cemented and preserved it. Jefferson has written some very shrewd, strong things on this as on other questions, but he always wrote what the exigencies of the moment (that is, his interests or his prejudices) required, and he is consequently glaringly inconsistent. See his letters to B. Austin, 1816, and one he wrote in '23 or '4. Madison has written ably and luminously on this subject, and some things he has said have a permanent value. Much of Hamilton's great Report combats objections to the Protective policy which are no longer

urged, and so has only a historic value remaining. Old John Adams wrote nothing on the subject worth speaking of; and John Quincy, though he has written considerably upon it, sometimes ably, does not well understand it, or did not when he came into Congress. Monroe knew very little, as we all know; Jackson ditto to Jefferson in all respects. Matthew Carey has written a good deal on the subject—very good practically, though without a very profound acquaintance with his subject. Hezekiah Niles ditto; Niles has done great good. Condé Raquet [1784-42] has written ingeniously and acutely on the extreme Free Trade side; his writings were formerly known in Europe; Dr. Cooper of Pa. wrote forcibly in favor of Protection, Dr. Cooper of S. Carolina (the same coon) wrote very strongly against Protection. Messrs. Clay, Tod of Pa., and Baldwin (late Judge), have been eminent among the practical expositors of the subject. Mr. Clay has discussed it with a consistency and lucid ability very rarely surpassed. No man has been more happy in his treatment of the subject in what I consider its secondary aspect; but he has written little that will not wear out in the change of times. C. C. Cowley has written and spoken voluminously on the subject. Rollin C. Mallory of Vermont was the successor of Tod, Baldwin and Clay in Congress, and sustained the Protective policy with industry and ability. Mr. Webster has spoken ably on both sides of this question, as the circumstances of the country were favorable—before 1824 for Free Trade, since then for Protection, Mr. Calhoun vice versa. Mr. Calhoun, however, takes a deeper view of the subject than any of the public speakers of our time.

Of our books on the subject little is to be said. McVickar stole what little he professes to say on his own hook from McCulloch, etc. But Francis Wayland has written about the best Free Trade book extant, very cogent, clear and taking. There has been no better summary of the question since Say's. These are my crude notions, they may be erroneous; say what you please.

I have your Hoods and will try to return them tomorrow.

What can you send us of Robert Browning, published by Moxon? Miss Fuller wants Paracelsus, Sordello, etc., especially Sordello. Can you lend it to us?

We have begun your letters, though awfully crowded. Luck to you.
Write. Yours,

Horace Greeley.

New York, Aug. 5, 1845.

My Dear Doctor:

I have received a Philadelphia paper containing one of your letters to the National Intelligencer which I was upon the point of handing in as "copy" for the Gazette, when upon a second look at it I found it was "No. III." of the series. It is eloquently written but (in a degree) I find the same fault with it that I did with your lecture—it is too oracularly positive.

For example:—it may be true that "the learning of Webster is more varied and profound than that of Burke," but I "doubt it most damnably;" and I or no other man would have any hesitation in giving a flat denial to so positive an assertion without troubling myself to look farther. But had you said "and surprising as were the well known general acquisitions of Burke, it is believed by many, equally familiar with the rich mental resources of both these great men, that Webster, alike in variety and profundity of learning, is not inferior to the all-accomplished Englishman, while some, not without reason, insist that he is immeasurably his superior. And however it may trouble some of his readers, who are unfamiliar with the extent of Mr. Webster's acquirements, the writer of this essay has no hesitation in classing himself with those who have challenged this comparison in favor of the gifted American. . .

I have been reading lately a very eloquent and injurious book—"Parker's Discourses,"—and shocking as the man's infidelity *ought* to be to me, upon my word, it did not stir me as much as the Yankee effrontery of the cool taking-for-grantedness of some of his positions. He mistakes assumption for courage and positiveness for vigor. But the book is a great one in its way, so far as ability and earnestness are concerned.

"Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re," is the tone maxim in writing as well as in life. In passages of mere eloquence, wherein one is supposed to carry the reader or listener on with him in his impassioned excitement, positiveness or "oracularity" is of course in place, for the man speaks as a prophet, as one having authority; but in didactic or character writing the case is different, and if he uses his *ipse dixit* too often or too strongly, people always do, always have, and always will revolt at it. You say in a public room "General Jackson was the greatest man that ever lived"—"The H—ll he was," answers a voice from the crowd; another man, who is of the same faith in the matter with yourself, observes aloud, "How old Jackson's fame seems to grow! upon my word we don't know but that he may figure in

history a thousand years hence with Julius Cæsar or the best of 'em. I have always been an out and out Jackson man and therefore my opinion may not go for much, but I dō really believe that his reputation will go on growing until its greatness is acknowledged the world over, and stamped by the historian for all time. Yes, a reputation perhaps not inferior tō that of any man whō ever lived."

But this sentence, you say, has no "vigor" in it compared with the first brief assertion. The vigor, my friend, is in the result—fifty men would entertain your suggestion, would give a lodgment tō your idea, when thus presented, while in the other case not one would think of discussing, much less of receiving your proposition—they would think only of the manner of the man that made it—not of the man tō which it referred.

Have I bored you tō death? Well, I am most anxious tō get this thing intō your mind, for I think your writings too important tō have their efficiency marred by a blemish which must limit their influence unless you will permit yourself tō be brought tō see the defect and tō use care in avoiding it.

And now one word as tō my proofs. The book you know was tō be ready tō send copies tō my nephew in England by the first of August. He returns in the Autumn.

C. F. H[offman].

Vineyard, Millwood, Clarke Co., Va., Oct. 15th, 1845.

Dear Sir:

... I was born Oct. 26th, 1816 in the town of Martinsburg, Berkeley Co., Virginia. My father, John R. Cooke, of Richmond, Va., is and has long been a man of honorable distinction in the bar of the state. My mother, Maria Pendleton, whōm he married in Martinsburg, is sister tō Mr. J. P. Kennedy's mother. I spent several years at Princeton College, N. J., and I believe graduated, although I was not finally examined with my class, and never distinguished myself or took an honor. Whilst at Princeton I contributed several pieces of verse tō the Knickerbocker, then, I think, conducted by Mr. Hoffman. On my return tō Virginia, tō Winchester, where my father then resided, I began (then 18) tō write prose and verse for the Messenger, then just started. Before 21 I was a lawyer and married; my wife was Willianne Burwell; I am happy by my fireside at this place on the banks of the Shenandoah, in view, and within a mile, of the Blue Ridge. I go tō county towns, at the sessions of courts, and hunt and

fish, and make myself as happy with my companions as I can. I have lately spurred myself again into continuous composition and mean to *finish* books. I have always projected several. And this is the "sum and story" of this "human life" of mine. If you can make anything out of such material, I shall wonder at your skill. I thank you seriously for the favorable estimate you seem to have put upon my random and not much studied poetry. Believe me, very truly yours,

P. P. Cooke.

As Cooke's letters have few allusions to the events of the day, it seems best to print them together:—

Nov. 8, 1846.

My dear Sir,

You were so kind as to offer me assistance with the publishers in the publication of my poems. I have at last got them ready for the printer, and will probably place the MSS. with Mr. J. P. Kennedy in a few days—as soon as I hear from him.

Will you be kind enough to give me your advice, and whatever other aid, with the publishers, your convenience may permit? I am quite as ignorant as any country gentleman ever was of the business part of literature, and no doubt if my ballads are not to be printed until I (personally) induce a publisher to print them, they will be converted into gun wads first. . . Believe me, my dear Sir, Your obliged and faithful servant,

P. P. Cooke.

P. S.—Mr. Poe holds himself ready to review my book—saying all that fairness will let him say in favor of it. And [B. B.] Miner will give my friends the freedom of the S. L. Messenger for the same purpose. Judge B[everley] Tucker of Williamsburg or J. B. Heath of Richmond will doubtless stand godfather to me here and in the south. So that if there is any spark in my poems it will not be left to die out for want of blowing—puffing perhaps would be the better word.

November 26, 1846.

My dear Sir:

I have just received your letter, and find the difficulty I anticipated realized—the difficulty of getting a publisher for my poetry.

I sent the MSS. of the Ballads, etc., to Mr. Kennedy two days ago; they are doubtless by this time in hands. I leave you to do with them

entirely as you see fit—to publish them for me in Graham, if you can induce him to take them or to put them aside for any chance of the future. I leave you to make whatever arrangement with Graham (as to prices etc.) you choose or can. See how much trouble your kind proffer of aid in these matters, has entailed upon you!

The serious drawback to the publication of the poems in Graham is the fact that the best of them contains about 1500 lines—rather a long ‘Ballad.’ There are five Ballads in all. Three of the others are about as long as the Proem—the remaining one quite short. Doubtless you have formed some idea that they were like Lockhart’s Spanish Ballads, in length. If they were they would suit better for magazine publication.

I will not forestall your critical judgment by saying that I consider my Ballads bad—but, rest assured, I will do better things hereafter. When Mr. K. writes to me, I will answer his letter putting all matters touching the poetry under your joint control. If opportunity occurs in the meantime, please get the MS. from him.

Accept, my dear Sir, assurances of my gratitude, and disposition to requite the kindness I have received at your hands. Very cordially yours,

P. P. Cooke.

P. S.—You will scarcely perceive how my poems should be called “Ballads.” You are somewhat responsible for the name. I designed to make them (originally) short poems of the old understood ballad cast. I sent you the Proem which you published as a preface to the “Froissart Ballads.” Words in print have a look of perpetuity (or rather of fixedness) about them; and what I would have changed, if only my pen and portfolio had been concerned, your type deterred me from changing. The term “Froissart Ballads,” however, is after all correct even with the poems as they are. The Master of Bolton is as much a “song” as the lay of the last minstrel, altho’ I have no prologue, interludes etc., to show how, etc., it was sung. And as for Orthon, etc., Sir John Froissart may as easily be imagined chaunting them as talking them.

P. P. C.

December 3, 1846.

Dear Sir:

... Be so good as to write to me, *here* in regard to the fate of my pieces—how you have selected amongst them—when your Book will be out, etc. etc. I perceive that ‘Rosalie Lee’ and ‘The Proem’ have been

published in *Graham's Magazine*. . . Believe me, my dear Sir, Your obedient servant,

P. P. Cooke.

January 20, 1847.

My dear Sir:

I received a letter from Mr. Kennedy some time since informing me that your kind offices had secured the publication of my poems by Carey and Hart, and that you would write to me on the subject. Will you be kind enough to do so? You have already manifested so great a willingness to serve me that I am reluctant even to ask the trouble of a letter from you.

The *Froissart Ballads* sent you are certainly not in the high key of a man warm with his subject, and doing the thing finely; I wrote them with the reluctance of a turkey-hunter kept from his sport—only Mr. Kennedy's urgent entreaty and remonstrance whipped me up to the labor. This year, however, I will fan the fires, and make a rush for fame.

Will you have the kindness to put as a note to the mention of Actæon in the ballad 'Sir Peter of Béarn' the following, or something like it:

'Shakspeare, and the old writers generally, Lord Berners amongst the rest, spell Actæon as I have done above; the delay on the diphthong in pronunciation, is discordant in verse of rapid measure, and for that reason I have retained the ancient English spelling.'

This note you may not deem necessary, but I dread an inelegance—add it or not as you think best.

If Mr. Graham publishes any of the poetry do not be too exacting as to price. Tell him to send me his magazine—if he publishes them. Believe me, my dear Mr. Griswold, highly complimented by your approbation of my verses, and sincerely desirous to serve you in any way in my power. Yours sincerely,

P. P. Cooke.

February 1, 1847.

My dear Sir:

. . . I gave you full power to contract with the publishers, and would not have hesitated, an instant, to sanction your giving them the work. Of course therefore, the offer of ten per cent. by Carey and Hart is accepted. Indeed I am somewhat mortified that my limited means and family obligations make it impossible to issue the book at my own charge.

I am not surprised at what you say concerning Graham and Godey. Whatever may be my literary rank hereafter, I am yet in obscurity, and magazine articles derive nine-tenths of their pecuniary value to publishers from the known and famous names attached to them. Longfellow's worst poem, however [much?] a chance effort of mine might excel it, would be vastly more valuable to Graham than anything I could send him. Before hearing of the prize-poem mode of getting supplies, these were my views on the subject, and I expected very little from the magazines—pecuniarily. . .

Believe me, my dear sir, ever grateful for your kindness, and earnestly desirous to serve you in turn. You have earned a right to command me.

Your obliged and obedient servant,

P. P. Cooke.

19 February, 1847.

My dear Sir:

I received your kind and exceedingly satisfactory letter yesterday evening. I cannot too much thank you for the remarkable courtesy you have shown me, in this whole matter of publication.

In regard to the ten copies of the poems please retain a copy for yourself. As to the rest I wish one of them presented to H. William Herbert Esq. (Frank Forester) if it can be got to him (with my compliments).—(I have a sportsman's leaning toward this gentleman—altho I think he writes in the white kid glove style and has a taint of cockneyism.) The other eight copies Messrs. Carey and Hart will please send to Messrs. Bell and Entwistle, Alexandria, who will pay their carriage. B. and E. are in the habit of sending me books by our *road wagons*—rather different from Harnden's express! but very sure.

You are probably right in your preference for the *Proëm*. It was written with excessive care. The *Master of Bolton* was written not so lingeringly but still quite slowly. *Orthone—et id omne genus*—were dashed off with as much rapidity as I write this—altho', of course, slowly revised and pruned afterward. The story of *Ugolino* I think the best thing in the book.

My literary life opens now, If the world manifests any disposition to hear my "utterances" it will be abundantly gratified. I am thirty; until forty, letters shall be my mind's calling—avoiding however to rely on them pecuniarily—then (after forty) politics will be a sequitur.

Always command me, my dear Mr. Griswold, as one who owes you service and friendly regard. Very sincerely yours, etc.,

P. P. Cooke.

P. S.—You may know how tardy the current of the world's business is in this country neighborhood by perceiving from my dates that your letter was nine days in reaching me.

Richmond, June 6, 1851.

Dear Sir:

I find that any delay in writing what I promised you—some particulars of my brother's life—would answer no purpose, inasmuch as what I *know*, I can communicate as well now as at any other time, and I have no means of gathering more information on the subject. The article in the 'Illustrated Courier' which I send as a probable convenience to you, will furnish the outline.

I know scarcely anything more than that he was born on the 26th of Oct. 1816, that he went to Princeton at fifteen and after graduation studied, and commenced the practice of law in the counties of Frederick, Jefferson and Berkeley. As to his graduation you will find in the Literary Messenger of March 1850 a copy of Resolutions of the 'American Whig Society' of Princeton, of which he is stated therein to have been a 'graduate member.'

I scarcely know how to commence the few words I have to say on my brother's writings, and must beg you to pardon the rude manner in which they will be thrown together—my recollections, I mean. Of course my information—if I give any—would not do to quote—for which it will be totally unfit,—but I hope to present the matter in such a way that you can embody it. My brother's mind, altho' it bloomed early, was essentially a late-maturing intellect. Many of his most pleasing poems were certainly written at College and soon after his return—that is between his fifteenth and eighteenth year; namely 'Dhu Nowas,' 'The Song of the Sioux Lovers,' 'The Consumptive,' 'Count Herman' and the 'Moss-troopers' ballads—these all appearing in the Knickerbocker and the Winchester papers, where also were published 'Golnon,' 'Isabel,' 'Kemp,' 'The Gilder,' etc.—'A Song of the Seasons,' 'The Last Indian,' 'The Creation of the Antelope,' 'Young Rosalie Lee,' 'The Huma,' etc., appeared in the first and second volumes of the Messenger. He had written many prose pieces also, among which three elaborate chapters on 'English poetry' presenting a resumé of the elder poets and their writings. This also appeared in the Messenger and was

highly spoken of by an able critic, Judge Tucker, in his late critique on the 'Froissart Ballads.' It was written at eighteen.

My brother's tastes ran most towards the old poets and prose writers;—The 'dearest books' as Sir Walter Scott says, in his library were a fine English edition of Chaucer in fourteen volumes, and Lord Berners' Froissart, also English, in four large volumes. Keats, Shelley and Coleridge were also favorites with him; not Southey or Byron. When the Ballads were published he had not seen Tennyson, but his poems afterward were favorites with him—more especially 'Morte D'Arthur' and 'Ulysses.'

Of his own writings he liked 'Florence Vane,' 'Autumn Woods,' 'The Mountains,' and 'Tō Lily' most. The ballads, he told me, were written very rapidly, but, he always said, were true tō Froissart. The lines 'Young Rosalie Lee' were scribbled on the back of one elaborate poem, the 'Last Indian' sent tō Mr. [T: W.] White in 1834-5.

He early commenced his historical novel, tō be called 'Lützen,' in which that great battle wound up the adventures of young 'Maurice,' the hero. It was thrown aside however for years, and his love for that age and its men appeared only in 'Merlin.' The plan of Merlin he said was tō carry his hero 'from a Norse hill tō Bender and back tō Gothland.'

If you have examined the Virginia tales which we looked over at Mr. F.'s you will have seen, my dear sir, that the same mind which produced the prose poem of Merlin also delineated, with a total abnegation of poetry, the homeliest Virginia scenes and characters. 'John Carper' and 'The Twō Country Houses' show this more especially. These tales were the commencement of a *series* which were tō dramatize the whole life and manners, history and all, of Virginia and her people. The chivalric poetry had filled my brother's mind early and long, and he was only banishing it at thirty-three. His intellect—a late-maturing one, as I said—had only commenced training itself, and his untimely death destroyed the hope of that fruit which his early poems preceded like the blossom. I consider his success, you will pardon my saying, wonderful, considering the profound poetry of his organization. Poets hardly ever make tale-writers.

You will find in the Messenger for June 1850 a very interesting 'Letter about Florence Vane'—a gentleman named Hunt, living on the Ohio having named his daughter 'Florence Vane'. He wrote asking for an autograph of the song and he quotes in his communication a part of brother's reply. I think it would form a most graceful and appropriate part of your article.

Literature with my brother was a recreation—and he would never

write unless he felt the desire and could take pleasure in embodying his thoughts;—he manifested great carelessness as to his literary reputation; of numberless critiques of the Froissart Ballads, he did not, for instance, preserve one. I refer you to the editorial notice of his death in the Messenger for Feb. 1850, for a quotation on this subject from one of his letters. He was at his death writing, or about to write, 'The Women of Shakspeare,' 'The Chariot Race,' and a political and literary satire.

A few words more and I have done. My brother's character may be best gathered from his own writings. In the lines to 'My Daughter Lily' you may discover his warm and affectionate heart, in his ballads the fiery and chivalrous phase of his intellect, in 'Ugolino' his pathos, and in all his writings his thoroughly wholesome and healthy character of mind. As a boy and young man he was full of the poetic character—apart, original, and always looked up to by his associates. As he grew older and married, his character became more practical, and long before his death, I can thankfully say, no man was ever more just and practical in his views—that hiatus so often seen in the mind of genius. His feeling toward his family—including my father, mother, brothers and sisters—amounted to a blind devotion, and nowhere is his pure and noble character more evident than in his letters to my father.

A short time before his last illness he introduced into his family of his own accord morning and evening prayer. He died as he had lived, a lofty and pure-hearted gentleman and a humble Christian. God, I feel, has taken him into his holy keeping.

I know nothing more to add. Of the personal traits which distinguished him I can hardly trust myself to speak. His carriage was graceful and upright; his frame vigorous and active, trained as he was by constant hunting in the Blue Ridge. His hair was black and curling, his eye dark, clear and bright, his expression calm and thoughtful, his manner impressed with a dignity which at times almost amounted to stateliness. But I do not know how to continue this cold catalogue,—when he rises to me again as he was—the love and admiration of my life. You may find some who knew him well—the Kennedys and others—and they will tell you what I cannot.

I hope you will find something in this long letter to use, tho' I scarcely expect it. My recollections, I find, cannot be put on paper, even if they were of use. I am afraid they will be of none. With the request that I may hear from you at your earliest convenience, I remain, my dear sir, with great respect, Most truly yours,

Jno. Esten Cooke.

In October 1845, the literary world was amused by a clever article in T: Dunn English's magazine "The Aristidean," a part of which I reprint, as it indicates, more or less accurately, the prevailing opinion of the authors mentiond.

Anxious tō present our readers with the best specimens of the poetry of this country, we addressed notes tō various of our poets, requesting them tō furnish us, without charge, the means of fulfilling our desire. This, we conceived, tō be a very modest request. Tō our surprise, some of these notes were returned, and others were retained, but no reply made. Tō some we received answers, with the required poems. We print, below, the whole of the latter. Our readers will enjoy these sublime effusions:—

Boston, Sept. 3rd, 1845.

Dear Sir:

I am happy tō oblige you. I send you the enclosed, written in my usual terse, epigrammatic style. The high opinion you express of my powers as a poet are [sic] but just; and show you have more taste than the Hollis street congregation. I am, very truly,

John Pierpont.

ODE TO THE MUSES

BY THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Ye gentle muses! make me first
Of bards—like Harry Hirst!
Tō me the fire afford,
Of William W. Lord!
And be my songs like Coxe's "Saul,"
Filled up with most abundant *fol*
—*lol*,
fol
de riddle dol!
“

Ye gentle muses! let my rhymes
Ring like the chinking chimes
Of those Campanalo-
—gian ringers, whōm you know,
Within the Tabernacle Hall.

Present abundantly the *fol*

—*lol*,

fol

de riddle dol !

“

Ye gentle muses ! if you will,

With fire my verses fill ;

Permit this lamp of mine

O'er other lamps tō shine ;

And, if you won't, confound ye all !

I'll treat you tō abundant *fol*

—*lol*,

fol

de riddle dol !

Philadelphia, Sept. 25th, 1845.

My very dear Sir :

I am pleased tō see that you are inclined tō dō me justice ; although the Rev. Dr. Griswold, and be—(a) tō him, never gave my works a place in his collection of American poetry. I send you a sonnet, of a decidedly original construction—as original as any thing I ever wrote. It is heartily at your service. Could you not contrive tō say something about my “great talents,” etc. ? I will dō as much for you. Very truly, yours,

Charles J. Peterson.

SONNET

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, ESQ.

Author of “Cruizings in the Late War,” &c.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow—

Upon her breast a sparkling cross she wore,

Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore—

She roamed where crept the brooklet still and slow.

That too relentless, too obdurate fair—

Whō saw was lost. Ah ! would he ne'er had seen !—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear—

And she was one whōse brightness shamed the sun,

Whōse eye the sky at noon—whose voice so bland—

(a) We have concluded not tō print the word which was written at this place ; but have piously supplid its place with a dash.—Ed. of Aristidean.

"Twas "Yankee Doodle," played by Scudder's band—
 And well that voice an angel might have won—
 Why did she love him? Curious fool! be still;
 Is human love the growth of human will?

New York City, Sept. 28th, 1845.

My dear Sir:

For old acquaintance's sake, I comply with your request; but your attempt will be a failure. Reasoning *a priori*, I could demonstrate that it cannot succeed. But I will not waste my logic on an obstinate man. Your obedient servant,

Edgar A. Poe.

THE MAMMOTH SQUASH.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Green and specked with spots of golden,
 Never since the ages olden—
 Since the time of Cain and Abel,
 Never such a vegetable,
 So with odors sweetest laden
 Thus our halls appearance made in.
 Whō—oh! whō in kindness sent thee
 Tō afford my soul nepenthe?

"

Rude men seeing thee, say—"Gosh!
 'Tis a most enormous squash!"
 But the one whō peers within,
 Knowledge of himself tō win,
 Says, while total silence reigns,
 Silence, from the Stygian shore—
 (Grim silence, darkling o'er)
 "This may perchance be but the skull
 Of Arthur Cleveland Coxe so dull—
 Its streaked, yellow flesh—his brains."

New York City, Sept. 18th, 1845.

My dear boy:

With the greatest of pleasure. I am always happy tō serve my friends. God bless you. Cordially, yours,

Geo. P. Morris.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Where Nassau street right-angles Ann,
 And newsboys' voices clear
 Shout out—"The Evening Mirror, sir?"
 Where apple stands are near—
 Next door to where a shop is kept
 For books at second-hand—
 I sit, and think upon "mi-boy,"
 Far in a foreign land,

"

No more to my good-humor now,
 His ready tongue replies—
 My heart with bitter grief is full,
 And even *fuller* sighs.
 My handsome partner strives in vain,
 My *general* grief to cheer;
 "Mi-boy" to foreign shores has gone,
 And weeps the "Brigadier."

Worcester, 9th Mo. 3rd, 1845.

Esteemed friend:

Thy favor of the first of the last month has been received to-day. I send thee a trifle of mine; and hope the proceeds of thy proposed publication will be devoted to the cause of the poor slave. Touching the free negroes, of whose sufferings thou writest, they must wait for relief until slavery be abolished. They should willingly defer their sensual gratification for the benefit of their brethren in bondage, and be content to live in wretchedness, and die of starvation, for the good of the cause. Thine truly,

Jno. G. Whittier.

APPEAL TO THE NORTH.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A sound upon old Plymouth rock;
 Tossing, the giant reels!
 Those fearful clanks our senses shock—
 There's fetters on the negro's heels.
 Those heels so long with chains are marred;
 Those backs so broad with lashes scarred;

And human fiends, with faces grim,
 Dig holes in every negro's limb,
 Then fill them up with salt for him,
 And fry him, all alive, in lard.

“

Awake! ye cotton-spinners, wake!
 Cobblers of Lynn arouse!
 Your shuttles and your lapstones take,
 And knit in wrath your honest brows.
 And if your curses nought avail
 To make these haughty Southrons quail;
 If tar and feathers come to daunt
 The soul within your forms so gaunt—
 Just tell them that's not what you want;
 And run, like Hubbard, home again.

We have presented our readers with such a collection of gems as were never before brought together. If they, and the correspondence, be not genuine—then we have been most shamefully imposed upon; and we would like to catch the rascal who did it.

New York, Dec. 29, '45.

Dear Griswold:

... My poems are just beginning to recover a little. They have so many errors which both you and I overlooked that I hope they may yet reach another edition to receive my final corrections. If they do, I shall restore the greater portion of the letter addressed to yourself in "Borrowed Notes" [Phil'a, 1844] with its original date. An ordinary dedication to you, after the amiable things you have said of them in print, would have been in the worst possible taste, and I did not wish to incorporate in a permanent volume my remarks upon the Quarterly intended for a passing occasion. I consider it proper, too, to detach your name entirely from the collection, while it has one fair trial on its own merits. As I should probably, however, never have thought seriously of collecting these pieces unless your instrumentality had first brought them together, the merit of the publication must be yours if it ever proves worth a permanent claim. . . That review of Ingersoll in the Courier—worthy of Macaulay, as I hear many say, What was it? Is there any other R. W. G. but yourself?

Did you see Margaret Fuller's notice of Longfellow in the Tribune? an admirably done thing so far as pointing out his deficiencies, but wanting in justice to his merits. An additional paragraph pointing out wherein lay his real source of poetic power, clear and undeniable,—his power of personification—would have set all right.

[R: G.] White says he will set this forth in the Gazette of today or tomorrow. He had yesterday a column upon Mrs. Embury, and I believe is going to give the week to the "poets of the season." His musical criticisms have made a great stir this winter. Ever, my Dear Griswold, truly yours,

C. F. Hoffman.

Baltimore, Jan. 6, 1846.

My dear Sir:

... Who wrote Jeremy Levis and the Vision of Rubeta? Who wrote Old England by a New England Man? ...

As to your Prose Authors—I will endeavor to comply with your request in the matter of a portrait, at an early day. . .

I have suggested to Cooke that it might serve his turn to publish his poems in our new press here in Baltimore. You are aware that Park Benjamin has started a publishing concern here which is intended to have great occupation with the South and West. How will it do to put our young poet to this venture?

Yours truly,

J. P. Kennedy.

Portland, Feb. 23, 1846.

Dear Madam [Mrs. Osgood]:

In the name of my father, John Neal, who has authorized me to do so, I take the liberty of begging a favor at your hands. I am making a collection of the hair of our distinguished authors, poets, and painters; and am unwilling to have it so incomplete as it would be without yours. May I hope to possess yours? The tress will, I assure you, be in company of which it would have no reason to be ashamed. Your sincere admirer,

Mary Neal.

Portland, April 25th, 1846.

Dear sweet Mrs. Osgood:

I guess I *do* want a lock of Mr. Poe's hair! and I guess I *am* an admirer of his Raven; I think it is—I hardly know what word to use—it is strange, grotesque and very beautiful;—but I also want a line of his writing

with a lock of his hair, I will enclose in this letter a note for him and then I shall be sure of having an answer—don't you think so?

Although your letter is dated February 27th I received it only to-day, and am exceedingly obliged to you for the hair as well as for your kind note; and, Mrs. Osgood, we shall all be "tickled to death" to have that book of yours, particularly Your sincere admirer,

Mary Neal.

New York, July 22, 1846.

Friend Griswold,

I bore you with a few lines only because Schofield is going on to-night, and will take a line to you.

I want to bother you with a word about Literary personalities. Miss Fuller's book will be out soon, I understand; try to see it before you write about her. See what she has said of Emerson in her notice of his *Essays*, second series, in the *Tribune* of December or January, '44-5. I wish she was to write you a few words about the Unitarian notables. She knows them well, and says what she knows very forcibly. But it takes her a good while to say it, and she leaves for Europe on Wednesday.

I doubt your finding anything of mine that will justify your putting me in your book, and it were better to omit me than seem to thrust me in on personal grounds. Still, look over and be sure you judge impartially. I think you have not seen a little piece which I hastily wrote one evening last year for a Connecticut Annual, in which it appears entitled 'Humanity'. The Annual was very provincial, very dull, and rather shabby, and I guess did not get far from the publisher. Please look for it in some hospital for foundered annuals, and glance over this little piece. If I recollect aright, it was a more condensed, clear and satisfactory statement of our Reform notions than I have made elsewhere, and would be worth referring to hereafter.

Do write me and let me know how you get on. Yours,

Horace Greeley.

Boston, August 3rd, 1846.

Dear Griswold:

I have just received your favor of the 30th. The sight of your hand again is cheering. I am glad to see you write in such good spirits. Thank you for your congratulations on a certain event. I hope you will be

in Boston before you leave Phila. for the south, and it will give me great pleasure tō introduce you tō the lady.

I am quite curious tō see your book. Dō send me the proofs as you suggest. I sympathize with you in the hard reading you have had tō wade through tō make the work complete. That's a good joke about your conversation with "Black Dan." If ever I make a figure in the world, it will be the figure 0. I take it that the whole affair is purely the creation of your teeming fancy, and that "Black Dan" is some waiter at the Hotel. O you wicked rogue—dost ever read the interesting tradition of Ananias and Sapphira? I have too small a swallow tō my self-esteem tō take down that story. "Pprithee dō not mock me, fellow student."

With regard tō giving me a ticket of admittance tō your gallery of prose writers, I shall be very happy tō appear in such company, provided I am not cut dead by the rest. My biography is very short, not much taller than my person. I was born at Gloucester, Mass., March 8, 1819. I don't know when I shall die, but as I am at the end of your list, I trust I shall survive all that go before me. Of the first three years of my life I preserve but an indistinct recollection,—a recollection which I dō not desire tō make distinct, as a contemplation of the infants I see around me makes me ashamed I was ever a baby. Twō things, connected with my head, may be interesting tō the future historian of American letters. At the age of thirteen months I had a brain fever; and at the age of three, my schoolmistress (devil take her!) nearly cuffed my head off my shoulders, because I did not discriminate with sufficient exactness between the letters E and A. Gloucester is my native town, but at the age of four, I was withdrawn from that sphere of usefulness, and carried tō Salem, Mass., where I went tō school until I was fifteen. As soon as I left school I stepped intō the Bank of General Interest, Salem, as a clerk, and stayed there three years. In the year 1837, at the age of eighteen, I made my triumphant entrance intō Boston in an humble stage which ran between Salem and this city. Since then, you know, I have been in mercantile pursuits. My genius broke out upon me, like a fit of the measles, when I was fourteen. I have scribbled, as you know,—though it is a most profound secret tō all the world, and in spite of friendly notices will probably always remain so,—in various newspapers, magazines and reviews. My first article in a magazine was that on Macaulay, published in the Boston Miscellany, Feb'y, 1843. A singular circumstance deserves tō be noted in this connection, that the said Miscellany died with the number for that month. . .

In the American Whig Review, I wrote an article in the number for Feb'y, 1845, entitled Words; in July, on Griswold's British Poets; in June, 1846, on Coleridge as a Philosophical Critic; in July, 1846, and August, 1846, a long article, continued in August, on Beaumont and Fletcher.

I have written also for Sargent's Magazine, for the Columbian, for Graham, and one article in the Democratic Review. The best of these are two articles in Graham; one on Egotism in Great and Little Men, another, published some time last year, on the Literature of the Present Day. . .

I do not care what you say of my articles, if you don't hit me over the mazard about Macaulay. Don't say that I *imitate* him, because imitation is the worst kind of worthlessness. Say that my essays are worthless in some other form of contempt. The peculiarities of my style, if it have any peculiarities, are peculiar to my mind. They are indicated in my school compositions before I ever heard of Bab., or read him. Here is something from a composition on The Miser, written when I was a green boy: "While he lives, he lives despised and hated; and when he dies he is remembered only by those whom he has cheated." Besides there is hardly a prose-writer in English literature that I have not read, and though I have a large admiration of Macaulay's powers and attainments, I should not think of taking him as a model, more than many others. You must discriminate between admiration of an author and slavish adulation of him. If I aimed at imitation I should take John Milton's "Reason of Church Government against Prelaty" or his speech for the liberty of Speech, rather than Macaulay's articles. I think it possible to be a mediocre writer without being a copyist. I say of any one of my articles, as Touchstone says, "a poor thing, sir, but my own." Now, therefore, I say to you, with this one imputation excepted, ram down your critical cannons, old fellow, and fire away! As I am at the latter end of your work, excuse me if I omit saying, the "devil take the hindmost."

Fields has not yet returned from his tour to Niagara. All the b'hoys are well. Come on and see us one of these fine days. We will treat you well. Good-by! God bless you, and may all good fortune and blessed spirits be your portion.

Very Sincerely,

E. P. Whipple.

To dear Roof!

New York, Aug. 25, 1846.

G. R. Graham, Esq., Dear Sir:

I send you herewith an account of the Life, Character, Genius and Works of Thomas Carlyle, by one of the only two men in America

capable of giving it. The very best man to do this is, of course, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and this is by the second-best, Mr. Emerson's pupil, friend and daily companion, Henry D. Thoreau, whose essays and translations of some of the grand Greek Tragedies in *The Dial* made a deserved sensation. Thoreau is a young man, a scholar, poor of course, and sends this to me to get utterance and bread. I know it is unlike the general staple of your Magazine, but I think it will on that account be relished and give a zest to the work. That it is a brilliant as well as vigorous essay, and gives a Daguerreotype of Carlyle and Carlyllism which no man living but Emerson could excel, I believe any scholar would say, and I am confident it would attract many new readers to the Magazine. It would make about a sheet or sixteen pages of the Mag. and would probably have to be divided—I hope but once. If you choose to publish it, and pay as much as you pay others for right good prose (where you are not buying a name) I will make it sell a pile of Magazines, anyhow.

I offer it first to you, and ask you to let me have your decision upon it as soon as practicable. Keep the MS. till I send for it, as I may think best to offer it to Godey if you don't want it.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

Had Greeley known that Mr. Julian Hawthorne was to sit in judgment on Thoreau—and incidentally on himself—forty years later, he would doubtless have written less positively in his friend's praise:—

The friends of Thoreau have distorted him by interpreting his limitations and defects as virtues and gifts, and magnifying them until their poor possessor becomes unintelligible. Thoreau was neither a child nor a man; he had the narrowness but not the ingenuousness of the former, and the vanity and self-consciousness of the latter, without the redeeming tolerance and common-sense. He had a good, though ultra-billious, physical organization; his nature was bitter, selfish, jealous and morbid. His human affections were scarcely more than rudimentary; his intellect was sharp and analytical, but small in scope and resource; he shunned society because he lacked the faculty of making himself decently agreeable; and yet no man ever hankered more insatiably after social notice and approbation. No prudent well-wisher of this forlorn and pathetic personage would have permitted the greater part of the contents of this volume ["Winter"] to appear in print. Almost

every page is defaced with his vapid and morbid sentimentality. He tries to make himself believe that he is a philosopher, a moralist, a grand, misapprehended soul; he writes interminably in the Emersonian dialect, but thereby only renders his unlikeness to that generous and joyful sage more excruciating. It is evident that he seldom succeeded in deceiving even himself in regard to the emptiness of his pretensions. Thoreau was the most dismal fraud of the New England transcendental group. He observed natural phenomena well, and described them with laborious minuteness; but he has added no fact of importance to natural science. Of the books that he published the best thing that can be said is that they are better than the journals published after his death. Such being the man, it would be interesting to ask how he acquired so much notoriety and mistaken adulation. He and Margaret Fuller may be bracketed together in this connection: neither of them was of any actual use or value in the world; and yet a number of amiable and near-sighted people, upon the theory that whoever is exceptionally ugly, self-conceited and disagreeable must possess a superior nature, have made golden calves of these poor mortals, and fallen down and worshipped them in the wilderness. A future generation will correctly appraise the calves; but the worshippers will puzzle them.

The further history of Thoreau's article is thus narrated by Mr. F. B. Sanborn:—

On the 30th of September Mr. Greeley again wrote, saying,—“I learned today, through Mr. Griswold, former editor of ‘Graham's Magazine,’ that your lecture is accepted, to appear in that magazine. Of course it is to be paid for at the usual rate, as I expressly so stated when I enclosed it to Graham. . . The pay, however, is sure, though the amount may not be large. . .

On the 26th of October, 1846, he continued the adventures of the wandering essay as follows:—

“My Friend Thoreau,—I know you think it odd that you have not heard further, and perhaps blame my negligence or engrossing cares, but, if so, without good reason. I have today received a letter from Griswold, in Philadelphia, who says: ‘The article by Thoreau on Carlyle is in type, and will be paid for liberally.’ ‘Liberally’ is quoted as an expression of Graham's. . .

It would seem that “Griswold” (who was Rufus W. Griswold, the biographer of Poe) and “Graham” did not move so fast either in publica-

tion or in payment as they had led Mr. Greeley to expect; and also that Thoreau became impatient and wrote to his friend that he would withdraw the essay. Whereupon Mr. Greeley, under date of February 5th, 1847, wrote thus:—

“My dear Thoreau,—Although your letter only came to hand today, I attended to its subject yesterday, when I was in Philadelphia, on my way home from Washington. Your article is this moment in type, and will appear about the 20th inst., *as the leading article* in ‘Graham’s Magazine’ for next month. Now don’t object to this, nor be unreasonably sensitive at the delay. It is immensely more important to you that the article should appear thus (that is, if you have any literary aspirations) than it is that you should make a few dollars by issuing it in some other way. . . But its appearance there is worth far more to you than money. . .

The Carlyle essay did appear in two numbers of “Graham’s Magazine” (March and April, 1847), but alas, no payment came to hand. After waiting a year longer, Thoreau wrote to Greeley again (March 31, 1848), informing him of the delinquency of Griswold and Graham. At once, his friend replied (April 3), “It saddens and surprises me to know that your article was not paid for by Graham; and since my honor is involved in the matter, I will see that you are paid, and that at no distant day.” Accordingly on the 17th of May, 1848, he writes again as follows:—

. . . I finally found the two numbers of the work in which your article was published (not easy, I assure you, for he has them not, nor his brother, and I hunted them up, and bought one of them at a very out-of-the-way place), and with these I made out a regular bill for the contribution; drew a draft on G. R. Graham for the amount, gave it to his brother here for collection, and today received the money. Now you see how to get pay yourself, another time; I have pioneered the way, and you can follow it easily yourself. There has been no intentional injustice on Graham’s part; but he is overwhelmed with business, has too many irons in the fire, and we did not go at him the right way. Had you drawn a draft on him, at first, and given it to the Concord Bank to send in for collection, you would have received your money long since. Enough of this. I have made Graham pay you \$75. . .”

[Undated.]

My dear Griswold:

I have just returned from a three months tour in the woods where I have been to regain my health. This long absence has broken up all

my New York arrangements and I am afloat. I should like tō spend the winter in Philadelphia and now dō you know of any way I could clear my expenses there? The field of literature I take it is pretty well known by you as well as most other fields and if you could wheel me intō any of your multifarious plans I should be glad. If not intō *your* plans if you know of any place I could fit in or something I could dō, please drop me a line. You know me pretty well how much influence I have with the press, what I can [dō], etc. If you can dō me a favor in this respect I shall feel myself much obliged. . .

Truly yours,

J. T. Headley.

Burlington, August 1st, 1846.

My dear Griswold:

I have just received your note, written I must confess, worse than anything I ever saw except a letter which I received of Gen. Cass a few days since. The change in your plan respecting the place I should occupy in your book was quite unexpected and yet gave me much pleasure; not so much from the immortality you design me as for the advance I have evidently made in your good opinion as a writer. . .

I wish before you guage me as a writer you would look at some things of mine not merely descriptive writing—as, for example, my review of Allison in the 2nd number of the *American Review*,—my “Thiers’ Revolution” in the April number of 1845, and my review of Carlyle’s *Cromwell* in the April or May number of this year. . . Such kind of writing as these articles contain are more peculiarly my style and my penchant. Descriptive writing is easier and sells better and so I have done more at that. My biography is quickly written. My ancestor on my father’s side was the oldest son of an English baronet. He quarreled with his father and came here and refused the estate after it rightly became his. Mr. Francis Headley is the present proprietor, [and] the author, I see, of a work of some note on Chemistry. My father was a clergyman, and I was born December 30th, 1814 in Walton, Delaware Co., N. Y. My mother and Doctor Taylor of N. Haven are own cousins and so was she and Dr. Nott’s first wife by whom he had his children. I grew up like most boys fond of sports, especially of the field, and hence my great love at the present day of hunting and fishing. It is a wild and romantic spot on the banks of the Delaware where I first saw the light and I attribute tō the glorious and grand scenery of my birthplace much of my love of mountain-climbing and indeed my descriptive

power. I commenced my studies with the law in view but changed my plan. I graduated at Union College and studied theology at Auburn. I was licensed in New York city and had a large church offered to me, but my health was miserable and my physician told me I never could preach. I half believed him but still unwilling to abandon my profession without an effort I took charge of a small church in Stockbridge, Mass., where I thought I could give myself the most favorable trial. After two years and a half I broke down completely and planned a European tour and residence for my health. I went to Italy in the summer of 1842 designing to spend the winter there, the summer in Switzerland, and the next winter in the East. But the climate disagreeing with me entirely—giving me severe attacks on the brain, I was afraid to trust myself in the East—so far away from my friends. So I remained in Italy only about eight months, when I went to Switzerland and travelled over it, cut off a slice of Germany and the Netherlands went into Belgium, from thence to France, then to England, through England to Wales and back again to England and so home, having been gone between one and two years instead of three or four as I intended. My health being worse than when I left home I gave up all idea of following my profession and turned my attention to literature. My first book was a German translation entitled "Scenes and Adventures in Mexico" [by "Sealsfield"]. It was published by Winchester in the spring of 1844 just before he failed and it was lost. My name was not attached to it but it was a good translation. Wiley and Putnam have wanted to republish it in their series of American books but I will not allow them to put my name to it as there is a good quantity of German swearing, et-cetera, in it which would do me more hurt than good. I mention the work simply that you may learn all that I have written and not for material to be used up. My next was Letters from Italy, next Alps and the Rhine, last Napoleon and his Marshals. My next will be, I think, an illustrated work entitled "The Sacred Mountains." The design of the work is to fill up the outline sketches of the great scenes enacted in some of the mountains on the earth or described in the Bible. . . I mean my next important work shall be a history of the last war. What do you think about it? Could I beat Ingersoll? I forget to say one thing in my praise—I was a better speaker than writer when I preached, and I think I am still. I could get more reputation in that department but my health, and especially the bronchitis, now uses me up. I am thirty-two years old, unmarried, and *without children*. I have given mere heads because I won't puff myself. As to my studies I have read pretty thoroughly I think the

Greek, Latin, Hebrew, German, French and Italian languages. In haste, truly and affectionately yours,

J. T. Headley.

Mr. Headley livd till the 16th of January 1897.

Sunnyside, Oct. 21, 1846.

Sir:

I have repeatedly of late declined to sit for my portrait: partly from a great dislike to the operation itself, and partly because I think there are already portraits sufficient of me before the public. I could not comply with your request, therefore, without the risk of displeasing those whose requests I have heretofore refused. I hope, however, you may find one or other of the portraits by Leslie and Newton sufficient for your purpose. There is one in the possession of my sister in New York, taken by Newton shortly before we parted, some years since, in England. It is an excellent painting, and was thought at the time a good likeness. It has never had justice done to it by the engraver. I enclose you a copy of an engraving of it published some time since in this country. It misses the character and expression of the original, and is in face and person out of drawing. . . I am sir, very respectfully,

Washington Irving.

New York, Nov. 21, 1846.

R. W. Griswold:

I send you some hasty thoughts about Emerson on the other leaf—mere suggestions for your own article. If you wish further, write confidentially to H. D. Thoreau, Concord, Mass., who can write a much account of him than I can, as I have no time to read or think. He has leisure and talent. Tell him when his article is to appear in Graham if you can. He will be glad to hear from you.

I wish, if you are to put me in your book, you had seen some things I have written—my manuscript Lectures and the article I spoke of. You could find the latter at any rate by writing to Hartford for it. An orthodox clergyman edited it.

I mean to be at Philadelphia for the Webster dinner on the 2d prox. Please not to run off that morning. Either come on the 1st, or stop till the 3d. Write me.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

I am not well since election; have a daughter three weeks old; am trying to write some on a lecture, and make very slow progress. Yet it must be done.

New York, Nov. 23rd, 1846.

[Miss Mary L. Seward (?) to Mrs. Osgood]:

... Mrs. Hewitt is still absent, greatly to my regret, for I like her; her husband's name is again entered upon the list of volunteers for Mexico. Miss Lynch drew a pretty picture for me of her visit to Willis and his bride at their rooms in Seventeenth Street. Everything was couleur de rose. They detained her to tea, and she left quite charmed with the unaffected grace and goodness of her new acquaintance. Willis, I imagine, is trying to woo back, from the past, the better hours of life, but to such as he, already satiated and listless, only their pale phantoms re-appear to mock at and extinguish hope. . . I have heard nothing of the Poe family except that they are in great poverty. Mrs. Ellet has been very ill at the South. Do you see Miss Fuller's letters? And have you read her adventures on Ben Lomond? Such a blessed mishap for an authoress. . .

Mary.

New York, Dec. 16, 1846.

Friend Griswold,

Why don't Graham publish my friend Thoreau's article on Carlyle? He has nothing in the January number that would be read with greater interest. I am disappointed at its non-appearance. Please find out what its prospect is, and advise me.

Mac [Elrath] says you were to write a notice of Lardner for Graham, and Graham excuses its non-appearance by saying you have not written it. M. says he gave you the book on purpose. He wished me to write about it.

When are you coming on? I have been asked to attend your Anti-Capital-Punishment meeting next Monday evening, but don't want to. Business so presses and I am behind with so many things. I have half a lecture written, and want to write another this winter, but get no time.

I don't see that book yet. Why is his chariot so long in coming?—By the way, you don't happen to have a MS. lecture of mine, do you? It is idle to ask, but I have lost one somehow, and it seems as if nobody could have stolen it, so that I must have lent it to someone. Yours, write,

Horace Greeley.

New York, 20 Dec., 1846.

[Mrs. Mary E. Hewitt to Mrs. Osgood]:

... Miss Bogart was there [at the reception of Miss Lynch]—just returned from her European tour. How well she looks! And oh, Fanny! She has seen Mont Blanc and all the places that you and I would give so much to see!

The Misses Sedgwick were present. They have changed their evening from Wednesday to Monday. All regret that you are not to be one of us this winter.

The Poes are in the same state of physical and pecuniary suffering—indeed worse, than they were last summer, for now the cold weather is added to their accumulation of ills. I went to enquire of Mr. Post [publisher of the Columbian Magazine] about them. He confirmed all that I had previously heard of their condition. Although he says Mrs. Clemm has never told him that they were in want, yet she borrows a shilling often, *to get a letter from the office*—but Mrs. Gove had been to see the Poes and found them living in the greatest wretchedness. I am endeavoring to get up a contribution for them among the editors, and the matter has got into print—very much to my regret, as I fear it will hurt Poe's pride to have his affairs made so public. . .

Did you get my letter enclosing a reply to Grace Greenwood? Let me know *everything* at your earliest convenience. I have removed from the Athenæum—two weeks since—to Mrs. Rice's, No. nine Murray St.—the next house to the Murray St. House—so you see I am quite in our friend Miss Seward's neighborhood still. I am most comfortably situated, and my little parlor would suit your idea of a parlor exactly. . .

Mary.

In "The Independent" of 1 Feb. 1894, Mr. Stoddard pleasantly describes Miss Lynch's "evenings":—

"The best preparation for reading these Memoirs of Mrs. Botta [he says] is a glance over the first forty or fifty names in the series of papers which Edgar Allan Poe contributed, in 1846, to 'The Lady's Book,' of L. A. Godey. Familiar with the reputation of the ladies and gentlemen who figure in this list, my acquaintance with Mrs. Botta dates back only forty-four years, when, a timid young person of twenty-four, I was intro-

duced into her salon, either by Dr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, or by Mr. Bayard Taylor. I had scrawled some immature verse, which Mr. Seba Smith and Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland thought not entirely unworthy of the places which they gave it, one in 'The Rover,' a little weekly, the other in 'The Union Magazine,' a monthly of larger size, with illustrations on wood and steel, mezzotints, if my memory is not at fault, by Mr. John Sartain. Mrs. Botta, who was then Miss Anne Charlotte Lynch, was known to me before the date I have specified through her poems in 'Graham's Magazine' and other periodicals, which were copied in 'The Evening Mirror,' of which Mr. Nathaniel Parker Willis was editor-in-chief, and in 'The New York Tribune,' the critical chair of which was filled by Mr. George Ripley. To meet this accomplished gentlewoman was a distinction, since in meeting her one met her friends, the least of whom was worth knowing. She lived, as nearly as I now recollect, on the south side of Ninth Street, not far from Fifth Avenue, and with her was her elderly mother, and a young woman who is now Mrs. S. M. C. Ewer, and was a sister of Mr. Charles Congdon, a brilliant humorist, whom I did not know until ten years later. Who witnessed my awkward entrance into Miss Lynch's well-lighted parlor? I have forgotten who they were. I only know that the night was a cold one; late in November, I fancy, and that, chilled through and through, in spite of a thick cloak which I wore, I stooped and chafed my hands before her glowing coal fire. Many a day passed before I heard the last story about my blundering gaucherie on that woful night—a gaucherie which worsened itself in the sharp eyes of Phyllis, who declared that she wondered at her foolish Corydon. The Willises were there, the poet who wrote "Scripture Sketches" in his youth, and had written much versatile poetry and prose since—letters from all quarters of the world—his second wife and his daughter Imogen. But before these I see Miss Lynch, tall, gracious, kindly, the woman that she remained until the cold March morning two years ago when she wandered out into the worlds

beyond this workaday world of ours. Present, also, were two of the swarming sisterhood of American singers, an elderly spinster [Miss Bogart] who was remembered through one of her solemn lyrics, entitled, I think, "He Came too Late," and a more hopeful married woman, whose songs were of a more cheerful cast. . . On a later occasion, early in the following spring, I met another singer of tender melodies. She came of a poetic family, for, besides herself, I can recall a sister who wrote fairly well. Born in Boston, children of a merchant there named Locke, Frances Sargent spent a portion of her girlhood where I passed my boyhood, in Hingham, Mass., where, in my seventh year, Mr. William Gilmore Simms improvised his "Atalantis: A Tale of the Sea." Miss Locke married a painter named Osgood, with whom she sailed for London, where he drew many celebrities, and she warbled her way into their affections, remembering her native land in her first book, "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England." When I met this gentle lady, seven-and-thirty, or it may be thirty-eight summers had touched her, lightly, as it seemed, but heavily, as it proved; for, always fragile, she was in a decline, reminding her friends, after her soul had taken its flight, of Young's Narcissa—

"She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to Heaven."

Mrs. Osgood was a paragon. For, loved of all men who knew her, she was hated by no woman who ever felt the charm of her presence. Poe was enamored of her, or fancied that he was, which with him was the same thing. He dedicated a copy of verses to her, a trifle which had served the same purpose twice before. He concealed her name in an effusion of twenty lines, and he reviewed her in his glowing fashion, and no one disputed the accuracy of his verdict, in her case. But Poe had a rival in her affections in Dr. Griswold, whom she transformed for the moment into an impassioned poet. When Edgar Allan was drugged to death at Baltimore, about six months before the time of which I am writing, I scribbled some verse in his memory; and she was good enough to think some of it

not unworthy of its theme. She died a few weeks later, and was buried in a hillside grave at Hingham [as a matter of fact, Mrs. Osgood was buried at Mt. Auburn, 15 May, 1850, having died in New York the 12th.] . . .

I return to the list of names in Poe's "Literati of New York City," and recover others whom I saw at Miss Lynch's evenings at home. Constantly there was Mr. W. M. Gillespie, a mathematician of eminence, who stammered in his speech; Dr. J. W. Francis, who knew and was known to everybody, a florid gentleman with flowing white locks; and Ralph Hoyt. Then came Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, poetess, writer of stories, and, later, of three or four novels; and next Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Embury, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, and Dr. Thomas Ward, who, under the Horatian signature of Flaccus, celebrated "Passaic, a Group of Poems Touching that River, with other Poems." Greater names were those of Bryant and Halleck, and one lesser, in the person of the bard who entreated the woodman to spare the tree."

The chronology of the Mr. Stoddard's account is mixed, Willis, for instance, having ceased to edit 'The Mirror' in November 1845.

I append the "effusion of twenty lines" to which Mr. Stoddard refers. It was read at a Valentine party at the house of Miss Lynch, on the 14th of February 1846, and was published in "The Evening Mirror" of the 21st,—which fact did not prevent Poe's selling it as original to two other periodicals three years later. The letters are not italicised in the author's copy.

To ———

- 1 For her these lines are penned, whose luminous eyes,
- 2 Bright and expressive as the stars of Leda,
- 3 Shall find her own sweet name that, nestling, lies
- 4 Upon this page, enwrapped from every reader.
- 5 Search narrowly these words, which hold a treasure
- 6 Divine—a talisman—an amulet

- 7 That must be worn *at heart*. Search well the measure
 8 The words—the letters themselves. Do not forget
 9 The smallest point, or you may lose your labor.
 10 And yet there is in this no Gordian knot
 11 Which one might not undo without a sabre
 12 If one could merely comprehend the plot.
 13 Upon the open page on which are peering
 14 Such sweet eyes now, there lies, I say, perdu,
 15 A musical name oft uttered in the hearing
 16 Of poets, by poets—for the name is a poet's too.
 17 In common sequence set, the letters lying,
 18 Compose a sound delighting all to hear—
 19 Ah, this you'd have no trouble in describing
 20 Were you not something of a dunce, my dear :—
 21 And now I leave these riddles to their Seer.

If this is meritorious as a poem, some rimes which Mrs. Osgood addressed to Griswold, 3d March 1849, are more curious as an intellectual exercise :—

- | | | |
|----|---|----|
| 1 | For one, whose being is to mine a star, | 1 |
| 2 | Trembling I weave in lines of love and fun | 2 |
| 3 | What Fame before has echoed near and far. | 3 |
| 4 | A sonnet if you like,—I'll give you one | 4 |
| 5 | To be cross-questioned ere its truth is solv'd | 5 |
| 6 | Here veiled and hidden in a rhyming wreath | 6 |
| 7 | A name is turned with mine in cunning sheath | 7 |
| 8 | And unless by some marvel rare evolved | 8 |
| 9 | Forever folded from all idler eyes | 9 |
| 10 | Silent and secret still it treasured lies | 10 |
| 11 | Whilst mine goes winding onward, as a rill | 11 |
| 12 | Thro' a deep wood in unseen joyance dances | 12 |
| 13 | Calling in melody's bewildering thrill | 13 |
| 14 | Whilst thro' dim leaves its partner dreams and glances. | 14 |

Dear Rufus, while the "midnight chimes"
In belfrys weave their merry rhymes—
Why may not I (you know the place
In Suffolk chambers) join the race,—
And while the Christmas bells are waking,
Give my old Pegasus a shaking!

And first, why don't you write us, Gris?
And second, why not show your phiz
Where School Street corners Washington,
And books, just born, begin to run;—
Where Dr. Choules drops in to smoke,
And Whipple stops to have his joke;—
In short, where all the women join
To swell the bulk of Ticknor's com!

Why don't you come? 'tis many a year
Since Gris. and all that's gay were here;
Since laughter, we remember well,
In number 2 like music fell;
And since at "Haven's gay saloon,"
You stirred with us the coffee spoon!

Why can't you come? 'tis but a step,
A railroad ride, a steamboat trip;
A parting glance at Walnut Street,
And on the Tremont plant your feet!
Swift Olmstead waits with ready pen
To chronicle the best of men;—
You must, you shall, you can't refuse
Again with us to drink and muse!

Come while you're young;—we're getting old,
Our blood is growing thin and cold,—
Poor Tom Gould limps and Whipple goes
With spectacles upon his nose.
Even I, so sound of wind and limb
When last we met, am wasting slim;

And if, dear Gris., you long delay,
You'll find us packed in huts of clay.

Then boys for copy cease to call!
Cut printers, Rufus, one and all!
Our native oracles, a week
Can wait, before they learn to speak.
Tie up your knocker, say you're sick,
And Hart will never learn the trick!
Come! Rufus, Come! 'tis our behest,
Give those dead Proseers one more rest!

Our oysters from their shells exclaim
"Stewed, Broiled, or Roast,—'tis all the same,
As he may choose, when Gris. arrives
We give our bodies to the knives,—
We long to die,—for fill we shall
The belly of this Prodigal!"

J. T. F[ields].

Christmas Week, 1846.

My dear Sir [Fields?],

I hope you will do whatever you can to favor Mr. Poe in the matter of which he spoke to you in his letter. I suppose you will send him a copy of my poems and one of "Urania," and refer him for the little facts of my outward existence to the preface to my volume and to Mr. Griswold's book. I cannot think that he would be much interested to know that I have a little family growing up about me since friend Rufus posted up my history. This is almost the only change in my circumstances which has occurred since that date. But if there is anything about me which a friend might say and a well-wisher publish, say it and trust to Mr. Poe's discretion. I really believe, however, that I have nothing at present to show for the last half a dozen years of my life, which however have not been idle, and may some time or other bear their fruit.

I have always thought Mr. Poe entertained a favorable opinion of me since he taught me how to scan one of my own poems. And I am not ashamed, though it may be very unphilosophical, to be grateful for his good

opinion, and even venture to hope that he may find something to approve in one or two of my last poems—in the one you will send him and in the Pilgrim of last year if he ever sees it.

As for the autograph, that is a ticklish matter. I intend trying for one on the next page, but this sheet has a hot-pressed, repulsive kind of polish more genteel than agreeable to the ambitious designs of one who would desire to be enrolled upon the list of calligraphers. Like my eldest boy, it does not stick to its letters; like some of my Southern friends it seems to have a natural antipathy to the blacks. But the attempt must be made.

Modestly, therefore, yet firmly, avoiding equally the pretentious boldness of John Hancock, and the voluntary self-diminution of those who write their names in the circumference of the same sixpence which already covers a copy of the Lord's prayer in full, I subscribe myself Yours very truly,

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Boston, Dec. 29, 1846.

Philad'a, 29 Dec., 1846.

Dear James,

... My book ... will be published in two or three weeks. I dread its appearance. "Young America" will be rabid; and what will be worse, you and my kind friends will be disappointed. I have worked upon it pretty steadily for nineteen months, but it is incomplete, and poor indeed in so many ways, that I grow sick with the fear that it will be read by those who know how such a book should be made. Apologise for me in advance to "Macaulay" [Whipple]. In truth I grew conscientious as I drew near the end of my labors, and felt that I must make an example of somebody, and of whom could I write honestly but of a friend? ...

R. W. G.

New York, Jan. 12, 1847.

Friend Gris:

As you don't come along at all, and are entirely invisible, be so good as to send me my Lecture, and tell me when is likely to be the advent of your book, when you are coming here, etc., etc. I am going East soon—perhaps on Friday—to lecture, and want to take my lectures with me, for use and reference. Hereof fall not, but send and write promptly, and receive the thanks of

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

Have you seen Emerson's Poems? Of course you have. Guess you wish some of 'em were in that new Edition of the Poets?

Washington, Jan. 24, 1847.

Dear Sir—

The subject of international copyright is one towards which I have not directed my attention sufficiently to form a deliberate and settled opinion; nor shall I have leisure to do so during the remainder of this short and busy session.

But should you and other American authors and literary gentlemen think it proper to commit the subject to my charge, at the next session, I would direct my attention to it in the recess and endeavor to carry it through Congress, should my opinion, on a careful examination, be in its favor.

I would in the meantime be glad to be put in possession of such documents as would present fully both sides. With great respect, Yours etc.,

J. C. Calhoun.

Annapolis, Md., Jan. 18, 1847.

My dear Griswold:—

What of your book? What of my portrait? What of the Froisart Ballads?—and what of yourself? I thought you were to be "along our way" in December? I have heard nothing of you.

... Have you seen that ox-faced thing in the American Review, engraved from a damaged and condemned daguerreotype in Edwards' collection, New York? This was done without the slightest intimation to me, and when I saw it very much to my discomposure. But I couldn't control it, and was obliged to make the best of it.

... If you pass through Baltimore before the 10th of March, make your visit there on Saturday and Sunday, as only on those days can I get away from here. They have made me Speaker of the House of Delegates, and I am obliged to be punctually at my post every morning. Yours truly,

J. P. Kennedy.

It will be noticed that many of the letters mentioned in the Diary are not printed. This is because they were not among those received by the editor from Mr. Griswold's executor, nor has the former any means of learning in whose hands they now are.

Diary: Feb. 22. Furness told me of Johnson's informing John Frost he was not mentioned in "The Prose Writers": an amusing scene. . . Am invited to write "Washington and his Generals."

Diary: Feb. 23. A letter from Raymond, in a most friendly spirit. . .

Diary: Feb. 25. Busy all day at Graham's office.

New York, March 1st, 1847.

R. W. Griswold, Esq., Dear Sir:

I send you herewith a copy of Daggett's "New York Advertiser," in a business point of view. I have told D. that you would make him up a column of choice Literary matter for his next number better than any other man can do it, and you must justify my recommendation. Give him a good day's work, send him the copy by Saturday of this week, and charge him \$10.

You understand what is wanted. A column not of puffs of your books, nor Carey's, nor anybody's, but of stuff that will cause the paper to be read and preserved. You can put it together if you will. No odds about originality, only it must not be common, and yet it must be adapted to general tastes, not special. Try to do it well. A square or two of Literary Intelligence, very compact, might form a part, only it must be impartial.

Gris. make up for me a brief collection of the best Epigrams in the Language—say three folio sheets of MSS. A page may be given to Epitaphs if you please, though I don't care. Why did you run off without saying Go'd b'y'e?

Yours,

H. Greeley.

I shall leave the city for N. H. Thursday morning.

Diary: Mar. 3. . . . The Prose Writers of America published today.

Diary: Mar. 4. . . . Letter from Halleck . . .

Philadelphia, 7th March, 1847. *

Dear James [Fields],

The book [Prose Writers] is not received with kindness, and I persuade myself that it receives something less than justice, though I am as sensible as any one of its faults. One of our editors here says it is a bundle of puffs of my friends. . . Another says it is a partial compilation, but there is enough original matter in it—such as it is—for a brace of duodecimos. Another declares it is *edited* by me—perhaps because he does not know the use of words, perhaps because he supposes it is an old book, of which I have

been giving the world a new impression. . . Mr. Chandler here—and Mr. Jno. Frost, Mr. "Table Beer" Morris and Messrs. the 70 . . . are astonished, and more indignant even than surprised. Greeley is angry at what I offer under the name of Margaret [Fuller], which is very badly written though all true. Inman, Parke Godwin, W. A. Jones (how could Whipple puff that miserable diluter of old New Monthly articles?)—E. A. Duyckinck, J. B. Auld, and the whole mob of "Young Americans," "swear terribly" that they're omitted and that the amiable Cornelius, centurion of the sect, is so "abused." Then there is Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Ellet,—they all have warm admirers, and could bring witnesses into court, every one of them, to prove that they are equal to De Stael . . . and they are believed. Talking of women who make books, we have had but one in America who merited her reputation—Maria Brooks. Mrs. Smith has talent for writing, and quick apprehension—but the literature of women, everywhere, is, for the most part, sauzle—an expressive word from the feminine vocabulary. . . I call these names to your memory that you may know why my book is damned by all the newspapers so. It has not yet received as civil a notice as the U. S. Gazette here usually gives to a two-penny book of nursery rhymes. You will pardon my weakness in thinking of the failure I have made, for you know it cost me much time and toil. It deserves indeed no great success, but it is condemned for the very reasons of the little excellence it has. . .

I am going to New York early in May to translate for Harper, and edit, *The Biographie Universelle*. It will occupy me a year and a half or two years, constantly. . .

R. W. G.

Boston, March 9, 1847.

My dear Griswold,

I intended to have written to you a week ago, but have been prevented by a thousand things. As soon as I received the sheets of your new book I prepared a hasty notice for Graham, which I supposed you would see. I think your work is the best you have done in respect to the literary execution, and the general independence and decidedness of the opinions. I have read it with a great deal of interest. I think that a number were omitted who should have appeared, especially Sumner, Hillard and a few others in these diggins. I tell people that your work was to have been

a hundred pages more, but was cut down by the publishers. There is a certain sulky, sullen magnificence about portions of your introductory essay which especially takes me. You kick more in this book than any other. I have noticed some errors which I shall not trouble you with, being errors of opinion. Bowen desires me to review the book for his July number—a task which I think I may do. I should treat it more tenderly than any body else among his contributors.

I owe you an acknowledgement for the undeserved panegyric you so bountifully pour upon me. Probably many of the gentlemen who are omitted will pounce upon me for my good luck. They will have the devil upon them if they do. The truth is, from my connection with literary organs, I enjoy a great deal of power, which would make me a dangerous gentleman to abuse. Seriously, I think you have done me, relatively, too much honor. It would not be kind, however, to run you down for that.

What think you of Duyckinck's new journal? ["The Literary World"] It is better than any thing we have had in the United States, and if it succeeds, and cuts clear from all sectional and personal predilections, will be a valuable aid to American literature.

In the next number of the North American, Bowen has an article directed against Emerson's Poems. By the way you once wrote me about a review of Simms, in the N. A.; I thought you might suppose I was the author. It was not so. Felton did that business.

Fields is chirping. I hope to see you on here soon. I am not married yet, but hope to be before the year is out. The lady is the best in the world, of course, and I am the luckiest of men.

All happiness to you, my boy, and good luck to all your brain-children, and good riddance to all your troubles—these are the blessings of Yours

Werry Respectably,

E. P. W.

Diary: Mar. 12. . . . Am criticised severely for omitting J. H. Ingraham, T. S. Arthur, and Wilmer! from the P. W.

One of the above named was thus characterized in 'The Knickerbocker' for December of this year:— "'Professor Ingraham,' who has within the last ten years written more immoral works than any other of the many penny-a-line scribblers to whom the 'cheap and nasty' school of ephemeral publica-

tions have given birth, has taken to the Church for a 'living.' 'We don't know,' says the lively and clever 'Sunday Dispatch,' 'whether to sympathize with the Public, the Church, or the Professor himself. We resign the man who wrote 'The Cigar-Girl of Broadway' and 'The Dancing Feather,' thankful that he has escaped from the thick smoke of sin and emerged into a purer atmosphere.' "

New York, March 13, 1847.

B. W. G.,

Yours received this day, but I had written and brought in my notice of your book last night. I wrote very hastily, with half a dozen jawing at me and my boy raising all sorts of mischief in my office, whereby there are several tautological expressions in the notice, but it is pretty fair nevertheless, though it would have been better if I could have read the proof.

Why did you ask about the delay? Didn't I tell you in my last that I was off to New Hampshire to take a hand in the fight there going on? I only got home Wednesday morning, and despatched your book as soon thereafter as possible. It had not come to hand when I left, a week ago Thursday morning. That's the whole story.

Your scraps for Daggett, were a little late, but in season, I hope. You must have seen the 1st No. of his Advertiser; I asked you to write for the second and you should have sent to him forthwith. Yours,

H. Greeley.

Read Raymond's and my last in Friday's Tribune.

In his autobiography Mr. Greeley touchingly refers to the death of this son, which took place in July 1849.

New York, March 13, 1847.

My dear Sir,

Many thanks for your kind intention in regard to the 'Prose Writers.' No copy has been received at the Mirror Office, and W. and P. say that none has been received by them for the Mirror or me. It will give me much pleasure to receive a copy and I will say a word about it in the two or three papers for which I occasionally write. But I shall be prevented the pleasure of saying anything ill-natured about it, as people would suspect me

of being influenced by spite because my own name is not included among the Authors. I hope, however, that you will not for a moment believe that I ever anticipated seeing my name among the 'prose writers of America.' I never had such a thought, and should have been greatly astonished at seeing it there. I remember having heard you say that you have the fullest collection of American books in the country, and it was my intention to send you two or three volumes of mine, which were anonymously published, but as our acquaintance was slight, I feared that you might mistrust my motives. But your book having appeared I will, at a convenient season, make a small addition to your already large library. I have not yet seen the 'Prose-Writers,' but I believe you have not included in your list the prominent Newspaper Authors of the Country. This I think is a double mistake; in the first place they are the real writers of the country who are, at least, the Exponents of National thought, if they are not directors of it; and in the second place you lose the favorable feeling of an influential class, which, in these days of dollars and cents should always be secured when it can without a sacrifice of principle. You will excuse the freedom of my remarks, and believe them well intended, if they are not well in themselves.

I have just received a letter from Lowell announcing the death of his only child, a beautiful girl little more than a year old. It is altogether the most beautiful piece of prose writing that I have ever read. I do not know whether or not you have included him in the Catalogue of American prose writers, but my partiality for him is so great that I should be tempted to put his name in the front rank of them all. The only person who has expressed an opinion of the book in my hearing was Jones who, of course, thought that certain persons were left out who had a right to a place in it. I see that Dana gives a very generous, but rather slight notice of it in the Tribune of this morning. With much esteem, Your friend and ob't servant,

Charles F. Briggs.

Diary: Mar. 23. Kind letters from Raymond and Hoffman.

Diary: April 8. Letter from R. W. Emerson, in which he says he does not think a philosopher [?] is obliged to understand his own opinions.

Boston, April 26, 1847.

My dear Griswold,

I have rec'd your favor and make haste to answer it. I hope the book will be tenderly received in England, though the Examiner and Spec-

tator newspapers are sure to attack it. The chief objection will be the general tone of your composition, and the occasional dogmatism with which your opinions are expressed—also a certain sulky magnificence of style in some parts—a clerical way of saying “I don’t care a damn for anybody”—which is open to criticism. If you desire to avoid the objections to these you must carefully go over your portions, and soften a little here and there. You had better leave out that portion of your remarks about Burke as compared to Webster. It would be impossible for me to suggest alterations to any extent in a letter. The best way would be for you to take some literary friend who understands the feeling of the London public and have him go over the book with you.

I wish you could manage in some way *not* to have me come last in the collection as it will expose me particularly to the shots of critics. Also leave out of your notice of me all biographical matter except the time when and the place where I was born, and the fact that I am engaged in Commercial pursuits. Cut out likewise the tremendous puff about my style being Milton and Addison fused together.

I have seen [H: Norman] Hudson and will send you in a day or two some extracts from his lectures and marked extracts from his articles. Give him a fine notice. Speak of his mind as singularly keen, penetrating, powerful and brilliant, with a corresponding sharpness and strength of expression. Refer to his fluency in apt illustration, fanciful, satirical and humorous. Say that his lectures on Shakespeare are great both as specimens of splendid composition and [of] exhausting analysis. Refer particularly to his analyses of characters—especially, Lear, Iago, Macbeth, Othello and Desdemona which are really the greatest extant on those distinguished persons.

Mr. Dana has the highest possible opinion of Hudson and his writings. Don’t put in anything about “cribbing,” because it is not the fact. Dana, who has gone over the ground, don’t think so,—neither do I. The only things he has published are an article on Education in the Democratic Review for May and July 1845,—one on Reading in the Whig Review for May, ’45, and on Festus in the Whig Review for Jan’y and Feb’y 1847. You don’t know what a splendid fellow Hudson is,—somewhat crabbed and individual, but a regular b’hoj of letters for all that.

I am glad to hear that you are well. I am sorry that Duyckinck published that article in the [Literary] World. It is very one-sided and harsh. However, you drew down the lightning on your own head by your shabby-genteel damnation of Mathews.

I always make it a rule never to join in when there is a cry of condemnation against a fellow creature and author. Mathews has not had justice done him and therefore he is to be tenderly touched. You may depend upon it that his influence across the water will be against you if you do not modify your criticism upon him. I wish you would take out some of the eulogy on me and put it on to Cornelius. You would not in that case increase the aggregate of your praise. I will write again as soon as I get the material from Hudson. Very truly yours,

E. P. W[hipple].

Boston, April 30, 1847.

My dear G.

I have received yours of the 27th. I wrote you the day before I got it about Hudson. The objection to your remark about Burke is that though Webster has more in him of the qualities of a practical statesman, and more closeness and rapidity of argumentation, he cannot be compared to Burke in fertility of intellect, both philosophical and imaginative. Burke has supplied or digested the principles, and a good portion of the declamation, of two great parties in Great Britain. Webster more resembles Fox. Perhaps his weight of nature is greater than either, and he may have greater possibilities in his mind; but he can only be compared with Burke in the manner I do it in my article on Webster, viz., in showing that the influence of Burke's passions and imagination did, in particular instances, interfere with the sobriety of his understanding. You say that the genius of Webster is more various. This is a mistake. Burke's Works supply more philosophical reflections, more splendid imagery, and a greater variety of thoughts, than those of any man since Bacon and Milton. You are not so fresh from Burke as I am. I have had him on my table for the last five years, and know him through and through. My copy is marked on every page. Besides, in any event, your remark will be considered ridiculous in England. . . In great haste,

E. P. W.

Diary: April 30. Prof. Allen called this evening to invite me to deliver the annual address at Dickinson College.

Diary: May 16. Letter from Simms, which I gave to Miss Allen, as an autograph.

Aiken, May 31st, [1847 ?].

My dear Sir:

I learned your arrival in Charleston only this afternoon, and let me say how much pleasure it will give me to receive you here as a guest. We live here in most primitive style—pretty much as one would on a maroon; for this place is noted as a resort for health; and residing here for the present with that end in view, we cannot consider it a home. So if a small room (heartily at your service) and plain enough entertainment will content you, I will endeavor for my part to render what time you may spare me as little wearisome as possible. Aiken is on the R-Road terminating at Augusta, and I would like to hear from you a day or two before you leave the city, that I may meet you at the cars, and avert a mistake in the place of landing not unusual where there is an upper and a lower village of the same name.

In hope of making your acquaintance, my dear Sir, in person before long, I remain Your ob't servant, etc.,

J. M. Legaré.

Diary: June 30. In the street today met Poe, who was extremely civil. . .

Diary: July 6. Letter from Prescott.

Diary: July 18 [Philadelphia]. Joseph C. Neal committed suicide this morning at his house in Seventh Street, near by. It is given out that he died of congestion of the brain.

Diary: Sept. 16. Tonight have finished Washington and the Generals of the Revolution, of which I have written about one third, for little money and no reputation.

Diary: Sept. 17. At Harper's had a disagreeable altercation with [Spencer W.] Cone, who was angry that Jefferson should be treated with disrespect, and reviled Clay as if he were a common cutthroat.

Steamer Britannia, Off Halifax, Friday, Sept. 17, 1847.

Dear Rufus,

I promised to write you from Europe, but my rapid flight gave me no leisure for correspondence. What I have seen we will talk over some fine day at Jones' or elsewhere, but at present "I cannot enlarge," as the Alderman said to the Mayor. I have visited many spots of great historical and literary interest,—to which my feet made no unwilling pilgrimage, I assure you. I have sailed the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence; stood at the

tombs of great warriors from Richard Coeur de Lion to Napoleon; walked over Waterloo and Runnymede; loitered at Père la Chaise; mused at Abbotsford and Newstead; talked at Rydal with Wordsworth,—at “Our Village” with Miss Mitford,—in his sanctum with Christopher North, who by the way mentioned your Poets of America as a Book on his shelves and one which he loved to read; you will see by the enumeration from my catalogue that I was not idle during my sojourn in distant lands. I have escaped by the good blessing of God a death at Sea; the account of our disaster you will read in the papers. It was a slight thread to hang a ship’s company’s lives upon, but the time had not come for us to make our departure from the lower world. It is a terrible experience, that of seeing two hundred souls fearfully looking out upon a rocky shore uncertain of the issue.

I write this hasty line that you may see I have not forgotten you. We will no doubt meet before long either in Philadelphia or Boston, where we will talk things over. I come home with every wish gratified as far as relates to those countries I have visited, and with a firm conviction that where our lines are cast there blessings most abound. America is the world’s picked garden and I thank Heaven I am one of her sons and

Your old friend, always most truly,

James T. Fields.

Diary: Sept. 24. Met Headley in the street. He is angry at a review I printed in the Literary World of his Washington and his Generals.

Philadelphia, Oct. 18, 1847.

Dear Sir,

Your favor of the 11th duly received with list of Contributors to “Washington and His Generals” which leaves you only 96 pages (provided you are not the author of the Essay on “Washington”) for \$75.—but as you have had, we acknowledge, a great deal more trouble with the work than I expected, we will place to your credit \$150. instead of \$96.;—please state if this is satisfactory.

You have received from us in cash on account of the 96 pages \$75., leaving a balance of \$75. to your credit. We have also credited you with \$93.75 for the second edition (1,000) of Prose Writers of America—one half of which, say 500 copies, were sent to England, on which you were to receive \$31.25 copyright, and on the 500 for sale in this country, \$62.50. . .

Yours respectfully,

A. S. Hart.

The article mentiond was reprinted in The Tribune, 29th October, as by R. W. Griswold; this would seem to settle the question of authorship.

Diary: Oct. 16. Converse with [Gen. Edmund Pendleton] Gaines after dinner. He says he was 70 last March, and that he first knew Jefferson in 1804, when he was a subaltern. (Query: was J. his father?) He devotes the evening tō me, giving many entertaining reminiscences of his life and opinions. Mrs. G. says she governs him easily in domestic affairs.

Diary: Nov. 2. Did not go down town. About 8 o'clock Briggs came up and told me of Headley's attack upon Hoffman and me in the C[ourier] & Enquirer.

Diary: Nov. 3. Hoffman replies tō Headley this morning, and I have left a reply tō him at the Courier office.

Diary: Nov. 5. Headley attacks me in the Courier, which refuses tō print my reply, and I carry it tō Greeley.

Diary: Nov. 8. Meet at Hoffman's Mr. Thompson, the new editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1847.

Dear Sir:

Headley could not have done our book more service if he had tried than by the stir his communications have made in the sale of it.

Your letter in the Tribune was well written and tō the point—we learn he will make a further attack on us tōmorrow. . . Yours etc.,

A. S. Hart.

Diary: Nov. 11. J. T. H. again in the Courier & Enquirer. . . Pass an hour with Prof. Bush, with whōm I discuss the whole subject of the Headley controversy, and he proposes very kindly a card with the names of several of my old acquaintances. After dinner Senator Folsom speaks tō me of the subject in a very kindly manner.

Diary: Nov. 12. The Headley controversy continues, but I am no longer alluded tō in it.

Philadelphia, Nov. 24, 1847.

My Dear Sir:

Pray what think you of the way Mr. Headley and his publishers have been shown up? . . .

Yours truly,

Carey & Hart.

Yours of yesterday just rec'd. Send on the Review; we will try to get it in the N. American even if we pay for it.—C. & H.

Diary: Nov. 30. . . . Met S. S. Phelps [Senator from Vermont] whō advises me tō turn politician. He regrets that he did not denounce the Mexican war in the Senate.

Boston, January 6, 1848.

My dear Griswold,

. . . The only answer he vouchsafes is, that he made the engagement with Mrs. Ellet before the book was published, and before she could see what was said in it about herself. It is all nonsense tō pretend tō dō anything with Bowen when his mind is once fixed. It is like trying tō puff back a hurricane with the breath of human nostrils . . . Besides I don't believe the lady will dō any intentional injustice tō any of you . . . However much she may dissent from your opinions, she cannot help acknowledging that you have, in the mere collection of the matter, and the making out of the biographies, done what nobody else would have had patience or ability tō dō. You may depend upon it, also, that Bowen will not allow any clique injustice tō be perpetrated in his Review.

I am sorry tō find that you and the New-Yorkers are on such bad terms with Mrs. Ellet. I always thought that she was considered by you all a lady of great ability, acquirements, and excellence. The truth is, I have no patience with the New York literati. They are all the time quarrelling with each other. Why not kiss and be friends? You have a precious lot of feuds on your own hands. A plague on both your houses, say I. . .

I am glad you like the Essays and Reviews. I see that they are beginning tō blackguard me in New-York; and in Phil'a, I have been treated very shabbily. They seem tō be apprehensive that the book may prōve interesting tō the public. . .

E. P. W[hipple].

Concord, May 19, 1848.

My friend Greeley,

I received from you fifty dollars tō-day.

For the last five years I have supported myself solely by the labor of my hands. I have not received one cent from any other source, and this has cost me so little time, say a month in the spring and another in the autumn, dōing the coarsest work of all kinds, that I have probably enjoyed

more leisure for literary pursuits than any contemporary. For more than two years past I have lived alone in the woods, in a good plastered and shingled house entirely of my own building, earning only what I wanted and sticking to my proper work. The fact is man need not live by the sweat of his brow—unless he sweats easier than I do—he needs so little. For two years and two months all my expenses have amounted to but 27 cents a week, and I have fared gloriously in all respects. If a man must have money—and he needs but the smallest amount, the true and independent way to earn it is by day labor with his hands at a dollar a day—I have tried many ways and can speak from experience. Scholars are apt to think themselves privileged to complain as if their lot was a peculiarly hard one. How much have we heard about the attainment of knowledge under difficulties, of poets starving in garrets—depending on the patronage of the wealthy—and finally dying mad. It is time men sang another song. There is no reason why the scholar who professes to be a little wiser than the mass of men, should not do his work in the ditch occasionally, and by means of his superior wisdom make much less suffice for him. A wise man will not be unfortunate. How then would you know but he was a fool?

This money therefore comes as a free and even unexpected gift to me.

My Friend Greeley, I know not how to thank you for your kindness—to thank you is not the way—I can only assure you that I see and appreciate it. To think that while I have been sitting comparatively idle here, you have been so active in my behalf!

You have done well for me. I only wish it had been in a better cause, yet the value of good deeds is not affected by the unworthiness of their object. Yes, that was the right way, but who would ever have thought of it? I think it might not have occurred even to somewhat of a business man. I am not one in the common sense at all, that is I am not acquainted with the forms,—I might have waylaid him perhaps. I perceive that your way has this advantage too, that he who draws the draft determines the amount which it is drawn for. You prized it [word illegible] that was the exact amount.

If more convenient, the Maine article might be printed in the form of letters; you have only to leave off at the end of a day, and put the date before the next one. I shall certainly be satisfied to receive \$25.00 for it—that was all I expected if you took it—but I do not by any means consider you bound to pay me that, the article not being what you asked for, and being sent after so long a delay. You shall therefore, if you take it, send me 25

dollars now, or when you have disposed of it, whichever is most convenient—that is; after deducting the necessary expenses which I perceived you must have incurred. This is all I ask for it.

The carrier it is commonly whō makes the money. I am concerned tō see that you as carrier make nothing at all, but are in danger of lōsing a good deal of your time as well as some of your money.

So I got off—or rather so I am compelled tō go off—muttering my ineffectual thanks. But believe me, my Friend, the gratification which your letter affords me is not wholly selfish.

Trusting that my good genius will continue tō protect me on this accession of wealth, I remain

Yours,

Henry Thoreau.

P. S. My book is swelling again under my hands, but as soon as I have leisure I shall see tō those shorter articles, so look out.

Boston, June 1, 1848.

My dear Rufus,

Whipple has done the thing in a most brown and beautiful manner. The package contains the whole matter and we hope it will please you. Don't lōse the document, Rufus, for I cannot put my hands on the verses again if you should mislay them after your usual careless style. You know your weakness, my dear Doctor, and I am not afraid tō tell you so tō your head that your papers lie strewd about your den like Vallombrosa's Leaves, only a great deal more so. . .

You should see Whipple's boy. The little rascal daily peruses a back volume of the Edinburgh Review, and a day or twō since got aground on a Macaulay paper. He is a rare youth and bids fair tō rival his father in the literary world. . .

Mrs. Haven's Coffee Room is swept and garnished. Will you drop in some day, not distant, and imbibe her smoking beverage as it comes reeking by the hand of a maiden unrivalled out of Paradise?

Always most truly yours,

J. T. F[ields].

Referring tō the Whig nomination for the presidency in 1848 Greeley wrote in his autobiography as folloes:—

I non-concurred in this view, most decidedly. General Taylor, though an excellent soldier, had no experience as a statesman, and his

capacity for civil administration was wholly undemonstrated. He had never voted; had, apparently, paid little attention to, and taken little interest in politics; and, though inclined toward the Whig party, was but slightly identified with its ideas and its efforts. Nobody could say what were his views regarding Protection, Internal Improvement, or the Currency. On the great question—which our vast acquisitions from Mexico had suddenly invested with the gravest importance—of excluding Slavery from the yet untainted Federal Territories, he had nowise declared himself; and the fact that he was an extensive slave-holder justified a presumption that he, like most slave-holders, deemed it right that any settler in the Territories should be at liberty to take thither, and hold there as property, whatever the laws of his own State recognized as property. We desired to “take a bond of fate” that this view should not be held by a *Whig* President, at all events. . .

In the event, I think the anticipations of those who had favored and those who had opposed General Taylor's nomination . . . were both realized. He proved an honest, wise, and fearless public servant,—true to his convictions, but yielding all proper fealty and deference to those whose votes had placed him in the White House. None more keenly regretted his sudden, untimely death,—which occurred on the 9th of July, 1850, after he had been sixteen months President—than those who had most strenuously resisted his nomination. . . He was a man of little education or literary culture, but of signal good sense, coolness, and freedom from prejudice. Few trained and polished statesmen have proved fitter depositaries of civil power than this rough old soldier, whose life had been largely passed in camp and bivouac, on the rude outskirts of civilization, or in savage wastes far beyond it. General Taylor died too soon for his country's good, but not till he had proved himself a wise and good ruler, if not even a great one.

Clay himself wrote: “Magnanimity is a noble virtue, and I have always endeavored to practise it; but it has its limits, and the line of demarcation between it and meanness is not always discernible. . . I think my friends ought to leave me quiet and undisturbed in my retirement. My race is run. During the short time that remains to me in this world I desire to preserve untarnished that character which so many have done me the honor to respect and esteem.”

Washington, July 20, 1848.

Dear Sir [Greeley]:

I have not made my first speech for Taylor. I have not imagined it. I listen to all that can be said, and is said, of that sort, but I hear of nothing, think of nothing, by which I could move the heads or hearts of my sincere, sensible friends in Ohio. Yet I feel that Taylor is better than Cass, a parallel after the manner of Plutarch (which you can draw better than I) must be my apology for preferring the rude, ignorant, honest soldier to the swindling demagogue,—the hollow, heartless, dishonest humbug,—Cass. There is in Taylor something positive (I speak not of his writings, epistolary or other), but he is a man who can do, has done a thing. He did fight and kill men, and with a sort of infernal manliness, he did go right on from Palo Alto to Buena Vista. He has a *will*, badly educated, 'tis true, and from his Bulldog defence of Ft. Harrison to his insane fight at Buena Vista, he seems to have resolved within, to his own mind, "Thy work is given to Zachary Taylor to do—it seems the duty of Zachary Taylor to do this, and it shall be done." Now, instruct such a man, and he would do glorious good work in his day.

But what can you make of such a miserable rogue as Cass,—no conscience, no sentiment even, which he would not sacrifice for a puff in your Tribune as long as his finger. What *can* we do! I ask *you* what can we do else? Can we take Martin Van Buren? *He* the representative of a great principle!!! Is not this hypothesis a phenomenon to be wondered at, to be astonished at? *How* or *when* or *where* did he stand fire, where great principles fought against temporary party expediences? Has he repented of his ways! It is possible! But has he brought forth fruits meet for repentance! Not yet, till now, that I have seen. And shrewd men suggest revenge as his motive. I doubt, and so (as to him) am damned. Again I ask what can we do but take a nominal Whig, trusting somewhat to Whig affinities, Whig associations, and even antipathies to Loco-focism.

Elder Root is yet in the gall of bitterness. "Achilles remains in his tent. He will not fight for Agamemnon, nor yet will he join the Trojan Host." I fear he will plunge in his madness into more abolitionism. His good heart and manly sense are my hope of him. The rights of the Hudson Bay Co. are to be looked to, as at present advised. I am not sure they may not be bought of that corporation. A treaty would be the natural and easy way to do this; I have no fears of collision with England, unless Cass or such as he get power, and will fear to do right with England. In sorrow and truth I am

Your friend,

Tho. Corwin.

Ashland, 21st Sept., 1848.

My dear Sir [Greeley]:

Mr. Stevenson of Cincinnati addressed a letter to you (of which he sent me a copy) which I should be glad might appear in the Tribune, if you see no sufficient objection against it. It serves to sustain the grounds on which I was induced to consent to the submission of my name to the Philadelphia Convention, and that is a point about which I feel some solicitude.

I regret the movements made to bring out my name as a Candidate, both on my own account and that of my friends who made them. I do not think that they can effect any good. After the nomination of the Convention there was but one alternative for me, either to show that it was not the result of the "fair and full deliberations" of the Convention, or to acquiesce. Whatever I might have believed, I could not establish the first, and therefore felt that I ought to submit. I have accordingly quietly submitted, rigorously abstaining from giving to any person, on any occasion, the least encouragement to the further use of my name. But I felt no obligation to go any farther. Both honor and self-respect forbade that I should come out in the active support of a Candidate, who, in a reversal of conditions, had avowed his determination to oppose me.

As to what the Louisiana delegation said and did there is a mystery about their conduct which has never been unravelled. Why has the letter which one of them asserted he had from Genl. T[aylor] never been published? Why was that withheld from the public which was addressed to the Independent party of Maryland? His approval of what that delegation did, after he secured the nomination, was playing the safe game of "Heads I win, tails you lose."

Under this view, I feel no obligation to step forth as an active partizan of Genl. Taylor. If I saw in his election greater good than I do, I might suppress all sense of private wrong, and appear openly in his support. But besides the military objection, I fear that his success may lead to the formation of a mere personal party.

I have written an answer to a letter from the Executive Committee of the Whig D. Committee of N. York, expressing in strong terms my disinclination to the further use of my name as a Candidate.

I feel most sensibly for my friends who made the Vauxhall movement. Would it not be their best course to discontinue the use of my name, upon the ground that I am unwilling to be placed in that attitude?

What is to be the issue of the contest? I now think that Taylor will

get the Whig States of N. England, and that if he obtains the vote of Ohio he will be elected. The contradictory accounts from the latter State render it difficult to judge; but it is favorable for him there that the election for Governor first comes on. I am ever truly, Your friend,

H. Clay.

Lowell, Mass., July 20th, 1848.

Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, N. Y., My dear Sir.

I take the liberty of an old New York acquaintance to address you on a matter of business which may be worth your attention.

Messrs. Merrill & Heywood, publishers of good standing in this city, wish to publish a work to be called the "Poets and Poetry of Massachusetts" and have had such a work compiled by a young man of no particular literary reputation. They would be glad to have your distinguished name in the title page of the book, if it should be compatible with your other duties to give the matter attention. The Manuscript being furnished, would you, after giving it your supervision, permit your name to be used in the title page and at what price? . . . I remain as ever Your friend,

Charles J. Gillis.

July 3, 1848.

Mr. Griswold:

It gives me great pleasure to comply with the request of your very obliging letter by placing at your disposal the poems in your possession. I have also taken the liberty of sending you some other specimens, which, to quote Willis, I prefer to remember as my own. Not that I wish to press for the admission of a larger number, or dictate to your better judgment, but that you may have an ampler field from which to select. Should you elsewhere meet with anything from either of our pens in time to serve you, it will be at your disposal.

With regard to the prefatory notes I have only to say that we are sisters, and were born in a pretty and secluded district in the vicinity of Cincinnati, where we still live.

Our educational attainments are limited to the meagre and infrequent advantages of an obscure district school whence we were removed altogether at a very early age. With nothing from which to draw but our own hearts, subjected to the tolls and privations of poverty and orphanage, with neither books nor literary friends to encourage our predilections, we have been, and still are, humble worshippers of the glorious Temple of Song.

We write with great facility, often producing twō or three poems in a day, and never elaborate.

Very Respectfully,

Alice Cary.

P. S.—Permit me tō add a word with reference tō publishing our poems in a collected form. We have some three hundred and fifty, exclusive of our early productions, which those in your possession, as tō length and ability, fairly represent.

I think they would make a readable book, and our circumstances urge their publication if it would be in the least tō our pecuniary advantage. We can engage fifteen hundred or twō thousand copies. Would you engage tō publish the work on your own terms?

Be kind enough tō return the poems I send you, when they shall have served your purpose, as I have no other copies. Those you have collected are, I fear, marred with typographical errors.

A. C.

August 6, 1848.

My dear Sir,

Lowell arrived in town this morning and will remain until next Monday; I told him that I had engaged him tō dine with you but that I did not know whether you were in town or not; as he will be on the run nearly all the time that he is here, if you will let me know when you can meet him I will try tō catch him for you. He is not stopping at any particular place, as he has a brother at Newark and friends in Staten Island, he will be sometimes at one place and sometimes at another. Dō me the favor not tō make allusion tō the poem, or satire [A Fable for Critics], that I told you of when you see him, as it is, for the present, a secret which he does not want known.

I had forgotten about your Broadway sketches, and now that I think of it I dō not think that there is enough of me tō make a figure in such a series. I have not the least objection tō sitting tō you for my portrait, nor tō your displaying me in your collection of Curiosities, but I dō not see that there is anything about me worth making a note of. As my only intimate friends are Page and Lowell, and as you will see us tōgether in Broadway, perhaps you might sandwich me between my twō illustrious companions, and I should be better remembered for being served up with them. Lowell you know all about, and I regret that you dō not know more about Page, for he is the kind of person, I think, that you would be likely tō reverence. Page is a native of Albany, he has lived the greater part of his life in New York, and has never been abroad. He was a pupil of Morse's and early dis-

tinguished himself by the correctness of his drawings and the richness of his coloring. He became popular at once when his portraits were first exhibited and has continued to improve in his manner, never remaining long in the same stage; he is a devoted student of his art, works hard, reads a good deal, and impresses all his works with the elevated tone of his own mind; hence his portraits all have an air of historic dignity which is seen in the portraits of Van Dyke and Titian. He is not a mannerist. He has painted several historical pieces, and has a strong tendency to represent scriptural subjects. He has painted an *Ecee Homo*, now in the possession of Henry Caygill, Esq., of this City, a Holy Family in the Boston Athenæum; a very large composition, still unfinished, of Jephtha's Daughter, a Ruth and Naomi, a St. John, and other scriptural subjects. The solemnity and earnestness of Old Testament subjects seem peculiarly genial to his feelings. He is an admirable talker, and ever ready to assist or instruct the tyro of art who seeks his instruction; but he is averse to general society, and is rarely seen in the company of artists. All the rest you know.

As for me, I was not regularly bred to the trade of authorship, although I have always indulged "on the sly," but as my early occupations were mercantile I carefully hid all my literary efforts so effectually under a bushel that I could not lay my hand on the half of them if I were desirous of doing so, as I am not. The first book I published was "Harry Franco," which brought me so many invitations to write, that, happening to undergo a revolution in my business affairs, I was induced to try my luck at making my sustenance through a quill and have succeeded, so far as the sustenance goes. Poe said, in his absurd sketch of me, that "Harry Franco" was published in the Knickerbocker, but not a line of it was ever published in that Magazine. The book sold well, and was well enough received, but really I do not think it has merit enough to deserve any particular notice. Since then I have written a great number of Magazine articles, some of which have appeared with my name, but the greater part without. I published the "Haunted Merchant," and a little book for Young Travellers called "Life in a Liner, or Working a Passage." This little opusculum was very popular, and a good many editions of it have been sold. I don't know how many, nor who, at present, is the owner of it. I believe that these are all the books that I care to name, unless the letter in answer to John Campbell, which was published by the Copyright Club, be worth noticing. This latter trifle I would like to have alluded to, if you say anything at all about me, because the Centurion [Mathews] has contrived to monopolise all the credit of that

Copyright Club business, when, in fact, I did, myself, get up the Club, organized it [23 Aug. 1848] and kept it going until I saw that the Centurion was bringing disgrace upon it, and then I abandoned it. The history of this business is rather funny. I had invitations sent to a few individuals requesting them to meet at the Athenæum Hotel to form a club for the purpose of promoting an international copyright act; when we met there were only Hoffman, Mathews, Duyckinck, and myself present. I proposed Hoffman for chairman, D. for recording sec'y and M[athews] for corresponding sec'y; a treasurer was wanted and I proposed Bradford for that office, and so the club was formed. We afterwards had some very good meetings at the Athenæum, Bryant consented to act as President, and had it not been for the ridicule brought upon the affair by the monkey shines of Little Manhattan [Mathews], I believe that before this an international Copyright law would have been passed. You know all the rest. By the way, as to my nativity, I am a Yankee like yourself, and if my ancestors did not come over in the Mayflower they did in the very next ship.

. Very truly, your friend and obedient servant,

Chas. F. Briggs.

P. S.—To enable you to say that you encountered Page, Lowell and myself in Broadway, suppose that you invite him to come with L. ?

Boston, Aug. 15, 1848.

My Dear Rufus,

I should have answered your letter long ago had I been at home to do so. My mother has been and is now very ill at Portsmouth where I have been for many days at her bedside. She is now, thank God, more comfortable, and may yet be spared to us longer.

I heartily approve your Female Poets plan. Your names are good, all of them. Touching the doubtful ones I should, I think, retain Mrs. Mowatt and Jane Lomax. Of W. (?) Allen I know nothing. She is a woman of stamina I judge from her "Leip (?)."

I have some beautiful poems by me by Mrs. Barnes of New-Hampshire which I will send you if it is not too late for their insertion. They are No. 1, full of passionate feeling and eminently worthy of a place. Let me hear from you at once and I will forward immediately if it is yet in season.

Brief let me be as the mail is just at its last moment of Boston existence. God bless and keep you, my dear Griswold. Kindest remembrances from Whipple and all your friends here.

Always Yours,

J. T. F[ields].

Washington, Dec. 7, 1848.

Friend G.

Seeing in last, or rather Tuesday evening's Tribune, a decidedly good 'Song, by H. E. G. Avery,' reminds me to say to you that I think the writer worth thinking of in any future collection of Am. Female Poets. I think I cannot be mistaken in assuming that she is the one known to me as Harriet E. Groussis, of Cleveland, Ohio, whom I once met in that city, and who has written some remarkably good verses for The Tribune, mostly three or four years ago. Should you care to know anything farther about her, please address J. A. Harris, Ed. Cleveland Herald, who is intimately acquainted with her. She is by trade a school ma'am, rather well looking for a writer of verses, and not now above thirty, I guess.

I thought you were going to send 'The Sacred Poets' to me, but I see it is very well noticed in Tuesday Evening's Tribune. All right.

Yours,

H. Greeley.

Sandusky, O., Dec. 10th, [1848].

Dear Dr. Griswold:

We hear nothing more of les dames through the press. Are the birds seriously frightened? Mrs. E. F. Ellet has written to a friend of hers in this place making inquiry as to who I am?—probably mistrusting a Foster: and asking that friend if it were possible Dr. Griswold and myself were mutually concerned in that article? The friend, being also my intimate, asked me what answer she should make? I told her to present my compliments to Mrs. E. F. E. and say that the "out West Editor" would inform her, in due time, as to who he is and who edits the Register. I sent the papers containing that 1st article to downeast persons and papers generally, and hear from it in various sources and ways. Rest assured it has caused a flutter among the birds of the common kind.

When in N. Y. I heard of Mrs. Ellet's, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens', [and] Anne Lewis' purposes in regard to "writing you and Alice Cary down" and made up my mind to catch them at their game. The letter to which the Rochester article referred, wherein "certain imputations were made against the early writers of N. Y. who had become well known at the West" had particular reference to this very trio, and Mrs. Ellet probably mistrusted it: hence her editorial in the American, drawing me (?) out. I mistrust the result of the first tilt don't conduce particularly to her comfort. She probably will not answer the queries propounded.

Why is it your new volume is not out West? I have sent to Cleveland and Cincinnati for a copy and the copy is, not there! Your publishers are negligent, I fear.

Yours Sincerely,

O[rrville] J. Victor.

[Mrs. Ellet to Griswold.]

Notices—which the Editor of “The Poets” &c., will of course put into his own language: Mrs. Ellet’s father was Dr. Wm. N. Lummis, a physician, and a pupil and friend of Dr. Benjamin Rush, whom in person he strikingly resembled. He resided for some time at Woodbury, N. J. (near Philadelphia) but afterwards gave up the practice of his profession and removed to Sodus Bay, New York, where he purchased lands, and spent his fortune in improving them. He was a scholar, a man of taste and refinement, and one of the most highly respected citizens in that portion of the state. He died many years since. His second wife was Sarah Maxwell, the daughter of John Maxwell, a revolutionary officer and the niece of Brigadier General William Maxwell. (This Revolutionary officer has been underrated, and his services passed over, in many historical books. He served to within the last two years of the peace, then resigned his commission in displeasure because an inferior officer was promoted over him. In early life he was an officer in the colonial service, was at Braddock’s defeat and in other battles. He continued in the army after the Revolutionary war commenced: was at the storming of Quebec—the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, etc., etc.)

Mrs. Ellet married very young and removed to South Carolina, where she has since resided.

Writings. [1] Poems, Translations from the French and Italian, some original. [2] Teresa Contarini, a Tragedy represented with success at the Park Theatre and in the western cities. . . [3] Papers in the American Quarterly Review on “Italian Tragedy”—“The Italian Lyric Poets”—“Lamartine’s Poems” and “Hugo’s Dramas,” “The Troubadours,” “Andreini’s Adam,” etc. [4] “The Characters of Schiller” . . . [5] “Joanna of Sicily” . . . It may possibly be worth notice that the paper in the American Quarterly Review on “Andreini’s Adam,” reviewed the Italian drama, which *confessedly* gave Milton the idea of his Paradise Lost. The conception of character in this drama is worthy of Milton—the language in parts highly poetical; though its merits are obscured by the artificial taste and conceits peculiar to the *scientisti*, as they were called—the writers of

the 17th century). [6] Country Rambles... [7] Some poems and tales have been published in monthly magazines; but they are not worth noticing. Also some papers have been published in the North American Review and the Southern Quarterly Review, New Series. [8] The Women of the Revolution...

Philad'a, Dec. 16, 1848.

My dear Fellow,

... One of these days I shall be enabled to write your "memoirs," and do you justice, which is more than the world has ever done for you, although they have evinced a disposition that way in buying nine editions of "The Poets of America."

Your letter indicates that you must be exceedingly under the weather or under the "rules" as you say you feel as though you had taken a chapter of Lippard. I know how I should feel after attempting so much.

I have just been writing an article which is to go into the no. of "Godey" after the next, entitled, "Brig. Gen. Wm. A. Washington, An Historical Sketch, by Kirkwood," which I wish you particularly to read and give your opinion on. I have shown it to Wm. B. Reed who has pronounced favorably of it. W. A. W., in my opinion, was a man whose name was too little known for the services he rendered, and I attempted to rescue his immortal remains from mortality in an article of from four to five pages "Lady's Book." I am Mr. Griswold,

Yours Truly,

H. C. Baird.

December 18, 1848.

Dear Sir:

C[arey] and H[art] sent me this afternoon a copy of your "Female Poets of America," which they say is the first copy which has come from the binder's hands. It is admirable and beautiful in all respects. I have written the accompanying notice. I would send it to Morris, but his paper generally goes to press on Tuesday, and it would be too late for this week. I therefore send it on to you, that you may have it inserted in the Tribune or any other influential paper at once—so that C. and H. may quote it when they announce the book.

You might try whether it is in time for Morris. Tell him confidentially the facts, or show him this note. If you do not get it in time for his paper, I will write another for him, for next week. I will send you some

more notices in the course of a day or two. It is the best book you have yet made. I predict great popularity for it. Most truly yours,

H[orace] B[inney] W[allace].

Mr. Wallace's opinion was not universally held :—

It is melancholy to have to make these quotations; it is a poor business to break a butterfly upon a wheel, one which we should not have undertaken as long as such effusions had remained confined to a newspaper corner, or a hard-to fill page of our own and brother monthlies; but presented to us in a solid and durable shape, and announced as a body of literature exhibiting "a pervading aspiration for the beautiful," we feel bound to say that the beautiful has not been attained, and to show why we think so. It is the duty of the Critical journals to protest against stupidity, and against what is worse, the self-sufficient middling class. Utter incapability, when not amusing, excites our anger or contempt, but placid mediocrity stagnates and leaves us to perish of ennui. . .

Moreover, tacit treaties are entered into between authors, the terms of which are—"Puff my ballads and I will praise your Epics." We have been informed that several clever persons in Boston have been spoiled by this log-rolling in literature. Thus it is, that so many poetical flowers who were born to blush unseen, and to waste their sweetness in manuscript, have been unnaturally forced into the full bloom of print, where they look as sadly misplaced as buttercups in a bouquet. There are some indeed who are possessed with a scribble-mania of seven devil power. The love of notoriety buzzes about them, as the gadfly tormented Io, and drives them to wander in the fields of literature with Griswold for an Argus: an Argus, who cannot see any more clearly than themselves, that what is well enough in *Vers de Société* is trash in a volume.

We object to Mr. Griswold as a critic. Because he brought out this book. The reading-life of the oldest is short and full of weak eyes, and shelves groan with first-rate books. Has a man any right to endeavor to make his fellows waste precious time over "Types of Heaven," "Dream Melodies," and "Soul Music"? . . .

We may have been tedious, but we do not think we have been unjust. . . . We can get the good, if we refuse to be pleased with the passable. If we cannot, let us have none. Above all, let us keep before us the important fact, that geese are not swans, not even American geese, and that verses and rhymes do not constitute poetry. The donkey was twice as asinine as before

when he donned the lion's skin. And let Mr. Griswold, if he brings out a new edition for the California market, modify the title, and borrowing an expressive word from the Turkish, call it the Bosh-Book, or the Female Poets of America. [Democratic Review, March, 1849.

New York, Jan. 14, 1849.

Dear James [Fields]: . . .

Because I did not print her own estimate of her genius she [Mrs. Ellet] has tried her hand at cutting me up, in sundry quarters. She is inditing a paper upon the book for the North American—having contracted to do so several months ago, immediately after seeing my proof-sheets embracing her. . . Not a bit abashed by the consideration that she is herself a subject treated in each of the books—nor by that, that she has quarreled with and has been cut by Fanny Osgood, E. Oakes Smith, and half a dozen others who and whose are most especially and particularly subjects for such an article. I dread no honest reviewal, but am nervous about this. . .

R. W. Griswold.

"The American Publisher" of June 1868 gives a glimpse of Mrs. Ellet's literary activity in her later years. She died in 1877:

A curious little case of literary imposition has recently come out in New York. . . In Putnam's Monthly, in 1868, appeared a sketch of western adventure entitled 'Mary Spears,' written by Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ellet, a person somewhat known in literature, but who, a little while ago, printed an angry note in a New York paper, violently denying that she had anything to do with literature as a business. She, however, as it appears by Mr. Putnam's books, received the money for the sketch. So far, so good; but in February, 1868, Mrs. Ellet sold to Harper's Monthly a sketch of western adventure, entitled 'Mary Neely,' which was, word for word, the same as 'Mary Spears,' except a few verbal alterations. This looked as if Mr. Ellet (doubtless from that lack of acquaintance with the business side of literature which she so vigorously insists on) had not only been willing to receive pay for her work, but to receive it twice for the same work. These facts were observed upon, and Mrs. Ellet squarely denied, in a printed letter, having anything to do with the article in Putnam in 1868. Mr. Putnam then stating the case on his side, she again comes out with the story that 'a friend of hers' took the sketch out of one of Mrs. Ellet's books and sent it to the

magazine. Mrs. Ellet does not state who this 'friend' was. Meanwhile the debt of cash paid to Mrs. Ellet for the article in 1853 becomes in consequence very mysterious, as the 'friend' must apparently have counterfeited Mrs. Ellet to get the money. These absences of mind will now and then happen. A little while ago Dr. J. W. Palmer contributed, as original, a very lively article to the Atlantic, which, as soon appeared, he (or some 'friend') had mainly extracted from a book of travels.

Boston, January 17, 1849.

Dear Rufus. . .

Don't you be alarmed, my Dear Boy, about Ellet & Co. There is nothing to be feared. You stand as fair and honorably before the public as any literary man could reasonably desire. Your books have made you a name among the best sort of people that all the itinerants in York state cannot permanently harm.

I am called away. Let me hear how I may serve you always and believe me your old friend,

Most Truly,

J. T. F[ields].

Washington, January 21, 1849.

Friend G.

I received your 'Female Poets' yesterday, and am greatly obliged for it. I believe it has been amply noticed in the Tribune, but I will do the worth of it somewhere. It is a good collection, though your style is stiff, and a critic can readily detect samenesses in the notices—can detect them easier than he could avoid them, I fancy. Your touch to T. B. Read and Miss C. May is cruelly severe—I don't say it is not just, but it will add to the already respectable list of your enemies.

What I write for is simply to compliment you on the admirable execution of the work in a secondary sense—not really typographical, nor mechanical, but something above but including these. How *could* you make the pieces fill out columns and the different subjects square out pages so well without being present in Philadelphia? I had to fight desperately with the Whig Almanac for some approximation to this, and only succeeded so long as I made it myself.

Do you know Sarah Helen Whitman? Of course, you have heard it rumored that she is to marry Poe. Well, she has seemed to me a good girl, and—you know what Poe is. Now I know a widow of doubtful age will

marry almost any sort of a white man, but this seems to me a terrible conjunction. Has Mrs. Whitman no friend within your knowledge that can faithfully *explain* Poe to her? I never attempted this sort of thing but once, and the net product was two enemies and a hastening of the marriage; but I do think she must be deceived. Mrs. Osgood must know her. . .

I never knew till yesterday that Mrs. Osgood was that sister of Alaric A. Locke of whom he talked with me so many years ago.

Only six weeks more here, and I care not how fast they fly. I have divided the House into two parties—one that would like to see me extinguished and the other that wouldn't be satisfied without a hand in doing it [in consequence of his exposure of the mileage frauds by which members of congress added largely to their salaries.] I have to write about myself to a most disgusting extent, but I don't see how I can help it when every day starts some lie like that of my taking Long Mileage, voting for the Books, etc. And as neither the *Intelligencer* nor *Union* will say a word for me, and the *Intelligencer* refused to print the only note I ever sent it, I have no utterance but through *The Tribune*. If they would give me the floor but one half hour on the Mileage Question, and let me speak without incessant interruption, I would ask no odds ever after. But I don't suppose I shall get another chance to speak on it at all, and I haven't had half a one yet. Yours,

Horace Greeley.

Mr. Healthy, Jan. 26, 1849.

Mr. Griswold— . . .

I can never sufficiently thank you for the kind interest you take in myself and sister. . .

We think of visiting the eastern cities next summer when I hope for the happiness of seeing you—in the meantime, I shall not fail to exert myself to more fully merit the very flattering opinion you are pleased to express of me.

I am very happy to avail myself of your obliging offer to secure for us a more available disposal of our poems. Any arrangements you may find it convenient to make will be gratefully endorsed by us—but I must protest against your giving yourself any trouble on our account.

We have until quite recently written gratuitously, but are now receiving a trifling remuneration for our correspondence—to give you an idea of its amount, I will state that we write alternately for *The National Era* every week for two dollars an article! We have several other engagements on

terms a trifle in advance of those stated, and as we are dependent on our poems almost exclusively, it is advisable that we make the best disposal of them.

Be assured that I shall be most happy to number you among my correspondents, and shall gratefully and proudly receive any communication with which you may be pleased to favor me, but business must plead my excuse for so early an intrusion upon your notice. It would certainly be a gratification to me to have our poems, or rather a selection from them, issued by one of our eastern publishers, and if you can dispose of the copyright so as to ensure you a compensation for editing the work, and will consent to edit it, we shall be content to receive whatever more there may be, or if nothing more, to receive nothing. Should you be able to make such arrangements, we will immediately set about the preparation of the volume. We have selected "Woodnotes" as a title—what do you think of it? Any suggestions you may make with reference to the proposed volume will be gratefully received.

I cannot close without again offering my grateful acknowledgements for the kind favor with which you have been pleased to honor me, and expressing the hope you may be speedily restored to perfect health,

I am, with sincere regard, very truly yours,

Alice Cary.

Boston, Feb. 28, 1849.

Dear Grissy:

Thank you for your admirable letter. I enclose with this the proof sheets of my volume as far as it is printed. It will be a handsome book as regards paper and printing and I hope will not disgrace the friends of the author. Write me by return of mail if you have time to look at the sheets and how you like the new poems. Whittier, Longfellow and Holmes praise the unpublished lyrics, especially "The Tempest" and "The Antlers." If you don't like them I shall burn my book and drown myself.

How sad is poor Hoffman's fate. Write me the cause, don't fail, by return of mail.

Longfellow's new Bk. Kavanagh is fine. Better than Hyperion. Why in Time don't you come our way and see the boys? E. P. Whipple, Essayist, has the fattest baby with the largest head in the States. J. T. F. has the nicest little woman at his elbow (who says, "remember me to Mr. Griswold") in all Boston.

• We are all well and I hope tō be at Trade Sale and go tō Miss Lynch's and look upon the notorieties of the great city with you and Fanny Osgood. Till then adieu. Yours always, Dear Rufus,

J. T. F[ields].

Burlington, Vt., May 11, 1849.

Dear Sir,

I got your letter of the 6th inst. last evening (being here on a visit) whither it followed me from Highgate. As there is no time for "manners," let me say at once that I thank you heartily for your proposal—and cheerfully accept it—though I could wish that I had a little time tō polish up my "minor" pieces, which, I fear will hardly afford "specimens" that will warrant you in speaking as well of the writer as the longer and more elaborate articles. If you can make room for so much, I hope you will not fail tō print "Miss McB[ride]" entire. This, with "The Legal Ballad," or a few extracts from "Progress" will probably fill all the space you can spare—if not, add the "Sonnet" or the "Rhyme of the Rail"—or the Dog Days, or what you will—only remembering tō get in "Miss McB." bodily—and consult your taste for the rest. Pray take care of the punctuation and the like—"what you'd have it, make it." I send you another copy of "Progress" with corrections and marked passages—also a correct copy of "Miss MacB." for your use. I have no copy of "the New Rape of the Lock"—you will find that, if you choose tō see it in the Decr. Knick. 1847. . .

As tō making a collection, I may dō so by and by, when you shall find me a publisher (which I have never sought as yet) whō will dō it up neatly with illustrations in the Darley way. . . Yours very truly,

John G. Saxe.

P. S.—My friend Mr. Stansbury says he shall send you by tō-day's mail some pleasant remarks personal tō myself which will a little relieve the barren figures I have put tōgether for you. Yours &c.,

J. G. Saxe.

John G. Saxe born at Highgate, on the 2nd day of June, 1816,—son of late Hon. Peter Saxe (a German with a Yankee wife)—worked on the homestead in H. up tō the age of 17—then at the Academy in St. Albans—then 3 years in Middlebury Coll. Vt., graduating in the summer of 1839. Read Law in Lockport, N. Y. and St. Albans, Vt. four years—and admitted tō the Bar at the latter place Sept. 1843—since then residing at St. A. and

Highgate, practicing Law for a living. Quiet, pleasant life—with nothing remarkable in it but the fact that he wrote no verses till after his marriage in Sept. 1841,—his wife being the first of his “muses”—of any consequence. Read but few books in general literature and chiefly of the old English Essayists and Poets. . .

Diary: Aug. 23. Begin the preparation of the Am[erican] Hist[orical] Mag[azine] for Graham. Walking up town encounter [Lewis Gaylord] Clark, and go to his house in 22nd St.

Diary: Aug. 24. Met this morning Ripley, Tuckerman, and G. G. F[oster], the latter telling me a hugh story about “Major Byron,” whō pretends to be a bastard of “my Lord.” Dine at the Park Hotel, in Newark, where I visit the Kinneys, and by the evening cars come to Philadelphia.

Dear Doctor:

Brooklyn, Sept. 3d, 1849.

You said to me, when I saw you last, that you intended to re-write the Sketch of Mrs. Lewis, for your new Edition of the “Female Poets.” This I assure you will be most gratifying to her numerous friends and admirers; and, therefore, I am certrin, increase the sale of the Book.

It will incur, I think you said, an expense of about \$2.60 per page. If you prepare the sketch, and do the proof-reading I think it no more than fair that I should be at the expense of the new Stereotyping. You will please, therefore, let me know, as soon as you can ascertain, the number of pages, and I will send you my check for the amount.

Mrs. L.’s baptismal name is Estelle Anna. Her family preferred the latter for its simplicity; and if they used the former, they always shortened it to Stelle; which led her sometimes to write it S. Anna. Almost as soon as her writings appeared under this signature, an officious Editor wrote it out Sarah; and others copied. She never wrote her name Sarah in her life,—or signed it that to anything she ever wrote. After the manuscript of the “Records,” left her for the printer, written as usual S. Anna, I foolishly wrote out Sarah in full—supposing that Estelle could not be restored to her, and thus it has gone to the great vexation of the mis-named. Is there any remedy, in foot-note or otherwise? . . .

S. D. Lewis.

Diary: Oct. 8. Wrote, hastily, two or three columns about Poe, for the Tribune.

Diary: Oct. 16. Call on Mrs. Lewis, to assort, at her home, Poe's papers.

Diary: Oct. 17. The affairs of Poe. . .

Diary: Oct. 25. Recommence Biographical Dictionary. Letter from Wallace. Walk with Willis. Letters from J. Russell Lowell, Whipple, Wallace, Thompson, &c. . .

Diary: Oct. 27. Attended T. L. Clingman, of N. C., to Miss Lynch's, where I met Willis, Giles, &c.

Diary: Oct. 29. Sat to Elliot.

Philad'a, 29 Oct., 1849.

Dear Sir [W: H. Graham]:

I enclose the notice upon Dr. Griswold for your gallery. You have undoubtedly made a very bad bargain, and the memoir is not worth what you have paid for it. However, I am under the mortifying necessity of avowing that it is the best that I can do. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Jno: H. Meredith.

[Jan., 1849.]

My dear James [Fields]: . . .

Poor Jack Sullivan is gone. . . He was a fellow of infinite humor, as was shown in the suitable obituary I printed upon the occasion of his departure, in the Tribune. . . He was probably the handsomest man in these United States. He was the best raconteur in the world, and of amateur singers, in some half a dozen languages, I don't know that there is now living any one deserving to be compared to him. As a story-teller (I do not suspect you, James, mind, of ever having told a story!) but as a story-teller nevertheless, I think you were heir-apparent, and inevitably,—recollecting that Frenchman's supper, you appear to me to be his successor. . .

R. W. Griswold.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 15, 1849.

My dear Dr. Griswold: . . .

Since I last wrote you vast alterations have taken place both as relates to the growth of the city and the state of business. The buildings increase faster, and the demand for house carpenters has caused some of our young lawyers to take up the hammer and plane, as more money can be made thus, than in smoothing down the rough characters of the town.

But tō speculation there is an end for the present. Nearly every land property has fallen. Lots which readily brought \$1500 a week ago are now selling for \$500. This is owing tō the rains which have now really commenced, and are far too full of rheumatism tō be encountered by our moneyed speculators. Money is plenty, and as everyone has enough tō pass thro' the winter, business must necessarily pursue but an even way till spring, when no doubt things will take a fresh and higher start.

Order reigns supreme, and I doubt if there is a more quiet city on the other side of the mountains than this. Gambling, I am happy to state, is fast eating itself up. A month or twō ago these gamesters alone controlled the money market; but now men of worth and integrity manage such affairs. During the past month one murder has been committed. It speaks well, I think, for the order of a city of 20,000 souls.

Bayard Taylor, whō, by the way, is one of the most companionable and interesting individuals extant, left us for the valley of the Sacramento last week. It is a sure thing that this is a genial soil for him. Every one likes him, and you can rely on his statements, as he is not at all addicted tō branching off intō the whirlpool of imagination.

I have raked up several old Spanish and Latin manuscripts, among which is the lubrications of a San Jose padre, in relation tō the discovery and settlement of this part of our continent; also some rare and spley logic: all of which I shall send home soon. With the highest consideration I am yours truly, and about so,

Frank Moore.

[H: B. Hirst tō Griswold.]

I was born on the 23d day of August, 1817. . . I owe my birth tō Philadelphia. My father, Thomas Hirst, Esq., was a shipping Merchant. . . He subsequently became unfortunate in business, a fact which, of course, interfered materially with my early advancement, and will explain some matters which occur hereafter in my notes.

At the age of nine or ten years, with no other education than that received previously at an infant school, I entered the office of my half brother, Wm. L. Hirst, Esqr., since a distinguished member of the Philadelphia Bar. At the age of sixteen I was sent tō the Preparatory school of our University, where I remained nine months. I carried off the leading honors in all my classes and was looked upon by my preceptor, the Principal of the Academy, Revd. Saml. W. Crawford, as one of the best boys, if not the best boy

in school. At the end of this time my half-brother thinking that I had received a sufficient classical education, recalled me to his office. My classical acquirements since have been the result of my own industry.

My boyhood was enlivened by a passionate fondness for Natural History. I studied Ornithology, Botany, Mineralogy and Conchology very closely—made drawings from Nature in the two first studies—and corresponded and exchanged specimens with some of the most distinguished *savans* of Europe. During all this time I received no assistance, pecuniary or otherwise, from my half-brother, although all my time was spent in his service, but remained, as I have ever since done, dependent on my own personal exertions for support.

At the age of twenty-one not satisfied to remain any longer with that gentleman I left his office without taking my certificate of studentship, which I obtained from him in 1842 with very great difficulty. In February, 1843, I passed a most honorable examination and was admitted to the Bar. I was tolerably successful even at first, but now I have a very excellent practice.

My first poetical efforts, to the best of my recollections, occurred either in my 21st or 22nd year. They were crude and unmusical and I at once sat down to master the difficulties of English versification. You know how far I have succeeded. At school my scanion of the Latin Poets was always perfect.

I commenced my public contributions in "Graham," and have since contributed to all the leading magazines and annuals. In 1845 I published my first volume "The Coming of [the Mammoth, the Funeral of Time and other Poems." Phillips and Sampson, Boston were my publishers. The volume was highly praised both in England and America, and is now out of print. A second edition will be published during the ensuing year. In July, 1848, I published "Endymion. A Tale of Greece," an epic poem in four cantos, a second edition of which will appear during the present year; the first is almost if not quite exhausted. I have now in the press of the same house "The Penance of Roland, A Romance of the Peine Forte et Dure; Florence, with other Poems." This volume will appear in a very few weeks.

I am the author of various sporting articles (prose) which appeared in the New York "Spirit of the Times" under the nom de plume of Harry Harkaway. . . I have always been an enthusiastic sportsman both in field and on flood, and am perhaps, one of the best "shots" in the country.

The letters from Poe and his wife referred to below have not been found; they were probably among those destroyed (as he tells us in his *Memoirs*) by Mr. C: G. Leland, in 1853.

[Mrs. Osgood to Griswold, 1850] . . .

I trust you will write that life of Poe. I will do as you wished:— I will write, as far as is proper, in a letter to you, my reminiscences of that year, and try to make it interesting and dignified, and you in introducing it by one single sentence can put down at once my envious calumniators. You have the proof in Mrs. Poe's letter to me, and in *his* to Mrs. Ellet, either of which would fully establish my innocence in a court of justice—certainly *hers* would. Neither of them, as you know, were persons likely to take much trouble to prove a woman's innocence, and it was only because she felt that I had been cruelly and shamefully wronged by her mother and Mrs. E[illet], that she impulsively rendered me that justice. She, Mrs. Poe, felt grieved that she herself had drawn me into the snare by imploring me to be kind to Edgar,—to grant him my society and to write to him, because, she said, I was the only woman he knew who influenced him for his good, or, indeed, who had any lasting influence over him. I wish the simple truth to be known,—that he sought me, not I him. It is too cruel that I, the only one of those literary women who did not seek his acquaintance,—for Mrs. Ellet asked an introduction to him and followed him everywhere, Miss Lynch begged me to bring him there and called upon him at his lodgings, Mrs. Whitman besieged him with valentines and letters long before he wrote or took any notice of her, and all the others wrote poetry and letters to him,—it is too cruel that I should be singled out after his death as the only victim to suffer from the slanders of his mother. I never thought of him till he sent me his *Raven* and asked Willis to introduce him to me, and immediately after I went to Albany, and afterwards to Boston and Providence to avoid him, and he followed me to each of those places and wrote to me, imploring me to love him, many a letter which I did not reply to until his *wife* added her entreaties to his and said that I might save him from infamy, and her from death, by showing an affectionate interest in him."

When Mrs. Osgood went to Albany it was to visit her sister, the wife of the Rev. Henry F. Harrington, a gentleman who had begun life as a magazine writer, and who ended it, in 1887, as the highly respected superintendent-of-schools in New Bedford. In 1885 Mr. Harrington published his recollections of

these events: "It might have been about a year afterward," he says, "when, returning to my home in Albany, after an absence in the city of New York, Mrs. Osgood, who was then on a visit to my family, related that while I had been gone Poe had sought an interview with her alone in my parlor, and in passionate terms had besought her to elope with him. She described his attitudes as well as reported his words—how he went down on his knee and clasped his hands, and pleaded for her consent; how she met him with mingled ridicule and reproof, appealing to his better nature, and striving to stimulate a resolution to abandon his vicious courses; and how finally he took his leave, baffled and humiliated, if not ashamed. Not long after, when again in New York City, I sought the home of a family of which I had repeatedly been a guest. It consisted of a husband and his beautiful wife, who loved each other with confiding affection; and their home was bright with the sunshine of innocence and peace. I learned from mutual friends that it was now no more. It had been ruthlessly destroyed. Poe had marked the poor unsuspecting woman for his victim, and wound his insidious snares about her, weaned her affections from her husband, and accomplished her ruin."

Custom House, Jan. 4, 1850.

My dear friend:

"It is very easy for sugar to be sweet," says Emerson, and that is the reason why you were so sweet upon me in the Home Journal. It was kindly and handsomely done, and I am grateful for it. I only regret that I do not deserve it.

I intended some time since to ask the privilege of writing you up in Holden's Magazine, but a multiplicity of engagements prevented. If you will lend me a Daguerreotype I will have a good wood portrait cut, and write myself a sketch to accompany it. . . . Very truly,

Chas. F. Briggs.

Philad'a, 24th January, [1850].

Dear James [Fields]: . . .

Can you possibly get Daguerreotype of Hawthorne to be engraved for the "International"? I want to do Hawthorne (who is, as I have

printed it a dozen times, decidedly the greatest living literary man in this country, greatest, in romance, now writing the English language). I want to do Hawthorne's life for the occasion of a review of the "Seven Gables" . . .

R. W. G.

Y Gentlemen [Stringer & Townsend, Publishers] :

I have long had a great wish to visit your country; first because I consider it a great one, rapidly rising into the Mistress of the World, and as such, think that the promising youth—of what will eventually be so glorious a maturity,—deserves better of its collateral relatives—the Elder Nations,—than to have, from time to time, its "Domestic Manners" caricatured because they may differ from our own,—or its kind letters of introduction converted into base coin "for general circulation." Nor could I afford to do so on my own account. I could gladly go to the United States, for the sake of writing an *impartial*—(*unprejudicial* is the fitter word), Statistical, work upon America, in short, a sort of *Rise*—and *Progress*—of this great people:—as free from Hogarth and Punch,—as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" is from Pasquale or Juvenal.

But I have been so involved in legal expenses—by a series of Marital conspiracies in which my little Reptile of a Brother in law,—Sir Henry Bulwer—whom they have now sent you out to Washington: (though *Australia* would have been a more fitting destination for him) took an active part that rendered him more *infamous*, than famous:—but with the details of which I am not of course going to bore you, but merely to ask if you would be willing to guarantee me Eighteen Hundred pounds for such a work as the one I have mentioned?—paying 800 of the sum previous to my leaving England? I should think by subscription, even very small subscriptions, such a sum would easily be realized; and I confess it would afford me *sincere* gratification to owe my liberation from my unmerited and overwhelming difficulties to your *really* free, and generous, and consequently not merely *nominally* Moral country, for our *soi-disant* Moral (?) and very Pharisaical England—has, God bless it, reached such a pitch of sordid corruption and venal slavery—as must (without some great and *vital* change) soon cause it to totter to its fall. Trusting to your courtesy for a speedy reply,

I have the Honor to be, gentlemen, Your Obedient Servant,

Rosina Bulwer Lytton.

5 A Sloane St., Hyde Park corner, London, February 6th, 1850.

Philadelphia, Jan. 31, 1850.

Dear Sir—

... Mrs. Osgood's Poems has not sold as yet as well as Mrs. Sigourney. Of the latter 200 were sold in Boston the first month, whereas out of 200 sent to Phillips & Sampson they write us they wish to return 100. . . Mr. Putnam had sold but 11 copies. . . Yours etc.,

A. S. Hart.

Chestertown, Kent County, Maryland, Feb. 14, 1850.

To the Editor of the Tribune. . .

A few days ago a friend sent me a number of your paper which contained some remarks on the character of Mr. Jefferson. I thank you for your boldness in telling some plain, and to some of our modern Democrats, startling truths. All that you say, with the exception of the closing scene of Lear's life, was known to me before. But I rejoice to find that other people know these things and are not afraid to speak of . . . the character of a man who, for selfishness, duplicity and insincerity, stands without an equal in the age in which he lived.

You are willing, you say, to give Mr. Jefferson all credit for his great political forecast and an ardent patriotism. In this you are more liberal than I. . . Tell us more about his secret connection with the private, and of course confidential Secretary of Gen. Washington, Tobias Lear; with . . . I. T. Callender—and his encouragement of the Pennsylvania Whiskey Insurgents. Trace him in all his windings and doublings from the Retreat to Carter's Mountain to the 4th July 1826, when he killed himself by taking Laudanum, that he might end his career on the anniversary of the most memorable act of his life.—I must tell you my authority for this fact which I have never seen in print.—A friend of mine, the late Henry Page of Cambridge, Md., told me that, while on a Tour to the Medicinal Springs in Virginia, he was informed by the Keeper of a bridge in sight of Monticello, that the whole neighborhood well knew that Mr. J. took a quantity of Laudanum on the morning of July 4th and that he died under its influence. He further said that the friends endeavored to hush the matter, but could not. It was well known. . . Your obliged and respectful servant,

Peregrine Wroth.

My dear Sir,

I have to-day your letter touching Jefferson; but I have not received the Tribune containing your article.

I read the article some days ago . . . and think it admirable. I never read anything in a newspaper which I think superior.

Now allow me to advise you as to the mode of reply. Wait until the enemy has printed all that he intends to print. Then do not make a new article in the shape of a mere answer to the Ledger's articles; but revise and extend your original article, taking notice of any new matter introduced by the Ledger, and replying to it, in connexion with the matter in your original paper. You will thus avoid the directly controversial form, which I think is always to be shunned, for there is no end to it, and a mendacious, half-crazy penny-a-liner like Jarvis can always have the last word. . .

Can you obtain certain evidence about the articles in Freneau's paper? Where is the copy of the paper which you allude to? It would be worth a journey to Kamskatka to see it. . . In haste Yours,

H[orace] B[inney] W[allace].

Phil'a, 18 Feb., 1850.

This advice was followed, and in addition to articles in The Tribune on 2 March and other dates, one on Freneau appeared in Graham's Magazine for Sept. 1855. Respecting the copy of the paper about which Mr. Wallace asked, Griswold wrote: "Freneau made oath to a statement that Mr. Jefferson did not compose or suggest any of the contents of his paper, but in his old age he acknowledged to Dr. John W. Francis that the secretary wrote or dictated the most offensive articles against Washington . . . and to Dr. James Mease he exhibited a file of the 'Gazette' in which what were alleged to be his contributions were marked."

Boston, Feb. 19, 1850.

Dear Rufus:

I write a line confidentially to ask at what Hotel I can bring my wife some time during next month when we shall visit New York for a day or two. We intend to be married about the 20th of March. . .

Very Truly,

J. T. F[ields].

P. S.—The little brevity touching your new Ed. which I put into the Transcript here seems to be travelling about and I read no longer ago than yesterday in a St. Louis paper that "no man in Am[erica] stands higher at the present time than R. W. G. in public estimation."

Boston, Feb. 20, 1850.

Dear Sir:

In a recent article of yours on Jefferson, you state that Philip Freneau positively charged Jefferson with the authorship of certain articles in the "National Gazette," and that a file of that paper existed in which Jefferson's articles had been marked by Freneau's own hand. I wish you would inform me of the authority for this statement, which has so important a bearing on Jefferson's character for truth, seeing that he wrote more than once to Washington denying the having anything to do with any publication whatever bearing on the policy of his administration. The character of Jefferson, a subject I have now in hand, is one that needs all the light that can possibly be thrown upon it.

Yours, &c.,

R. Hildreth.

Burlington, March 15, 1850.

Dear Sir [Griswold]: . . .

A rumor reached me last night that I was to be put in nomination by the anti-monopolists in the Legislature, for the Senate—perhaps to run against Stockton. Whether it will be done or not, I cannot tell. The idea has never occurred to myself, but if I can do anything towards defeating Stockton, I shall be glad. Of my own election, there would be no chance, for the Whig leaders hate me worse than the Monopolists. If it be done, however, I should, of course, like to have as many votes as possible, and the appearance of your article before the election might do, and probably would do, good. Prophets, you know, are honored in their own country to the extent that they appear to bear honor elsewhere. Think of this, and let me hear from you, and oblige

Yours truly,

Henry C. Carey.

Mount Healthy, March 25, 1850.

Dear Sir:

. . . Well, how could I hope that it would be otherwise. I am but a simple and uncultured girl, and am perhaps best off in the shadow of my native hills. Again I beg your forgiveness, and promise that I will not listen to my heart again—not in this letter, certainly.

I half envy you the privilege of going abroad. I have sometimes hoped to see something of the great world beside in dreams, but I never shall. You must not, my dear Mr. Griswold, flatter yourself that I look any better than my daguerreotype—it is very correct, the expression not perfectly

so, perhaps, as I changed countenance a little during the sitting. I hardly know how to describe myself and am half inclined to cut from the letter of a friend a description which he tells me he has just been giving Whittier of me, for strange to say, he has not flattered me. . . I am five feet, two inches in height, not heavy, and not very thin, don't know how much I weigh, have black eyes, and hair darkly brown, am a brunette, and decidedly plain, having seen my twenty-ninth birthday. . . I am sometimes passionately fervent in piety, and sometimes rebellious as the fallen. I love with deepest intensity, but do not hate, those I do not like I am indifferent to. . . Mr. Whittier kindly proffers his aid and assistance in the getting up of the proposed work—advises me not to be in a hurry, which I shall not be; strongly recommends Ticknor. . .

And so you do not like my rhymeless efforts. The two pieces you speak of are in my own opinion among the best things I have written, as also in the opinion of some whose judgment I value highly. I am glad you have told me what you think. I agree with you that lyrical composition is my forte, if I have any, but I am accustomed to let my thought flow as it will. Among literary artists I have no place. Mr. Whittier has just favored me with some very good advice, I hope I shall profit by it. He extends us a cordial invitation to visit himself and sister at Amesbury, which I hope to be able to accept.

I am sensitive to a painful degree, and have never had a correspondent, save yourself, of whom I could say they have written nothing I could wish unwritten. . .

You think Phoebe more grave than I. She is less so. Her daguerreotype does not do her justice. Her countenance in conversation is almost mirthful. She has dimples which show themselves constantly, is very sarcastic (tho' she denies it), and enjoys the reputation of being a wit. She is less (sic) and younger than I. . .

Ever sincerely yours,

Alice Cary.

Phil'a, April 2nd, 1850.

My dear Doctor . . .

I have read your criticism on E. A. Poe; it is terrific, but not more so than the moral aspects of your subject. In literary execution it rivals the best passages in Macaulay. I knew something of Poe—something of the unfathomed gulfs of darkness out of which the lightning of his genius sent its scorching flashes. . .

When you visit us again you must come and dine with me—my book on California is delayed by my bad health. Your very sincere friend,

Walter Colton.

"In March, 1850," writes Mr. J. H. Ingram, "was published in 'The Southern Literary Messenger' . . . a still more dastardly attack on the dead man than the unsavoury 'Ludwig' article. It had evidently been written and printed in hot haste, and was so disgraceful and cowardly that the editorial proprietor of the magazine deemed it necessary to append a short note to the effect that it had been inserted during his absence. Who wrote this article? . . . Was not this misnamed (by Griswold) 'defender' then, Griswold himself, or some one acting under his inspiration?"

Richmond, 2 April, 1850.

My dear Sir . . .

I can scarcely express the mortification I felt, upon my return, at finding in the sheets of the forthcoming Number of the Messenger the coarse abuse of yourself and Willis which disfigured the article on Poe. At first I ordered it suppressed, at any expense, but being informed that this would delay the number most unreasonably, I was compelled to send it forth with my personal disclaimer by way of amende honorable. I had indeed given the writer of the article [Daniel] a carte blanche to say what he pleased, but I had not the faintest conception that this freedom would have been abused by attacks upon my esteemed friends. I am sure you did me the justice, before reading the Editorial Note, to suppose that I had no hand in the preparation of such vulgar and unmerited strictures. The sentiment of mortification was inspired also by the cruel treatment of poor Poe himself, and I felt this so keenly that I sent to Willis for the Home Journal an article, by an intimate friend of mine, tending to remove some of the nettles cast by my contributor on the poet's grave. . . Most truly yours,

Jno. R. Thompson.

Canandaigua, June 5, 1850.

Mary E. Hewitt, Dear Madam:

I learn by the papers that you are about editing a work, the profits arising from the sale of which are to be applied towards the purchasing of a monument, in memory of Mrs. Osgood.

I am well aware that you will find in others—and those who are known to fame—glad co-operators in your noble undertaking—but if you have room

for one more contributor, I have a story which I will most gladly give—for there is no other way in which I can aid, or express my affection and admiration for a poetess whom I so much wished to see and to know. . . I have contributed a good deal to the magazines as Caroline C—and mention this as you may perhaps have seen sketches under that signature in Graham's and Holden's. . . I remain, dear madame, Most respectfully yours,

Caroline Chesebro'.

61 Federal St., Boston, June 18 [1850].

Mrs. M. E. Hewitt.

I thank you, dear Madam, for the kindness and promptness with which you have answered my note of the 6th inst. especially do I thank you inasmuch as you inform me that the *cause* of the omission into which I, with some anxiety, enquired is *precisely what I believed it*, and yet why I so believed, I can hardly tell except, that I at times have had, as by intuition, a sort of weird-like perception of hidden truths startling to myself! Still so utterly and entirely a stranger as I am to Mr. Griswold, I cannot account for the injustice, unkindness and wrong which *seems like design* with which he pursues me. I have no feelings of unkindness toward him,—I have never had,—and all I know of him may be told in few words and apologize in some degree for my own feelings. Of the publication of his 'Female Poets' I was entirely ignorant until it was announced from the press. My own name was not there. I secretly felt, I confess, that it should have been, all who knew me felt the same, as I was variously assured. But I did not *blame* him, for I presumed it was an inadvertence, as I was a stranger to him, a volume of Poems of 290 pp. I had published having run thro' the first edition without ever requiring a notice from a New York paper. I did not regard it then as I have since, for I did not see the influence that such an omission would have and *has had* on my reputation; no—not on my *reputation* as a poet but on my *claim to consideration* as such, in ways that I cannot now mention, but which with my extremely delicate health (for thro' my life nothing but stern mental energy has kept me out in the world), and all too sensitive heart, with an irrepressible—shall I call it *Genius?*—struggling for *recognition*, if nothing more, despite my determined efforts many a time to tread it out from my soul, I say this influence under these considerations has made me often pause, and faint, and despair,—and honestly pray heaven to avert from my children the price of this world-coveted gift, which for myself I early craved, but which I have learned to believe is

woman's curse. Still pride and delicacy forbade me to complain, nor did I ever speak of it to my nearest friend, until many of the *very persons* whose names Mr. G. had included in his book, expressed to me their surprise and dissatisfaction both verbally and by letter as I can at this moment show, at what *they deemed an injustice from him to me*. Even this I felt it would illy befit me to complain of it, or scarcely to assent to their words. But as time passed on I felt more and more the effect; as that was taken for a standard reference [book]. Thus now not quite a year ago I, with a feeble hand which I soon firmly expected would be stiffened and nerveless in the grave, ventured to write to Mr. Griswold [letter not found by editor] for the double purpose of letting him know that there was such a person in existence (for I did not know that he had recognized the fact,) and to bequeath to him a manuscript work of much labor which I had already prepared for publication, believing in case of my decease that he might make it of some consequence to himself and to the world. I at the same time hinted, in the gentlest and kindest possible manner, at the omission of my name in the "Poets," secretly hoping that when I was *dead* he might correct the error, though never saying it to him. But what was my surprise to find that weeks and months passed away, and no notice was taken of my letter, not so much as to acknowledge the receipt of it. I had directed it to Philadelphia and, not knowing his place of residence, I presumed my letter had failed to reach him, for I could not believe he would be so discourteous and unmanly as not to make some mention of it had he received it, especially at that time when my heart was burthened with sadness and anxiety for the only legacy I could leave my family—a humble poet's name! As you are aware I partially recovered my health, came back from the sepulchre to tread its weary way again more resolutely, turning the torch of Genius downward but it would flame up. At length the "Memoirs of Edgar A. Poe" were published by Mr. G., or edited I should say, and in the "preface" to that terrible history I noticed part of a letter referring to an injustice done Mrs. L.—I felt at once confident that Mrs. L. was *myself* and the "less than justice" in Mr. G. was the omission I am talking about. And I also noticed in that Memoir the copy of part of a letter from Mr. Poe to myself with an *important sentence omitted*, that is important if any part was permitted to be published there. Not knowing whether Mr. G. possessed any more of that letter, (for I still have the manuscript in my own possession, with his other letters), and wondering, if he had, why he should strike it out, I therefore, with a *caution* not natural to me, for I am too confiding in my nature and I

think you have here proof, *again* wrote to Mr. G., simply asking him if in the first instance I *was* the person referred to, and in the second if what was there published of the letter to myself was *all* of that *letter* in his possession. I did mention that I had previously written to him "and presumed he did not receive my letter," not so much as repeating any part of what I wrote before and from that time to this he has not deigned to answer me a word, tho' I directed my letter to the care of Stringer & Townsend.

Now I should not feel grieved at the omission in the "Memorial" had not all this gone before, and did I not see that he may in this manner stand in my way forever and *over-rule* my literary destiny for no earthly reason, but, as it appears, to justify his first error before the public. It has grieved me beyond expression, I may not appeal directly to him,—it would be vain, and I have no heart to appeal to the kind public who have, so far as they might, in my own case out-criticised him. He might have thought my motives were unkind in putting the enquiries I did relative to the Memoir of Mr. Poe. But he misjudges me if so, for I wished simply to satisfy myself on these points without designing any harm to any. Could he or you, Madam, know my heart, ever careful, and sparing the feelings of others to the very torture of fire upon its own and its exceedingly weak and sensitive powers, he would grant me kind consideration, and *you* forgiveness for thus wearying you with a history that may not in the main interest yourself. To me indeed, tho' I have wept, as I have written, in bitterness of spirit, this matter has but one important feature. It is, as I have said, already, that *unkindness* and *injustice* (for the words of six or eight of the best names he has enrolled in his book, not to speak of any others in the reading public warrant me in using the term *injustice*) may, as in the case of the "Memorial" [to Mrs. Osgood,—a gift-book edited by Mrs. Hewitt] *control my loftiest and purest efforts to my own despair and the utter disappointment of my friends*. Again Dear Madam, pardon me for wearying you with these particulars, but the fullness of my heart compelled me to it, for it was a relief to speak my grievances. And hoping for absolution from one whose poet soul I am sure will exactly comprehend me and see that from the first I did not blame her, I remain Yours very truly,

Jane E. Locke.

Amesbury, 21st June, 1850.

My Dear fr. Griswold:

I learn from my friend F. W. Kellogg that Alice and Phoebe Carey, of Ohio, are on their way to the East, and would be glad to see them

at my place if they come to Boston. Presuming that thou wilt see them in N. Y. I have taken the liberty to invite them, through thee, to call on me. I have been quite ill this spring and my sister also is an invalid, and we see little company, but I should feel sorry to have the "sweet singers" of the West so near and not see them.

Dost ever come to Boston? I should be very glad to see thee at Amesbury. I have a pleasant and grateful recollection of our acquaintance in N. Y. and Boston. I shall be obliged to thee if thou wilt kindly remember me to Tuckerman. I like his last book exceedingly, and shall notice it soon in the Era.

Thine cordially,

John G. Whittier.

New York, Aug. 12, 1850.

Dear James [Fields]: . . .

I am doing Poe's third volume—the "criticisms" he called them—very remarkable, and a few, as Headley, Mathews, Mrs. Ellet, and some others, truly refreshing, as you will see. Peace to his manes! . . .

R. W. G.

New York, 25th Sept. [1850].

My dear James [Fields]:

I thank you very heartily for that notice in "The Bee." These attacks on me for the Life of Poe are certainly undeserved. Everybody who knows anything about Poe's life, understands perfectly well that I have suppressed much more than I have printed against him, and the preface to "The Literati" shows that I was absolutely compelled to write what I have written, by the assaults of Graham and Neal. . .

R. W. G.

This statement will sound hily hypocritical to Messrs. Gill, Ingram, Morgan, et al., but Griswold is not the only witness:—

"If Dr. Griswold had not been restrained by a foolish delicacy," wrote C: F. Briggs, twenty years after Griswold's death, "he might have given some startling evidences of the utter contempt which the poet entertained for persons who trustingly believed they were passionately beloved by him. He could write the tenderest and most touching letters, which he would bedabble with real tears, as he folded the paper, to women upon whom he had no other designs than an intention

of sending his wife or her mother to them to solicit a loan of \$50." In 1894, R: H: Stoddard wrote of Griswold's life:—"It was hotly assailed on all sides;—by those who knew Poe well, and knew how truthful the mirror of Dr. Griswold was;—by those who knew Poe a little, and suddenly felt a great admiration for his genius, and pity for his failings;—and by those who knew Poe not at all, and who were consequently the most violent of all. There was not a biographic crime which was not charged to his account, including the invention of incidents which never occurred, and the forging of documents which happily are extant still, in the hand-writing of their designated writers. . . . Whoever had a grudge against Dr. Griswold,—and the kindly, good-natured man had made many grudges when he edited his "Poets of America,"—went for him . . . in all possible ways through which they could get into print." In the same year Prof. G: E: Woodberry went on record to this effect: "In writing a biography of Poe some years ago, the present writer had occasion to investigate the charges made against Griswold. The result was a conviction that the documents he quoted were genuine, and that the impressions he gave of Poe's character and career was just, while his errors were due to Poe's own falsehoods. . . . As will be seen, these papers [first published in Aug.-Oct. 1894.] fully vindicate Griswold's veracity in essentials, and sustain Redfield's [favorable] view of his temper; it must also be allowed that, so far was he from blackening Poe's memory, he might easily have made a worse use of his opportunity had he been actuated by malice. . . . It is a gratification that such tardy justice can be done to a man who has so long been vilified . . . without sound critical grounds."

Boston, Nov. 11, 1850.

Dear Rufus . . .

Next let me ask when "The Memorial" is to come out, and if Hawthorne has been paid for his article. It is important to him just now I doubt not. Next, I beg to say, if you would like it I can give you a very

sweet little poem by G. P. R. James which he wrote in my wife's Album. He told me I might print it where I chose. Of course you being A. 1. in my memory I ask you if you would like it. If you would my wife shall copy it and send to you. Of course in printing it you would simply say it was given you by a friend, but mention no names. . . In haste but very Truly Yrs.,

J. T. F[ields].

Monday noon [1851 ?]

[Alice Cary to Griswold] . . .

I am out of humor and indignant this morning—two or three things have made me so, one of which was a eulogy of three columns' length in the Era, of Grace Greenwood. Dr. Bailey takes every occasion to praise her, and me he never notices and pays me so little that I am ashamed to mention the sum. Of course he has a right to his preference, but I wish to attain a position that will enable me to ask more or cease writing for him—and I will do it. . .

No. 116 Leonard St., March 28th, 1851.

Dear Sir . . .

If Poe ever left any letter in which he speaks ill of me, the fault was *his own*—not mine—and he will have to answer to God for the injustice. He, no doubt, felt piqued when I accused him of having stolen his "Raven" from my Poem "To Allegra Florence in Heaven"—which you know he did—if you know anything at all about it. The same is true of his Lectures on Poetry—besides many other things.

You are very much mistaken if you suppose that I endorse everything that Poe did. He married the Venus Urania in early life; but afterwards committed adultery with the Venus Pandemos. Yours truly,

Thos. H. Chivers.

Hall, Cooperstown, Apr. 27, 1851.

Dear Sir:

I have delayed answering your letter because I expected to have been in town before this. I had a fall, a day or two since, owing to a foot's slipping. That has prevented my travelling, but the ill effects are disappearing, and I hope to be sound, quoad that difficulty, in a day or two.

I know of no female on my side, for your book. I had a sister, she [sic] that was killed, who was very highly appreciated and is very gener-

ally known in Philadelphia, but it must have been at a later day than during Washington's time,—In Adams' presidency. But Mrs. Ralph Izard is your woman. She was Alice, daughter of Peter De Lancey of West Farms and Elizabeth Colden, a daughter of Lt. Gov. Cadwallader Colden. Her sisters, all distinguished women, were Mrs. John Watts, Mrs. Thomas Barclay, wife of the late and mother of the present consul, Mrs. John Cox, the uncle (*he, I mean*) of *the* Beekman.

Mrs. Izard was a beauty and a very elegant woman. She was with her husband in Europe during the Revolution (see her daughter's, Mrs. Deas' book) and when he was elected to the first senate, accompanied him to the seat of government. She must have been a very conspicuous woman there, as she was, long after her husband's death, in the society of Philadelphia.

Gen. Izard was her son. But all this I can give you by word of mouth, I trust, next week. Adieu.

J. Fenimore Cooper.

New York, April 29th, 1851.

Rufus Wilmot Griswold, Esqre., Dear Sir:

With this note you will be handed my book; accept it from me as a tribute to your worth. By the sale of the writings contained in it I have managed to support a large family for the last eighteen months; I am now starving, and if, through your influence, you could get me the situation even of a porter I would be proud to fulfil its duties; I have labored long and vainly for a permanent stipend, but without success, for my dear wife and little children I will accept of anything. I beg of you therefore for their sake to make some exertion for me. I am in dire want, and on the "knees of my heart" I entreat you; if you cannot do it for me, I will not say it was because of want of inclination but set it down rather to the numerous applicants who beseege you from hour to hour. Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience. I am, Dear Sir, Yours sincerely,

William Pembroke Mulchinock.

Riverside, June 10th, 1851.

Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, Dear Sir,

The prominent position which you have always occupied in the literature of our country; as well as the esteem and friendship which my Father has so often expressed towards [you] embolden me to address you although I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance.

I have been in the habit for some time of writing verses for my own amusement some of which, (copied from the Missionary, a paper which I used to edit) you may have seen in the newspapers over the signature of "D."

I take the liberty now of writing to ask your advice with regard to the publication of such fugitive pieces as I may write from time to time, in reference to receiving some remuneration for them.

Hoping that you will excuse the liberty I take in thus troubling you.

I remain, dear Sir, Very Respectfully,

W. C. Doane.

Norwich, Conn., June 27, 1851.

Mr. Townsend, Sir,

I shall draw on you next week for \$200., and I hope the draft will be duly honored. I shall probably not have occasion to draw again until the time of settlement in November—unless you could meet a further demand for 100 or 150 in August—say the 20th.

I hope the Lorgnette is selling well: As you may wish to advertise a "book for the watering places," I write an advertisement which I think would be taking.

"Book for Newport, Saratoga and Sharon." Whosoever wishes to find sketches of the modes at the several watering places, and portraits of such famous characters as he would like to know, would do well to provide himself with a copy of *THE LORNETTE*. The book is specially commended to all belles who wish to make a sensation, to all old ladies who have not lived out their time, and to such men about town as wish to multiply their triumphs. They will find in this book a catalogue of all their essential qualities, with plain directions for multiplying their attractions, and for enlarging the sphere of their action. The Fourth Edition is just issued in beautiful style, and contains portraits of many distinguished members of refined society, drawn from life by that accomplished physiognomist, Mr. Felix Darley. The price, \$2.50, is precisely what one pays for a bottle of Lafitte at his dinner, and we are confident that the book will help a man's digestion, better than the wine.

Please to copy the advertisement before sending to the paper.

I remain Yours, etc.,

Don. G. Mitchell.

[Unknown to Griswold.]

D. G. Mitchell was born in Norwich, Connecticut, on 12 April, 1822. His father, pastor of the Second Congregational Church in this town, and ranking high for his natural endowments and scholarly acquirements among the clergy of the State, was youngest son of the Hon. Stephen Mix Mitchell, chief justice of our Supreme Court, and at one time Senator from the State in, I think, the first congress. S. M. M. was of a Scotch family, and married a daughter of Donald Grant of Invernessshire, Scotland, who came to this country in 1732. On the mother's side, D. G. M. descends from Nat. Shaw of New London, Ct., Government agent during the Revolution, whose only daughter married Rev. Ephraim Woodbridge. Nat Shaw Woodbridge was the grandfather of D. G. M. He died in 1792. When D. G. M. was about eight years old, and absent from home, he lost his father. He was for six or seven years at the Ellington Schools, entered Yale College in 1837, graduated in 1841. Allusions to school and college are given in the *Reveries of a Bachelor*. His mother died while he was in college. He had lost besides an elder brother and two sisters. Although he maintained a handsome standing as a scholar, his health was very poor, and immediately on leaving college he retired to his farm in Salem, Ct., a part of an estate that had long been in the family. He spent a year here hunting and fishing when health and the weather permitted.

On coming of age he assumed the management of the farm, which he continued till the autumn of 1844. During this period he rarely went off the premises of his own and an adjoining estate. He became expert both in the *practice* and theory of agriculture, for which he still retains an almost enthusiastic liking.

I was much amused one day last summer when we had strolled into a field where mowers were at work, to see their admiring looks at his skillful wielding of a scythe. A stretch of stone fence that he built entirely with his own hands around one of his lots, is considered a model of its kind among the Salem farmers. The readers of the *Lorgnette* and *Reveries* have not seen Ik Marvel's most finished work yet. Old Hodges (you will find him at the Carleton House) can tell you of his acquirements as a sportsman with gun and angle. During his farming period he contributed to Agricultural journals, and gained a prize offered by the New York State Agricultural Society for a plan of farm buildings—see its vol. of *Transactions* for 1842. He also contributed a long article on Field Sports to the *North American Review*. In 1844 he went to Europe, where he remained two years,

walking through nearly every county of England. Very much of Switzerland and France was also traversed on foot. The winter of '44-5 was passed in the island of Jersey, the summer of 1845 in Scotland, France and Switzerland; the following winter was spent in Italy. In the spring he came up through Germany and sailed for America in early Autumn. During all this time Mr. M. corresponded regularly on agricultural subjects with the Cultivator Newspaper. On his return he was strongly urged to write an extended work on European Agriculture. The following winter, '46-7, was passed in Virginia, So. Carolina, and Washington, whence he wrote letters to the Courier and Enquirer over the signature of Ik Marvel. The ensuing summer the letters were continued from Saratoga and other parts of the United States. The Fresh Gleanings appeared from the press of the Harpers this summer, under the assumed name of Ik Marvel. The winter was passed in a law office at New York.

Here the idea of the Lorgnette first suggested itself, and an initial chapter was prepared in the first instance for the columns of the Courier and Enquirer, but was afterward withdrawn. In the spring of 1848 he sailed again for Europe. He was in London three weeks during the Chartist troubles, then passed over to Paris, where, excepting a brief visit to Bordeaux, he stayed till the summer of 1849. During this visit he wrote largely to the Courier and Enquirer. On his return he wrote the first part of the Battle Summer, covering a period prior to his last visit to Paris—the sequel, containing his observations while on the ground, is not yet published. The ill success of this last book induced the attempt to mystify the public by the trial of a new style. The Lorgnette was accordingly begun, as much in jest as earnest, and with no very definite plan as to the length of its continuance. Indeed, partly from original indifference, and partly from its slow sale at the outset, my friend twice determined to abandon it. He once or twice failed to have the MS. ready in time for the regular day of publication, and I do not think he would have written No. 9 and onward but for my urging him to keep on. Up to that time there were not more than half a dozen in the secret. Others were from time to time made acquainted with or discovered it. But on the publication of the New Series, and indeed at the close, there were but very few who knew who the author was. D. G. M. himself was not in the city half of the time, and the different nos. were written at almost as many places. By the way, *we* knew that *you* knew, Dr., early in May. Who told? or was it by observation of style? M.'s most intimate friends were as much in the dark as the rest. Whereby came

much food for laughter. He does not yet publicly acknowledge it anywhere but it is now so well known, or rather understood, that his friends make no hesitation of charging it on him.

The publication of his first *Reverie* brought such favorable notices as to induce him to develop the idea still further in a book, and he continued them up to their present shape while engaged upon the closing papers of the *Lorgnette*. It appeared about the same time as the second volume of the *Lorgnette*. He is now busily engaged upon various literary enterprises. Of the nature of these, as of his habits of mind etc., I hardly feel at liberty to speak,—as I only know of them because of our long and confidential intimacy. I will say, however, that if God gives him health for the next ten years, he will at the end of that time show a result of his stewardship that will prove large talents to have been put out at good usury, and which will add a new class of readers to those who admire either the *Lorgnette* or the *Reveries*. Neither of these books gives his best strength. Works of a lighter nature, on one of which he is already specially engaged, will occupy his by-time.

Leverington, Phil'a Co., Pa., July 10, 1851.

My Dear Sir:

I send for your acceptance a copy of Brantz Mayer's Address on Logan and Cresap, before the Md. Histl. Society. You will discover by it, if you find time for its perusal, that I am engaged in some border historical and biographical researches—and, God permitting, I hope, some of these days, to be able to send you some of my crude productions.

As you take so much interest in the present and prospective literature of the country, you may not be uninterested if I specify somewhat my designs. I will briefly say that I contemplate a work on the *Life and Times* of General George Rogers Clark—whose old papers I have, and a large number of whose old Indian fighters and contemporaries I have seen, and whose reminiscences I have fully noted:—a *Life* of Col. Daniel Boone—*Memoirs* of Gen'l Simon Kenton—*Life and Campaigns* of Gen'l John Sevier of East Tennessee—*Life* of Gen'l James Robertson, with *Sketches* of the early settlement of the Cumberland country, now Middle Tennessee,—*Life and Adventures* of Capt. Samuel Brady, with *Sketches* of the Pioneers and Border Wars of the Upper Ohio Valley.—*Life* of Col. Wm. Crawford—of Col. Wm. Whitley—etc., etc. Another on the early settlement, Pioneers, and Indian Wars of West Virginia,—and yet another on the *Life and Adventures* of the

Wetzels, with notices of the early history of the Wheeling region. And I half incline to attempt a work on the Border Warfare of New York—or a History of the Senecas, which would cover the same ground. For all these works I have—or *think* I have, a sufficiency of original materials, together with a very complete collection of border works, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers—Pioneer Manuscript Journals, correspondence, etc. I have some 20 vols. of my manuscripts bound—and I think I have manuscripts enough when arranged and bound to make some 30 or 40 more. . .

I may add, that I am a Baptist—and thus claim a fraternity of feeling with and for you. I have long desired to make your acquaintance, but have been restrained from obtruding myself on your notice from feelings of delicacy. Beside, I have had little time that I could devote to literary friendships, having for some fifteen years, as health would permit, been a complete slave to my border researches. The enclosed “circular,” published, as you will see, over five years ago, will tend to give you some idea of my labors—I have fully doubled my collections since its issue. . . I remain, dear Sir, your friend and Christian brother,

Lyman C. Draper.

P. S.—When I got up my circular I designed a single work—Lives of the Pioneers: Since procuring the Clark papers, and greatly augmenting my collection otherwise, I changed my plan, and design, as already intimated, separate and distinct works, each complete in itself. If I live to complete this design, I shall still hope to condense them into a single work, Lives of the Pioneers and a counterpart work, Lives of Western Indians. The work on Clark, with a preliminary sketch of the Aboriginal occupancy of Kentucky, and early Anglo-American Explorations of the West, will reach a couple of thick octavos—the other works will be single volumes. You see I have a large amount of labor laid out—whether I shall ever perform it all, or any considerable part of it, Time must determine. If life and health are spared me, I hope my energy will carry me through. Pardon, my dear Sir, this egotism. . .

4 August, 1851.

My dear Dr. Griswold,

I enclose to you the lines of which you write, “Stand, like an anvil, when it is beaten upon;” which, in my case, have “more truth than poetry.” As is the way with men, whom kindness always emboldens, I suggest, at the suggestion of my two sons (now both in holy orders) that

for "The Voice of Rama," "The Waters of Marak," and "The Christian's Death" you substitute these or some of them. With many desires for your prosperity, and every blessing on yourself and all you would have blessed, I am faithfully your friend,

G. W. Doane.

Dear Sir . . .

During my absence I called at Toronto and spent a couple of days very agreeably. I saw nearly all the principal people and talked with many of them on this subject. As a matter of course Lord Elgin was opposed to protection, but I was surprised to find so little tendency towards it among the Canadian members of the government. They have no idea of improvement except in connection with roads by which to enable the producer to go to the consumer—instead of at once bringing the consumer to him. With great regard, I am

Yours very truly,

H. C. Carey.

Burlington, August 5, 1851.

Boston, August 18, 1851.

My Dear Griswold :

I have never thanked you for your kind letter received during my wife's illness. Since she has passed away my mind has not been calm enough to allow of my writing to any of my friends. I begin now to see more sunlight through the black clouds of affliction which have surrounded me. It is a severe blow, Griswold, to all my hopes of happiness, but I make strong efforts to think all is Right. We shall know all sooner or later. I hope to meet you before long. Till then and always, dear Rufus,

Yours Sincerely,

J. T. F[ields].

August 19, 1851.

Dear Griswold . . .

Cheever has made considerable of a book out of [Walter] Colton's remains. He makes him out one of the finest, frankest and most generous of men. This I never thought. On the contrary, I thought, of all men, he was the last to come directly to an object. He would set a trap to catch anything when he could secure it by putting out his hand. There was, as it seemed to me, a petty stratagem interwoven with the texture of his mind, which spun itself out in his every day action, and fairly showed

sometimes in the cock of his eye—(Inter nos)—... he was a better man than many, but not perfect. I think the range of his mind direct—the circle it ran in, small. No man ever did more or got more credit by a mere play of words. He had an ear for the song of words. The clatter of sentences was the inspiration of his composition.

As an Alcalde he did himself more credit than by all the other parts of his life. In this office he was doing well for himself, and acted well, and, as far as I can see, justly for others. It was this part, and his conduct therein which is the chief support of his name, and gives a chief respectability to all of him that goes before and after it.

I think your sketch of C. Colton a good one—it is discriminating as to his merits—he has made a great deal out of a few principles of common sense. As a writer he seems to have regarded the bulk more than execution—a big book, with him, is the same as a great one. I shall be glad to hear from you.

Very truly your friend,

H. Hooker.

Cooperstown, Oct. 2, 1851.

Dear Sir...

For my own part I have never doubted that my Father's position with another generation would be higher than that accorded to him while he was still among us; but I was scarcely prepared for such an immediate expression of public feeling with regard to the loss, which, as Americans, has fallen upon us all in common.

There is no country, however rich in talent, which can afford to lose from her ranks a man of high genius, unclouded integrity, and generous heart. Like his own Harvey Birch, he whom we mourn, carried in his bosom a disinterested love of America none the less real because too often misunderstood, and diligently belied by patriots of the market-place.

But those who were pleased to traduce him are thoroughly forgiven: the end of the upright was peace.

You allude to the *affection* he merited. Ah, sir, there indeed he was sorely misrepresented! No man had warmer sympathies, stronger affections, or a more social temper. Yet with the exception of those who knew him intimately, he was no doubt usually considered as a gloomy, disappointed cynic—a character wholly foreign to his nature, as you must be well aware, from your own intercourse with him. But I shall be led too far, though less I could not say.

For your kind sympathy in the grief of his family we beg you will receive our sincere acknowledgement. To us the loss is indeed irreparable. He had the respect and affection of our whole hearts. Believe me sir,

Very respectfully,

Susan Fenimore Cooper.

Amesbury, 10th 10th mo., 1851.

My dear friend,

I was glad to get thy note relative to Alice Carey's book: I think very highly of her genius—I do not think thou hast at all overrated her. Some of her prose pieces are unique in their simplicity, beauty and pathos.

I would be glad to aid in the publication of her volume: but am now forbidden to write: indeed I have not been able for months to answer, even briefly, my correspondents. The cooler weather I trust will in some degree benefit me, but I cannot depend upon it.

If my opinion, however, could have any weight with your public here I have no hesitation in saying that it is not often that so rich and valuable material is offered for an American book, as might be prepared from the prose sketches of Alice Carey. I am not able to do justice to her or myself, now; and on that ground must decline writing a preface; but, I do not think well of such things. The public look upon prefaces of this kind as an attempt to pass off, by aid of a known name, what otherwise would not pass current. This would do injustice to such a writer as Alice Carey. She can stand by herself, on her own original merits. Let me know if anything which I can do is needed to facilitate the publication. Very truly thy friend,
J. G. Whittier.

P. S.—I will call attention to the proposed publication in some of the Boston papers as soon as I feel able to send or go there; or what will perhaps be better I will notice it in the Era. I think if I were Alice I would leave out all poetical quotations—as a general thing they injure and weaken the effect of her admirable prose.

Miss Cary is almost as completely forgotten as the previous generation of woman poets,—Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Lewis, etc. When she died, in 1871, she had already outlived her literary popularity, such as it was. Within two years of their deaths 'The Christian Union' wrote of the sisters:—

They began early to write verses which treated of sorrowful experiences, of unrequited love, of painful illnesses, of hopes and fears plaintively mingled, and of untimely deaths. It was linked sadness long drawn out. Tender regret and weak sentiment seem to us—we say it unwillingly—the staple of what they wrote. Their sobbing lyrics do not melt;—they ruffle and vex us.

The elder sister wrote more, was better known and her talent thought to be greater than the younger's. With this opinion, we cannot agree. . . . Phoebe seems to have been freer from false sentiment, less given to gentle preaching, and less affected in style than Alice. . . . Phoebe has a more natural, a plainer tone; is far less morbid, and shows us now and then something very like humor, of which we find no trace in her sister.

Richmond, 2 December, 1851.

My dear Doctor . . .

The Messenger is almost "gone." I look into the future to see nothing but disaster; my affairs are really so much embarrassed that the sale of my library hangs over me like an impending doom, and with no coryphaeus of the red-flag fraternity like Keese to "knock down" my darlings. Four years of hard labor find me in debt, my small patrimony exhausted, and myself utterly unfitted for any sort of employment. I have followed the will-o'-the-wisp, literary fame, into the morass, and it has gone out, leaving me up to the armpits in the mud. Eh bien, I snap my fingers and whistle care down the wind! . . .

Jno. R. Thompson.

P. S.—I remark your hit at me [in "International"] about "Injustice to the South." Nevertheless the fact is so, and the "Scarlet Letter" hailing from Charleston would have lined portmanteaus. Why can't Legaré find a publisher? Depend upon it, if another De Foe should emerge from the pine-barrens of Carolina, with a Robinson Crusoe under his arm, he would find an Edmund Carll in every back shop of Northern publication houses. Legaré is not De Foe, to be sure, but if he lived in New England it would be different. Why did *Ik Marvel's Reveries*, first and second, excite no remark when first published in the Messenger? Because the Messenger is Southern and for no other reason in the world. God help us!

West Newton, Dec'r 15th, 1851.

My dear Sir,

As regards the proposition for twelve short tales, I shall not be able to accept it; because experience has taught me that the thought and trouble, expended on that kind of production, is vastly greater, in proportion, than what is required for a long story.

I doubt whether my romances would succeed in the serial mode of publication; lacking, as they certainly do, the variety of interest and character which seem to have made the success of other works, so published. The reader would inevitably be tired to death of the one prominent idea, if presented to him under different aspects for a twelve-month together. The effect of such a story, it appears [to] me, depends on its being read continuously. If, on completion of another work, it should seem fairly and naturally divisible into serial portions, I will think further of your proposal.

I have by me a story which I wrote just before leaving Lenox, and which I thought of sending to Dr. Bailey of the National Era, who has offered me \$100 for an article. But, being somewhat grotesque in its character, and therefore not quite adapted to the grave and sedate character of that Journal, I hesitate about so doing, and will send it to the International, should you wish it at the price mentioned. The thing would make between twenty and thirty of such pages as Ticknor's editions of my books—hardly long enough, I think, to be broken into two articles for your magazine; but you might please yourself on that point. I cannot afford it for less than \$100. and would not write another for the same price. Very truly yours,

Nath'l Hawthorne.

Randolph, N. Y., December 27th, 1851.

Rev. Dr. Griswold: . . .

As you commenced your editorial career in this county, at an early day, you may feel interested in knowing the progress of the press in this region since your departure. There are now five papers printed in this county, viz.: three in Ellicottville, one at Lodi (now Gowanda) and one in this place. R. H. Shankland still continues in the Republican, while Sill, his predecessor in that office, is publishing a Whig paper in the same place. The other papers have been started quite recently. Olean, the name of which has been changed—is now growing very fast. Though never destined to realize the anticipations of its early settlers, it is yet bound to be a place of some little importance. The Erie Railroad has proved of more benefit to it

than the hopes formerly inspired from its being the head of navigation of the Ohio and its tributaries.

This county has grown very fast of late, and will yet be noted for its resources and agricultural wealth. It is no longer known by the name of "Cold Cattaraugus." But I am wearying you with something in which you may feel no interest whatever, and I will close.

Begging pardon for obtruding myself upon your notice, I remain,
Dear Sir, Very truly yours,

Chas. Aldrich.

London, January 6, 1852.

Rufus W. Griswold, Esq., Dear Sir,

I duly received your favor of the 6th December, your article, though it necessarily bore the marks of the haste under which it was written, was very acceptable, and as you will perceive, was printed. We should be glad of your article on American women, *providing* you think you can make it very amusing; the English writers selected for the April No. are for the most part of so grave a cast, that we look to America for fascinating matter, and I trust I am not mistaken in supposing that the Continent cannot supply it in any form so perfect as in that of "American women." But we hope you will not be too severe on the "female emancipationists," and we consider they have, despite their eccentricities, much sense and reason on their side. The dress question, i. e., Bloomerism, gains many converts *in opinion* here, by the way in which our ladies sweep the streets with their silks. The article should not be more than 24 pages. Yours very truly,

John Chapman.

In 1850, writes C: G. Leland in his Memoirs, "I went now and then to New York, which I liked better than Philadelphia. I was often a guest of Mr. [R: Burleigh] Kimball. He introduced me to Dr. Rufus Griswold, a strange character and a noted man of letters. He was, to his death, so uniformly a friend to me, and so untiring in his efforts to aid me, that I cannot find words to express his kindness nor the gratitude which I feel. . . To the end of his life I was always with him a privileged character, and could take, if I chose, the most extraordinary liberties, though he was one of the most irritable and vindictive men I ever met, if he fancied that he was in any way too familiarly treated."

Phil'a, Jan'y 30, 1852.

Dear Doctor:

I don't know the first thing about the editors of Arthur's Gazette, either by sight or name, and don't want tō. I only know that George Graham, d—n him!, and birds of his feather, will throw mud at anybody or anything. Nor can I imagine anything about any conversation, but suppose that this is one of the thousand filthy squibs fired off every week in the stupid weeklies of our city at somebody on any pretence. May the Lord keep me clear of them! Herewith I send some Notices, and will dispatch enough on Monday tō satisfy an ultra demand for German. . . Yours truly,

Leland.

P. S. I had well nigh forgotten tō state the first thought with which I sat down tō write, viz., tō thank you for your kindness while with you in New York on so many occasions, and tō beg you tō give my regards tō Stoddard. . . What dō you think of Graham's courteous allusions tō me? D—d little did George R. [Graham] ever dō towards helping me on or out, and now that he finds me getting on, notwithstanding I have not received the stamp of his approbation, voila the consequences! Therefore, oh my friends, let us drink, and come what may, joy or grief, take our wine cool, for it doth greatly comfort the heart. "*Caro Dottore*," as Don Pasquale says, when are you coming on this here way? Remember me tō all and believe me,

Yours truly,

C. G. Leland.

New York, Feb. 14, 1852.

My dear Sir. . .

I like the sample of Mr. Hetherwold's poetry, which you have sent me. The sentiments are generous, the imagery poetical, and the versification sonorous. Yet I doubt its success with the public, if it appears as Mr. Hetherwold's. I fully believe that the best verses in the world published in a volume by an author not yet known tō fame, would be inevitably neglected. . .

W. C. Bryant.

Diary, Feb. 22:—Dined with Mr. Prescott, whose daughter is about tō be married tō a son of Abbott Lawrence, whō was present. Passed the evening with George Ticknor, at whose house met the veterans of the Hist. Society—Savage, Buckingham, Whipple, Hudson, &c.

Feb. 24:—Busy with preparations for the Cooper demonstration.

Feb. 25:—This evening the long expected meeting came off at Metropolitan Hall. Kimball and I went after Webster and afterward attended him to the Century Club, and about two o'clock down to the Astor. The whole affair succeeded well.

Dear Sir. . .

You have no doubt seen that my old book is being translated in Italy. Truth makes its way by degrees, everywhere except into our colleges. Could you not assist in an effort to impress upon the minds of the Harvard people the necessity that exists for reconstructing the historical and politico-economical department by emancipating themselves from the dominion of Ricardo, Malthus, and Old-fogyism? By so doing you would do much good. With great regard I am

Yours very truly,

Henry C. Carey.

Burlington, Feb. 25, 1852.

Rome, Feb. 29, 1852.

Dear Griswold,

I write you a friendly letter herein enclosed. You may make any extracts you choose from it. . .

Ever Yrs.,

J. T. Fields.

I have written to the author (a friend of mine in London) of a new Poem called 'Verdicts' which is now going through the press and asked him to send you the early sheets at once for the International. It is capitally done and in the style of Lowell's "Fable for Critics." The author's name I can not reveal as he means to keep it a secret. I have read the Ms. and think the idea a capital one.

Washington, May 4, 1852.

My Dear Sir:

Your letter found me upon my back—prostrate of Inflammatory Rheumatism. I have had a long, weary, painful month of it, in which I have suffered almost everything but the loss of my spirits. I am fairly out again, now, however, and although not yet well, am in a fair way soon to recover entirely.

I hardly remember what your letter contained—for I had. It enveloped immediately and sent off to Shreve. I do recollect, however, that it was full of the right sort of feeling for him; and I take pleasure in saying, that I have

just received a letter from him, full of the right sort of expressions as to you. He is a noble man, Mr. Griswold; and although "Drayton" is in several respects not worthy of him, it has a great deal in it that is good, and I want you and him to have a reciprocal regard and confidence.

I had a painfully interesting letter from Alice [Cary] written the afternoon before she left New York for her home in the West. I respect Mr. Hine, for many things in his life and character; but I cannot but regret that he should have been so busy with other matters as to have left the shafts that wounded a good and sensitive heart to have been thrown by others—if thrown they had to be, by anyone. I have not yet answered her letter, but shall so soon as I feel able. . .

I read in the Mirror, last night, your successful vindication of Alice from the criticism of the Boston Transcript, with much pleasure. To her you have certainly proved the "friend in need" who is "a friend indeed" . . .

Very Truly Yours,

W. D. Gallagher.

Dear Sir . . .

My friend Smith . . . is the only man that has made himself master of my political economy, and is the man that will have to teach it when I pass off the stage. He writes me that he would greatly like to furnish for the Westminster an "independent" article containing a full exposition of the system, and the question is, would it be published? He can, and will, furnish one that will certainly interest the readers of the Review as much as any other its editors can give, and I feel assured that they will do well to have it. If it be objected that *protection* enters into my system, I would remark that it comes in only as a consequence of previous error elsewhere, and as a mode of bringing about freedom of trade—and that it is not essentially necessary ever to mention the word. An exposition of the several laws that I have propounded for consideration would furnish matter sufficient for an article, leaving the readers to work out protection or free trade for themselves. Mr. Smith understands this matter perfectly. . .

Yours very truly,

Henry C. Carey.

Burlington, May 13, 1852.

Dear Sir. . .

I agree with you fully about Bishop Doane. He has done wrong, but he has not filled his pockets by wrong-doing, as our Railroad kings have

dōne. His fellow Bishops would now crush him after he has dōne penance by spending three years in Purgatory, but I trust they will fail. . .

Yours truly,

H. C. Carey.

Burlington, May 17, 1852.

The charge against the bishop was that he had diverted from its legal use \$250,000. which he controlled as trustee. The Tribune was unable tō see that this was any the less reprehensible because the person whō committed the act was a clergyman, and it had a good deal tō say on the subject on the 18th July 1849 and later.

Burlington, May 18, 1852.

Dear Sir. . .

At your suggestion I have read the article in the North American. It is the veriest trash that is possible—precisely the sort of protectionist rubbish that convinced me many years since that there was no foundation for protectionist doctrines. Hoping tō see you, I am Yours very truly,

H. C. Carey.

Diary, Dec. 8:—Began tō edit Illustrated News.

"The author of 'Gossip of the Century,'" again tō quote Mr. Leland, "has well remarked that 'it has been said that however quickly a clever lad may have run up the ladder, whether of fame or fortune, it will always be found that he was lucky enough tō find some òne whō put his foot on the first rung,' which is perfectly true, as I soon found, if not in law, at least in literature. I went more than once tō New York, hoping tō obtain literary employment. One day Dr. Rufus Griswold came tō me in great excitement. Mr. Barnum—the great showman—and the Brothers Beach were about tō establish a great illustrated weekly newspaper, and he was tō be the editor and I the assistant. It is quite true that he had actually taken the post, for which he did not care twōpence, only tō provide a place for me, and he had tramped all over New York for hours in a fearful storm tō find me and tō announce the good news. . .

Dr. Griswold was always a little "queer," and I used to scold and reprove him for it. He had got himself into great trouble by his remarks on Edgar A. Poe. Mr. Kimball and others, who knew the Doctor, believed, as I do, that there was no deliberate evil or envy in those remarks. Poe's best friends told severe stories of him in those days—*me ipso teste*—and Griswold, naught extenuating and setting down naught in malice, wrote incautiously more than he should. These are the words of another than I. But when Griswold was attacked, then he became savage. One day I found in his desk, which he had committed to me, a great number of further material collected to Poe's discredit. I burnt it all up at once, and told the Doctor what I had done, and scolded him well into the bargain. He took it all very amiably. . . It is a pity that I had not always had the Doctor in hand—though I must here again repeat that, as regards Poe, he is, in my opinion, not so much to blame as a score of writers have made out."

[G: W: Curtis to Griswold.*]

I was born in Providence, R. I., on the 24th of February, 1824. My maternal grandfather was James Burrill, Jr., a man famous in the annals of the State, who died at Washington in 1821, while senator from Rhode Island,—and he had made his mark in Congress by a speech upon the Missouri Compromise. My father, so long as he lived in the State, was a prominent political man,—Speaker of the House of Representatives, etc.,—but never so situated as to be willing to accept the nomination for governor and for Congress. I lost my mother when I was two years old. She left only my elder brother and myself.

At six, I was sent to school near Boston, in the pretty village of Jamaica Plain. I remained there between four and five years, had a very good time in general, so far as I remember, and was called quite generally "Deacon" by the boys. I returned to Providence upon the occasion of my father's second marriage, and was at school there until he removed to New York, in the year 1839. It was during the time between my return from

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school and coming to New York that I made my first essay, like everybody else, in print. I sent an anonymous poem to the newspaper, and was so frightened at seeing it in print that I kept the secret so closely that no one else knew it, nor knows it. I wrote several pieces in this way, and sent one or two to the New York American, all anonymous, of course, which were duly printed, and dazzled me.

When I came to New York, I was so struck by the whirl of business and the high, dark, narrow streets,—especially, I remember, Pine street,—that I was ready to abandon all my studies and go into a counting-room. The idea enchanted me, and I had no rest until I persuaded my father to let me do it. So, for a year, I was a clerk in a German and English importing house; at the end of the year stepped nimbly out of it, nor ever wanted to enter it again. So great was my distaste that I afterward, for a long time, avoided all the business parts of the city.

I resumed my studies with tutors, reading the usual college course, though not in college, until I began, with my brother, to be interested in Emerson, Brownson, and the other Boston philosophers, which interest resulted in our going to Brook Farm in the spring of 1842. I was merely a boarder, having made an arrangement of half work, half pay. At Brook Farm I made many of my best friends and tried all the asceticisms,—the no meat, the long hair, the loose dress, etc.,—but was not a proper member. I left in the autumn of 1843; I returned to New York. But the country life had become so fascinating that I was glad to run off to Concord with my brother, in the following spring, and to pass a year there in a farmer's family, working hard upon the farm. It was during this year that I made friends with Hawthorne, and that the club was formed at Emerson's, of which I have spoken in the "American Authors." I knew also, here, Alcott, Thoreau, and Ellery Channing, the poet.

The next year my brother and I rented a single room in a farmer's house, and an acre of his land. We took the whole charge of the land, manuring it, plowing, harrowing, and planting. As we had so little, we gave it garden cultivation, and were well repaid. In the house we lived like Essenes. I was on the edge of a wood, and the baker came every day. We had no servant, and, as it was too much trouble to cook meat, I lived entirely upon baked apples and milk, with bread and biscuit, and we had a royally jolly and free time, except that our compassionate hostess would insist upon occasionally thrusting in plates of meat and vegetables,—but not often. I grew fat and hearty during these months, and sent an occasional bit of verse

tō the Harbinger, which was published by my Brook Farm friends. We had a good many books, and I read a great deal.

The next summer we passed in Concord, but at the house of an old Brook Farmer, whōm we had known. In the winter I came home tō New York, and we agreed tō go tō Europe during the following year. Circumstances detained my brother, but on the 1st day of August, 1846, I sailed for Marseilles.

We arrived after a long, but beautiful, summer passage. I went, with Cranch and his wife, whō sailed with me, tō Genoa and Leghorn, and thence tō Florence. The winter I passed in Rome, with my brother, whō came afterward; the spring in Naples, the summer in Florence and Venice. I was in Italy a little more than a year, then crossed intō the Tyrol, and so intō Germany. At Berlin I passed the winter and was matriculated at the university, where I attended several courses of lectures.

In the spring of 1848, when the French revolution broke out, I was in Berlin, and saw the famous fight of the 18th of March, in the streets. I wrote home an account of it, which Mr. Raymond, then editor of the Courrier and Enquirer, chanced tō see and obtained for publication, and immediately requested me tō correspond regularly with that paper. I was too busy flying about Europe tō promise tō dō so; but I wrote a few letters for him, which were published.

In the summer, in company with my brother and two others, I made a genuine pedestrian tour of Switzerland; in the winter tō Paris, whence I regularly corresponded with the Tribune. The next summer again intō Switzerland, where I met an old friend, whō wished me tō go tō the East with him for the winter. I had decided tō pass the winter in Spain, but was only too glad tō visit the region of my dreams in the society of a friend. We descended the Alps tō Genoa, went along the coast tō Leghorn and Florence, thence tō Civita Vecchia, and Rome, which was much changed from the Rome I had left by the presence of the French, and, crossing over from Naples tō Palermo, travelled through Sicily, by Enna, tō Catania; skirted Mount Etna tō Messina, and passed down tō Malta. After a few days in Malta we sailed for Alexandria, and left Cairo for the tour of Upper Egypt and the Nile on the 22d of December, 1849. We reached Cairo, upon our return, on the 26th of February, 1850, and the book was already written in my mind. I kept a journal for some time, but relinquished it, and wrote several of the chapters, just as they now stand in the book, but without any regular sequence.

We crossed the desert and went to Jerusalem and Damascus, crossed the Lebanon to Beyrout, and sailed for Malta in the early part of May, 1850. I went to England and staid with a friend two months, and reached Boston, upon my return, in August, 1850.

The following autumn I wrote "Nile Notes of an Howadji," which were published in March, 1851. The book was issued by Bentley, under an arrangement with my publishers, but with a changed title—"Nile Notes by a Traveller." He has since issued another and cheaper edition, and still another has been published, with the true title, as one of Vitzitelly's cheap series—a shilling book, with a multitude of wood-cuts made for the work. During the winter I was somewhat engaged with the Tribune.

In the summer of 1851 I went lotus-eating, and wrote letters, which were published in the Tribune under the name of "Summer Notes of a Howadji." They were written at the various spots. In the autumn I staid in Providence and wrote "The Howadji in Syria," which was thus written after the "Lotus-Eating."

The following winter I accepted an engagement on the Tribune, and remained there five months. The most important things I did were the critiques upon the Academy Exhibition.

"The Howadji in Syria" was published in April, 1852, and during the time I was connected with the Tribune I revised the summer letters, which were exquisitely illustrated by my friend Kensett, and were published late in the summer. "The Howadji in Syria" was issued in London by Bentley, who again changed the title (I know not by what right) and called it "The Wanderer in Syria." He also published a pretty edition of the "Lotus-Eating."

I left the Tribune on the 1st of July and passed the summer in Newport, and wrote only the four articles for Putnam's book ["Homes of American Authors"]—Bancroft, Longfellow, Emerson, and Hawthorne.

This autumn and winter I have been collecting and editing Downing's contributions to the Horticulturist, and writing a preparatory memoir of him; writing for Putnam's Monthly, of which contributions thus far "Our Best Society" has made the most stir, and am busy all the time in reading and studying for a "Life of Mehemet Ali," which will be ready as soon as possible.

Voilà tout! and Shelley died when he was no older than I am.

Dear Sir:

Herewith you have a copy of the book, sewed, being the first I have myself been able to see. It has swelled, as you see, to 420 pages, but I am in hopes that its readers will not find it too long, presenting, as it does, a sort of coup d'œil of the condition of man throughout a large portion of the world.

You will find that I have almost everywhere taken my facts from Englishmen, and among them all there is not one given on the authority of men holding opinions similar to my own, while most of them are from people diametrically opposed to me.

There is one thing in relation to it to which I should be glad to call your attention. To a considerable extent it will meet the approbation of our friends of the Tribune, but that will be a reason why the Herald will be likely to take the opposite side, which I should regret, as I am very anxious the book should circulate among Southern men. This might be avoided, if both Journals could be made to speak of it at the same time, and as you see Dana constantly, you might readily so arrange it. Think of this.

You will find that I am not of either the slavery or anti-slavery party. The latter are right in the object they desire to obtain, but totally wrong as to the mode by which it is to be attained. The former are wrong as to their object, but the fault is not with them, as I have desired to show. I am anxious that both should read, and while the Tribune can do much with one party the Herald can do as much with the other, for which reason I should be very glad to have it well noticed in both. . . Yours very truly,

H. C. Carey.

Burlington, Apr. 20, 1858.

Memphis, Tenn., May 30, 1858.

Rev. and Respected Sir. . .

I would suggest to you the collecting and editing of the works of an American author of genius, and genius of the kind hardly to be surpassed by that of any other author our own country has produced, who is long since dead, and whose works ever since have been "scattered to the four winds." I refer to Coffin, the "Boston Bard." The only collection of any of his works that I know of, was that of a small volume of his poems during his life. What he wrote, (prose and poetry) was generally written for magazines; and has remained scattered ever since. He wrote some most exquisite poetry, as you are probably aware. His "Sunrise of the Soul" is

One of the most beautiful poems in the language. His prose is equally fine. His "Ruins of Time" and "Christ on Calvary" for beauty of diction and sublimity of language are probably not to be surpassed in the language. . .

It is true that he was an inebriate, at least occasionally, and it was his great misfortune,—but so was Edgar A. Poe, and so, unfortunately, have been other fine writers. . . Yours, etc.,

John B. Howard.

P. S. I was mistaken in asserting that Coffin, the "Boston Bard" was the author of "Ruins of Time" and "Christ on Calvary." In looking over "Field's Scrap-Book" I see that it was the "Milford Bard," who is the author of these two splendid prose articles. . .

Washington, 27th July, 1853.

My dear Sir, . . .

The author of the North American article is a little puffed up man, who has figured a good deal, lately, in New York circles, as an archæologist [according to the index, the author was Prof. Bowen, the editor] I am informed that he was one of the firm of Squier & Chappell who were tailors in Philadelphia about 1840. Yours most truly,

Henry R. Schoolcraft.

Mrs. Griswold, Dear Madam. . .

I have just seen in the Bulletin of this city, copied from a New York Paper, a notice of the dangerous illness of your husband.

It is not, it seems as if it must not be, that Mr. Griswold is now to have his last trial. A great deal of sympathy is everywhere felt for him. He has many friends: he has made his mark on the age: he has done more important service to Literature and literary men than any other man that lives, or has lived in the United States. He lived in, and cultivated the largest range of American sympathy—with heart always ready to make a boast of every gift in his fellow countrymen that could be turned to any account in promoting the general credit and welfare. He is the most remarkable man of the times for the number and efficiency of his services and gratuities in behalf of obscure merit and struggling genius. In these and [other] ways too numerous for me to sketch he has enshrined himself in the memory of genius. His monument will be as enduring as the best of the works he has stamped with his approbation, and many will ever look to him as the author and spring of all the aspiring and credit they have. . .

Desiring for you and him the best supports, I subscribe myself Your
and his earnest friend,

H[erman] Hooker.

Philadelphia, Aug. 10th, 1853.

Mr. Hooker was a publisher, chiefly for anglican authors.

Dear Sir:

I send you [for the article in "Homes of American Authors"]
a brief sketch of the scenery about us to accompany a view of my place,
with some few particulars, of which you may make what use you please,
either by leaving them where they are, incorporating them with the bio-
graphical notice, or omitting them altogether. I have an insuperable disin-
clination to writing about myself, except for the special gratification of my
friends, instead of the public which, I apprehend, feels little interest in my
character, habits or opinions; but have departed from my uniform course to
oblige Mr. Putnam and yourself.

I omitted to mention in its proper place that the name of 'Placentia'
was given to my residence long ago by a former proprietor and has not been
changed.

Yours very truly,

J. K. Paulding.

Dear Sir:—

Your letter respecting G. G. Foster does honor to your heart,
and I regret that the philanthropic plan you have proposed for his regener-
ation is rendered impossible by the extent of his crimes. We have know-
ledge of four distinct forgeries of my name to notes of 350, 350, 350 and 250
dollars. Three of them have been cashed, at fearful sacrifices.

One of them is now in the hands of J. M. Smith, the newly elected Re-
corder of New York. Foster has also forged three notes of the various
amounts of 850, 800 and 350 dollars, on Mr. Heyleman of Penna.

I am not his prosecutor, but a witness. He cannot escape the States
Prison, I fear.

Yours very truly,

W. E. Burton.

Chambers St., Jan. 12, 1854.

New York, 28th Jan., 1854.

Dear James . . .

You did not send me "Mrs. Mowatt," but I have read it—with
some disappointment. She *might* have put in so many entertaining remini-

scences of "the old days we remember." There are great passages in "Passion-Flowers," but for the most part I agree with Whipple about the book. Bryant, (whō is sitting for me tō Elliot) discoursed of it largely yesterday in the main with approval. Tuckerman, you know, wrote the notices in Eve. Post, Times, and Home Journal, and he has sent a long reviewal of it tō Simms, for the Southern Quarterly. [Theodore] Parker will attend tō its celebration in the Westminster, I understand. Bryant says that it would be "preposterous"—that was his word—tō compare Mrs. Howe with Alice Carey. He had been looking over "Lyra," &c. with admiration and surprise at its extraordinary beauties. . . Can't you order some copies of Mrs. Hewitt's Poems, just printed by Lamport, Blakeman & Son? It is really a charming book, full of the best *love songs* written by any woman in this country. The edition is small—only 500—and every cent of the proceeds, except actual cost of production, goes tō Mrs. H[ewitt] whō needs money, and is a most admirable woman.

Yours,

R. W. G.

Boston, January 30, 1854.

My dear Rufus:

Many thanks for your kind letter, just handed me, warm and hearty from your pen. It is now my intention tō be with you this day week. I intend, D. V., tō leave here on Monday (Feb. 6) morning and arrive at your door about 5 or 6 in the evening. Don't be blown up my dear fellow about the time. If you dō I shall not attempt N. Y. again.

Would you had been here last evening. We dined Geo. Curtis; and the following order of gentlemen sat at table: [head] J. T. F.; [right] H. W. L[ongfellow], Dwight, Parker (H. T. P.), Hillard, Reed; [left] W. D. Ticknor, Curtis, Holmes, Whipple, Parsons, Giles [foot]. It seems tō me we had a good time, very. The dinner being given by W. D. T[icknor] & Co., I was obliged tō preside. I am nothing at such things, being of a serious turn of mind, but I got on after the oysters and hock not disgracefully. E. P. W. was glorious and Giles rampant. Hillard, genial as an Italian afternoon, discoursed of all he had seen and known. Curtis was fine and silvery; Holmes balmy and golden. Longfellow was only kept from another Evangeline by the potent spells of a bottle of sherry which he held flowing before him. Rufus! thou should'st have been there!

But all these things we will prate of next week when we sit face tō

face. I write now in great haste. With best regards to Mrs. Griswold and all friends,

Yours always most sincerely,

J. T. F[ields].

Moyamensing Prison, Feb. 20, 1854.

My dear Griswold—

It is only to-day, through Dudley Bean, that I heard of your magnanimous offer to assist me in my strait. His visit to my cell, and your kindness, are all the gleam of sunshine that has visited me, from all those who were once my friends. My wife—my only real, legal wife, and the noblest and most devoted of God's creatures—has come on to New York, to see what can be done. I beg you to see her, and hear her explanation of my situation. A very small sum of money would probably save me, and completely change my destiny. I have resources from which I could soon repay it, if I were once free from this place. I had not thought of making any application to you, least of all, who I know have cause of unkind feeling to me; but as the remembrances of our childhood seem to still hold a place in your heart, I venture to appeal to them. Listen to my wife, and do what you can, and what your heart prompts. Your friend of many years,

G. G. Foster.

New York, 20th May, 1854.

Dear James:

I have been very ill since you were here and am now just "getting about" again. For four weeks I was unable to leave my room. Now, the only position in which I can write, on account of the pain in my side, is that of kneeling beside the table. In this way I have succeeded in writing a couple of hours to-day, and nearly as long on Friday and Saturday.

Dr. Francis told me last evening that Duyckinck's project of a cheap one vol. abridgement of my [books on] American Literature was viewed by all the literary men as a very small business. A friend from whom I get at the clique's secrets told me a few days ago that Whipple was also to suffer largely from this pilfering. Scribner has bought and had bound from them a complete set of [Whipple's contributions to?] Graham's Magazine. . .

Yours,

R. W. G.

Idlewild, June— 1854.

My dear Sir, . . .

I fear I have nothing relative to Poe, or by him, relative to myself. I preserve nothing. Finding the present hour always more than I have attention for, I get rid of all that is past as expeditiously as memory will allow. My father, who was here a week ago, gave me some curious facts as to our descent from Puritan clergymen, etc., etc., and these I will shape for you, when my eyes are better. As to Marryat the facts were always correctly stated, I believe, and that is all that is important. Any particulars of the matter, I would give you with pleasure. Too blind to write more, I remain

Yours truly,

N. P. Willis.

Jubilee College, Robins' Nest Post Office, Illinois, June 1st, 1854.

Dear Sir . . .

I have a good many very interesting letters from Poe. Interesting as expressive of his feelings and struggles rather than of his opinions. Poor fellow! some of them written when he was in hopes of obtaining an office in the Custom House, Philadelphia; which the powers that then were had promised his friends for him. Some of those letters are in Cincinnati, some here. By what time do you want them? Of course there are portions of them which I ought not to permit to be published, but they certainly present him in a favorable light—the letters vary. . .

I am at present occupying the chair of Rhetoric in Jubilee College, and am preparing myself, in connection with it, to take orders in the Episcopal church, which I expect to do in the fall or spring. I would write a sketch of Poe but don't feel like it now—I may do it hereafter.

Will you do me a favor? Last November I sent to Putnam for his Magazine an article entitled "How I came to be displaced, and what was the result." . . . Now, I think the article one of my best—it was descriptive of life in Washington City. At any rate I would not lose it. I have no copy of it. Will you be so kind as to call upon Putnam and get the MS. for me? . . .

Can you tell me anything of Charles Fenno Hoffman? I was with him in Washington when his last visitation fell upon him. How I pitied him. . .

I am truly your friend,

F. W. Thomas.

Boston, July 21, 1854. Mercury at 365 in the shade, 1365 in the sun.

My dear Rufus:

I am just putting my last dry dickey into my carpet-bag prior to a run to the seaside for 24 hours. Here is your kind note of yesterday and I hasten to say "Glad to hear you are better and that hot weather agrees with you. Alice Carey's Clovernook Children is the hands of the stereotypers and too far advanced for alteration. Don't send Leland's Bk. We have too much on hand to think of opening our eyes on anything more. Do you like my lines in Clarke's Bk? And shall I send an engraved head to accompany them? This question is nonsense, of course, as I have no copy of my phiz that I would like to be engraved. Stick to cod-liver oil. I know several cases where it has done wonders.

On Wednesday I am to poetize at Dartmouth. Pity me. I am melting but I am always

Yours, Dear Rufus,

J. T. F[ields].

Boston, August 11, 1854.

My dear Rufus . . .

Nothing new here. All our friends are away and scarce a familiar face dodges in at the Corner to say "How are you?" or "God bless you." I saw [R: B.] Kimball at Hanover. He is a fine fellow all over and full of good things. He spoke of you fraternally and affectionately.

Smith is engraving my phiz! We hit upon a portrait which is considered so good that people know it. Will it be wanted for Clarke's Bk? Let me know.

Yours always, my dear R. W. G.,

J. T. F[ields].

Jubilee College, August 22d, 1854.

My dear Sir . . .

In looking over the letters I found so many comments upon men and things personal to Poe and myself, and which I could not with delicacy publish that I did not know what at first to do. I however have made a selection of the least objectional ones (for Poe wrote to me pretty much as he felt and had a great deal to say about individuals) and the most characteristic. You have the cream of the letters. I several times took up my pen to write you an article upon Poe, but I found that I could not do it to my satisfaction. I have appended two or three explanatory notes to the letters—which, as you please, you can publish or not, or make just such use

of them as suits you. If there is anything in the letters about which you wish any explanation let me know. . . You ask me if you should say anything about [J. H.] Ingraham,—as to his defects, etc. Ingraham and I in our literary career were very great friends—he once acted towards me badly, but he was sorry for it afterwards and I forgave him long ago. I like Ingraham. He has talents (genius rather if you make a distinction) and I think will be of great usefulness in the church. Some of his books are capital—"The Southwest, by a Yankee," for instance. A man's bad works, in the literary or any other line, being repented of, are forgiven by the higher power; and if he shows his true repentance by emendation and example (and particularly, like Ingraham, by putting on the armour of the Christian soldier) we should try to forget them. So I agree with what you say of speaking personally kind of him, and so deal gently with him in all regards. . .

Very truly yours,

F. W. Thomas.

Ellicott's Mills, Sept. 29, 1854.

My dear Sir—

It was a sincere gratification to me to see your handwriting once more in a letter. . . I wrote a note to Mrs. MacTavish, the daughter of Mrs. Caton, for the information you desired, and I now enclose you her letter [not found]. I have said to her in badinage that as Mrs. Carroll was not yet off the stage she might not wish to be set down as of the Washington era—to which in truth she does not belong. She was Henrietta Chew, a younger sister of Mrs. John Eager Howard of Baltimore. Her husband was Charles Carroll, son of the signer and brother of Mrs. Caton, and Mrs. Robert Goodloe Harper—of course the uncle of Lady Wellesey, the Duchess of Leeds and Lady Stafford—the three sisters who married in England. Mrs. MacTavish is another sister of theirs.

Charles Carroll died before his father, leaving the present Charles Carroll, the heir of Doughoregan Manor (the old residence of the Signer on Elk Ridge—about five miles from here.) Charles is the only son of Charles the 2nd. He has several sisters, Mrs. Bayard of Philadelphia, Mrs. John Lee of this state, Mrs. Jackson,—and Mrs. Tucker, who is dead. These are the children of the Henrietta whose portrait you sent me. She was married to Charles Carroll on the 17th of July 1800. I suppose under 20 years of age at that time. She is still living in Philadelphia with her daughter Mrs. Bayard, I believe.

This is all I suppose you wish to know. If you desire more, Charles Carroll is my neighbor and would doubtless tell me anything of his mother you might require to know.

I shall take great pleasure in your book when it sees the light. With the kindest remembrances and regard,

Very truly yours,

J. P. Kennedy.

Moyamensing, March 12, 1855.

Sir—

There was a time when I should have dared to write, "my dear Griswold"—there was a time when what I am going humbly to beg, as a last mercy to a broken-hearted, helpless and friendless human being, I should have boldly claimed of my friend—the companion of my boyhood—the brother, whose thoughts, feelings and interests were my own. That has all gone by. I am now nothing but a poor creature standing on the verge of destruction. I am come, therefore, to make a last plea for my life—for it is my life I am about to ask of you: and I have only to show you how you can save me, and then to leave my fate in your hands.

The two notes upon which the accusation against me is founded, have been provided for as follows: the one in New York by an assignment of my wife's copyright of her book, the "Ins and Outs of Paris," of which I enclose the announcement,) the publisher having assured the negotiator of the New York note, of the validity of the security for the amount of the claim. For the \$140 claim against me here, I have assigned the copyright of my "Philadelphia by Gas-Light," which abundantly covers it.

And now for my request. I can get bail, and leave my prison, for \$200—not for a dollar less. Will you help me?"

Yours,

G. G. Foster.

Dr. T: Dunn English writes me that Griswold's efforts in behalf of Foster were successful. He died 16 April 1856.

May 27th [1855.]

Mrs. Hamilton's compliments to Mr. Griswold and requests him, if agreeable, to get from the person the statement that was made respecting the opening of General Hamilton's drawers and examining his papers[;] also the names of the persons who employed him. This communication is for myself, not for the newspapers, so that he may not have any scruples.

With great regard,

Eliz'th Hamilton.

Excuse the writing for I am near ninety. Direct to Mrs. General Hamilton near Dobbs' Ferry.

Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 8, 1855.

My dear Sir . . .

I am sorry to say that it is out of my power to offer anything like an adequate compensation for such an article as you would furnish. My publishers pay my contributors at the rate of one dollar per page of original matter. Were I deriving any actual income from the review, I should add for articles such as you propose something approaching a quantum meruit; but my arrangements are such that, though with the hope of ultimate profit, debt and embarrassment are my only editorial revenue for the present.

I am, my dear Sir, Very sincerely yours,

A. P. Peabody.

Boston, Mass., June 8, 1855.

My Dear Sir . . .

Let me take this opportunity to remind you that one of the poems which you have published as mine, beginning "It touched the earth" was written by a person of far greater poetic power—the late Mrs. Dr. Hooper of this city—a lady whose verses, if they could be printed, would be seen to equal in their peculiar beauty almost anything we have from woman's pen.

Very truly yours,

Jas. Freeman Clarke.

Riverside, 31 July, 1855.

Dear Dr. Griswold:

Sir Walter Scott used to say that the happiest moment of his life was when he put his feet under his son's "mahogany;" I think I am happier in sending you some of Willie's verses. He has it in him. But he is hard at pastoral work, and does not cultivate that gift.

Your faithful friend,

G. W. Doane.

Mayor's Office, Philadelphia, Aug. 4, 1855.

My dear Doctor—

Do not believe me so seriously in default as I seem to be. Unable, from my official engagements, to hunt up the No. of Graham that we are in quest of, I have set not less than half dozen of my men—a strange police duty!—in search of it. Their reports give evidence of what lawyers

call a "due and diligent search," but I have not yet secured it. I have, however, ascertained positively that I will be able to send it to you on Monday. . .

I have been strangely unfortunate in my sincere wish to show you some attention while in the City. My family at our Country place, my house closed, and myself a sort of official vagabond, living as best I may, I have not been able to extend to you the hospitality which my feelings so sincerely prompt. You will, I am sure, appreciate these unfortunate disabilities, and "bide your time." . . .

Very truly yours,

R. T. Conrad.

Philadelphia, Nov. 8, 1855.

R. W. Griswold, Dear Sir,

I was surprised in looking over your last edition of the "Poets and Poetry of America," to find my name, which had been noticed in a former edition, entirely excluded from this.

Of this omission I suppose I have no right to complain, as I did not ask you for a niche in your "Temple of Fame," though if my memory serves me, I handed you a volume of my poems.

Perhaps I have been too modest. I certainly never begged the honor, or claimed it as a right: and yet I feel that an Author who has been favorably noticed by the press, both in England and America; some of whose poems have become as familiar as Household words, and may be found in the school Books of both countries; and in almost every catalogue of music, deserved that much consideration at the hands of an American in the land that gave him birth.

As you are doubtless aware of the popularity of some of my poems, will you be kind enough to inform me why I have been treated with apparent neglect, as I am not conscious of having ever wronged you in thought, word or deed.

Very Respectfully,

David Bates.

Boston, November 12, 1855.

Dear Rufus. . .

I have only today learned the real reason why my notice has not appeared in the Transcript. It seems the Correspondent of the Transcript itself is an American Poet who does not like your notice of him and so Haskell has been instructed by him to be chary of praise in noticing the new Ed. I told H. today what I thought of the matter and he is now consider-

ing whether he will print my notice or no. I dare say if he does he will add something of his own which neither you or I will like. At any rate Haskell knows he will offend me if he says aught disparaging to you.

In haste, Yours always,

J. T. Fields].

Office Evening Bulletin, [Philadelphia] Monday, Nov. 26, 1856.

Dear Sir—

I am right down vexed at your letter—real grieved. I can not help admitting the justice and truth of your remarks, and as you know better than I how these things work, have very poutingly done as you requested. The fact is that I never thought of anything but of trying to show as well as I could my thankfulness for the great kindness which you have shown me not only in "Meister Karl" but in a great many other things. And I mentioned in the dedication that you had been the first to notice it and the first to recommend it, because I thought that it would look as if I had some gratitude, and also I must admit because I thought that if the public could see that you had taken such an interest in it, it would help it along. I suppose it's all right, but for all that I wish that the public or "folks" would see things as I mean them. For I meant the dedication kindly and I worded it so as to show that I had an appreciation of what you had done for the book; and finally I don't believe that anybody who knows me will accuse me of any but "straight out" motives, and finally I don't believe that anybody but those who know me personally will buy the book any way. I don't believe it's going to have such a haul of a sale (begging your pardon)—particularly since you've knocked that dedication out of it, which was one of the main pillars. It's some comfort anyhow to know that the only way of getting it out is to tear it out, for I am cock-sure that the whole edition is printed by now. That'll bother somebody, and make them swear. As for dedicating it to anybody else it shan't be done. Nobody ever did so much for it, and if it can't be dedicated to you why a blank silence must express my ideas. . . If, on mature deliberation, you have come to the conclusion that Meister Karl's Book is a little too rowdy and slangy, you needn't be afraid to say so. It was for that reason that my brother has frequently begged me not to put my own name to it. I'll bet a hat that if we were in conversation you would own that to be the true reason, and that on mature reflection you have become terrified at hearing such a profane affair named to your name. . .

Yours very truly,

C. G. Leland.

Bangor, Dec. 22, 1855.

Dear Fields:

I did not suspect, when reading the Traveller's paragraph about Hiawatha, that it was to produce any serious consequences to myself. You have however seen the Tribune's brutal attack upon me, in an article on the controversies educed by the great epic. Nothing more groundless, more entirely unprovoked, ever appeared in print. I do not know—I never saw—Mason and Brothers; and I have no recollection of ever having seen Mr. Underwood, though it is possible that I have at some time been introduced to him when calling at Phillips and Sampson's. I never expressed or felt any dissatisfaction at Ripley's notices of my own books; I have never accused him of venality; and though I have regarded his connections with Harpers, Derby, etc., as in some sort a disqualification for his office in the Tribune, I have never said so except as I have assented, now and then to observations on the subject by other parties. I believed Ripley was friendly to me, as I was to him and never was more astounded than by his wanton and malevolent libel. . .

R. W. G.

New York, Dec. 23rd, '55.

My dear Friend:

Though I have always yet failed to interest you personally when here, and surrounded by friends, yet in your now comparative exile I have sometimes thought that you might send "a wish or a thought after me," and remembering my feelings, even welcome a letter if not too tedious; and upon this supposition I have acted tonight. The weather is so warm here that I am now sitting without fire, and it has scarcely been colder yet. Alice and Elmira, who are both well, have gone out, and my beau (of course I wish you to think I have one) has not yet come, so I am "alone in my glory," and should much better like to have you here than be using this miserable apology for talking. . .

Of course you have heard of Osgood's [S. S. Osgood, the husband of the poet] marriage. Do you know the age of the lady? You have doubtless seen more of the quarrelling between the editors and publishers than I have, and the very unfair manner in which you were treated in the Tribune. I expect you let "your angry passions rise." Did you see the criticism on Duganne in the last Putnam, and the various opinions of Hiawatha? . . .

Your friend always,

Phoebe Cary.

During Thackeray's second visit to this country occurred an incident which has been written about to an extent out of all proportion to its importance. Mr. J. H. Ingram thus describes it: "Thackeray, having proved him a liar, told him so publicly, and would not touch his proffered hand; while Dickens convicted him of fraud, and made his employers pay for it."

Mr. Ingram's statement, as regards Dickens, appears to have been founded on an anecdote told by G. P. Putnam to this effect: an agent was sent to secure for "The International Magazine" advance sheets of a novel by Dickens. The Harpers also sent an agent, and their man, understanding his business better, went to the author, while his rival wasted time in trying to negotiate through his publishers. The result of the failure of the "International" people was that their magazine was stopped.

Mr. R. B. Kimball (in *The Brooklyn Magazine*, Oct. 1884), narrates the Thackeray anecdote more in detail: "While I was enjoying a conversation with Thackeray . . . at the Putnam reception, in company with several ladies and gentlemen, the conversation touching mainly upon the merits of American and English literature . . . Mr. Putnam advanced, bringing Doctor Griswold with him, whom he introduced to Thackeray. The great English novelist, after acknowledging the introduction with a certain degree of courtesy, drew himself up to his full height, and, with an air of self-consciousness, exclaimed: 'Doctor Griswold, I am told that you say I am a snob. Tell me, do I look like a snob?' Not in the least discomposed, Doctor Griswold looked his querist full in the face and replied in his low, quiet tone: 'Mr. Thackeray, I have not as yet printed my opinion of you.' This little passage had the effect of materially subsiding the conversation into which we had entered, presently becoming only moderately agreeable, and we all, I think, felt relieved when it was brought to a close. I confess the incident left its disagreeable opinion of Thackeray in my mind—so far as a certain self-assumption and conceit

were concerned—which a further acquaintance with him upon subsequent occasions did not serve to remove.”

Thackeray was a shining light, and Mr. Griswold, in comparison, but a tallo-dip, but in respect to good manners there was not a corresponding difference. This fact strikes one in Mr. Putnam's version (in Putnam's Magazine, Dec. 1869), of the scene more than in Mr. Kimball's: "At one of the little gatherings of bookmen, editors and artists at my house, Mr. Thackeray was talking with a lady when Dr. Rufus W. Griswold came up and asked me to introduce him, which of course was done. Thackeray bowed slightly, and went on talking to the lady. Presently, the Doctor having slipped away for the moment, the novelist said to me, inquiringly, "That's Rufus, is it?" "Yes, that's he." "He's been abusing me in the Herald," pursued the satirist. "I've a mind to charge him with it." "By all means," I replied, "if you are sure he did it." "Positive." So he stalked across to the corner where Griswold stood, and I observed him looking down from his six-foot elevation on to the Doctor's bald head and glaring at him in half-earnest anger through his glasses, while he pummeled him with his charge of the Herald articles. The Doctor, after a while, escaping, quoted him thus: "Thackeray came and said to me, Doctor, you've been writing ugly things about me in the Herald,—you called me a snob; do I look like a snob? and he drew himself up and looked thunder-gusts at me."

Boston, Jan'y 26, 1856.

Dr. Griswold, Dear Sir:

Permit me to recal to your remembrance our brief, but very pleasant acquaintance some twenty years since in Calais, Maine. I was then in the prime of life, and you a boy. We have changed positions. I am in my second childhood—or near it, and have watched your steady and firm growth expand till the whole nation takes note of it. "Non equidem in-video, miror magis."

I have written a book called *Wolfeden*, and requested the Publishers to send you a copy. If it has merit, your friendly judgment will do it more

than justice. If it has none, you will receive it not the less kindly as an expression of the continued respect and good will of an old friend—who would have done better if he could.

I shall be particularly pleased with a line of recognition from you. My residence is at Oakdale, Mass., though I spend the winter in Boston.

Yours truly,
Daniel Mann.

Philadelphia, Feb. 7, 1856.

Dear Sir . . .

The prose works of the late Judge Henry St. George Tucker are
1. Commentaries on the Laws of Virginia, 2 vols. 2. Lectures on Natural Law, 12 mo. Besides numerous essays in the Journals and Periodicals of the day.

Beverley Tucker, his brother, wrote: 1. George Balcombe, a novel, 2 vols. 2. The Partisan Leader, a novel. 3. A Treatise on the Constitution of the U. S.

The works of G. Tucker: 1. Essays by a Citizen of Virginia on subjects of morals and national topics [?] 1822. 2. The Valley of Shenandoah. Hastily written in two months while riding from court to court in Virginia, 1824. 3. Voyage to the Moon, 1827. 4. Life of Jefferson, 1837. 5. Progress of the United States, 1843. Besides numerous contributions to periodicals in England and the U. S.

Both H. S. G. Tucker and his brother Beverley were Judges and both natives of Virginia. . .

I am very respectfully yours,
George Tucker.

Baltimore, Feb. 10, 1856.

My dear Sir . . .

The book ['The Partisan Leader'] is not at all like Upshur, who, though an abstractionist of the strictest sect, was of too temperate and mild a constitution for such a dreary prophecy. . . With kind regards,

Very Truly,
J. P. Kennedy.

Feb. 18, 1856.

My dear Griswold:

I have read your review of the [Duyckinck] Cyclopedia with great interest, and admiration of your industry, extensive knowledge, and energy of style. It would be a great loss to our literature, and a great piece

of injustice to yourself to permit such a performance to perish in the columns of an ephemeral publication. By all means put it into book form. It will be well received, and find a permanent place in our repertoire of learning, which else will never know it. Put it at once in the printer's hands. I only regret that you could not let me use it in the Times.

Most truly yours,

C. F. Briggs.

February 21st, 1856.

Dear Griswold: . . .

I saw your notice of the Encyclopedia in the Herald and I never saw a more complete end made of anything. The fires of the last day could not have made a cleaner work of destruction. Many have read it and admit its incomparable ability and pure justice. It was known to be yours, because known no other one could write it. It ought to be reduced to form for a class book on Style, History, and Literature. My wife has preserved it for reference in such like matters. If I was the author of the book I should want to get into so little a place that no one could find me, or put my eyes out, so that I could see no one. So much to be said justly of a book, and yet that book generally paised by the editors of our papers! . . .

Your friend truly,

H. Hooker.

New York, March 28, 1856.

My dear Doctor . . .

I congratulate you upon the termination of the 'proceedings' to which you refer. They, however, have not changed my opinions in any respect, as you seem to more than insinuate in the note before me! . . .

[H. B.] Wallace has paid you a deserved and a delicate compliment in the extract I have taken from his book, and it will shine upon you like a star, when all the slanders that have assailed you have perished with their authors and have been forgotten. . .

I remain, my dear Doctor, yours very truly,

Geo. P. Morris.

Philadelphia, Nov. 22, '56.

My dear Dr. Griswold . . .

We hope you may change your mind and write us a great book, one that will make a fortune for you. We expect to pay Dr. Kane \$50,000

on the first of January. We have offered Mr. Allibone \$10,000 for his copy-right. We have 7,000 copies already ordered. Our first edition will be 10,000. With high esteem, Truly your obliged friend,

George W. Childs.

Boston, Jan. 26, 1837.

My dear Griswold,

I should have written you long ago, to ask after your health, but during several months past, I have had a lame hand, which is still disabled. Pray let me hear from you. It is an age since I was in New York, and I get no account of you from any friend. No one thinks of you with more friendly interest than your ancient and very sincere correspondent and well wisher,

J. T. Fields.

March 30th, '37.

Dear Doctor.

It was with the sincerest grief that I heard from Messrs. Dinsmore and Bean, as they passed through Philadelphia, that your health was so very low. When I wrote you I had in fact no idea how sick you were and I have since been grieved to think that you might possibly have found in my letter something which seemed like out of time levity.

Dear Sir, I trust from my very heart and soul that this will find you relieved or perhaps better. I wish that I could visit New York and see you. You have, I know, many friends eager to aid you but I would gladly go on anyhow if I thought that I could be of service to you. You have however such miraculous vitality and have weathered so many severe attacks that I continue to hope that with the warm weather you will be found going about, all right or nearly so.

Possibly there may be something I could do for you in the literary way, or in Graham. Perhaps you will only smile at the request but I am so accustomed to make such offers and you have so often gratified me by giving me some opportunity to oblige you that I cannot help doing it now. . .

Graham's Magazine is getting on—slowly, very—but still advancing. I would like to be able to give all my time to it. I have found out that by editing such an affair conscientiously and properly one can do a great deal towards improving the tone and quality of popular writing—that a literary editor can in fact do as much as several schoolmasters, so far as teaching the art of writing is concerned. It is really a matter of regret to see that so

many editors seem to care so little for this, or in fact for anything but themselves. Dear Doctor, I must conclude. I fear that you are too weak to answer this, but I will write again when an opportunity of my sadly busy life occurs. With sincerest and best regards, hoping that you will soon be better, I remain

Yours most respectfully,

Charles G. Leland.

Dr. Griswold died 27th August 1857. The event was thus chronicled by Mr. Leland in *Graham's Magazine*:

"To the reader of our magazine his death is a matter of interest, since it was under his care and direction that it first achieved a high literary tone and rank and acquired authority. To us individually, the loss is that of one of our nearest and dearest friends. . . . Few persons ever possessed warmer, more enthusiastic or more steadily devoted friends; and amid the many trials, changes and darker days to which the life of the purely literary man is so liable, Dr. Griswold never wanted those who proved themselves most truly attached to him. As a friend, no man ever exerted himself more than Dr. Griswold, and it may be said with the utmost truthfulness that of the many literary passages of arms in which he was engaged, a striking proportion were inspired by a chivalrous and almost incredible spirit of devotion to the interests of others. When he thought it possible to aid a friend he would spare no exertion, and would do everything in the most unselfish and noble spirit. The writer has had frequent and personal proof of this, during the course of an intimacy of years, and can testify to the remarkable earnestness with which Dr. Griswold was wont to exert himself in benefiting a friend.

Few men ever lived who, to so truly kind a heart, to ease of manner, conversational ability, and genial humor . . . added such varied learning."

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Passages from the Correspondence and Other Papers of Rufus W. Griswold. Cambridge, Mass.: W. M. Griswold. 1898. Price \$2., postpaid.

Apart from the merit of his work, his [Griswold's] position as the Rhadamanthus of contemporary poetic ambitions, then perhaps more numerous even than now, made him the centre of much correspondence, and resulted in his papers becoming the repository of an unusual amount of literary information about books and their authors, biographical data at first hand, and other matters of transitory nature, such that this selection from them by his son is well described in the prefatory note as the "small-talk of authors and journalists of fifty years ago." The volume . . . contains a more vivid and more intimate view of the atmosphere and state of literature in the early manhood of our more important writers, as they proved to be, than is elsewhere to be obtained.

It is true that the world of letters depicted seems to have little to do with Longfellow, Lowell, and Hawthorne. . . . It is the world of the magazines and journals and their brief and flimsy reputations, of coteries and circles in the city and visitants from the Southwest and the Illinois prairies—the world which seems now more malicious and now more humorous, but which was the environment, in taste, feeling, and culture, of the pursuit of letters here for a generation. The talk is "small-talk"; and the names of the speakers come like faint echoes of a "ruined Paradise." . . . But, after all, though humorous surprise will intrude upon the reader, there is a great deal of reality in this literary past. . . . Boston is sketched out a bit by Fields, who contributes to the volume two familiar epistles in verse to "Rufe," as the great editor is companionably called (or "Gris") throughout by his friends. . . . The whole volume, it must be understood, though thoroughly edited, is piecemeal in character; and it is only by an extract here and there that one can indicate rapidly that vivid and intimate quality which has been already mentioned as characterizing it and giving it salt. . . . Though Griswold's personality is thus fully suggested, it can-

not be said that he is particularly noticeable for imperfection in comparison with the crowd upon the page. It would be an interminable task were one to try to survey that crowd in detail. Strange and wonderful persons abound in it, intellects *manqué* and morals very much in the same deplorable state. Chivers is easily the first . . . The tribute of John Esten Cooke to his brother Philip Pendleton is charming, and George William Curtis's account of himself, ending "Viola tout! and Shelley died when he was no older than I am," is interesting; so is John Neal's similar communication. In the way of curious literature, those who remember Poe's "Valentine" to Mrs. Osgood in which he wove her name into the verse, will read the similar effusion she addressed to Griswold with a touch of surprise. It is an illustrative document in regard to the literary group. . . . Mrs. Osgood's letter showing her real relations with Poe will also be found in the volume. But to draw to an end in this maze of extraordinary and minute matter, enough has been shown of the contents of the volume to impress any student of the times on their literary or social side with its rare documentary value.

Of the editor's work (except constructively) it is impossible to speak too highly. He has done it thoroughly, frankly, and with impenetrable justice; and he deserves the credit of giving to us the most important, lasting, and illuminating work, outside of the biographies of our greater authors, upon the literary annals of the nation in its days of nonage.—*The Nation*, 17 Nov. 1898.

This crown octavo of a few over three hundred pages is the loyal effort of a son to honor the memory of a father. Happily the present generation have nearly outlived the unpleasant times of the bitter controversies over the names of Griswold, Ingram,* and Poe, though echoes of those times have come down to us through the lips of Gill and Didier and others, who, on one side or the other, have taken up the cudgels of rhetoric for a friend or against a foe. . . .

Coming to the contents, we will tell the reader . . . that in it are collected about 318 letters, long and short, from about

*Mr. Ingram will be amused when he sees that a literary periodical supposes him to have been a contemporary of Griswold and Poe.—W. M. G.

123 different persons, fastened together by a mosaic of narrative, biographical statement, and illustrative citation from numerous periodicals. Dr. Rufus W. Griswold was born in 1815 and died in 1857, and these letters run to the latter date from 1835. They may therefore be said to relate to the literary life of the middle third of the present century. That was a time of high tide. Dr. Griswold had a wide acquaintance, many friends, and extremely frank correspondents; and his son seems to have had no compunctions at the printing of his letters—letters to him, not by him, for there are only some fourteen by him in the whole volume, and they are of slight importance. His most productive correspondent is Horace Greeley, who was then at the beginning of his career. Those were the days of the founding of the New York *Tribune*. Between forty and fifty letters from Greeley are given, and some of them are such as must make the writer turn over in his grave to think of their being in print. Henry J. Raymond, Greeley's comrade in the stony paths of early journalism, contributes thirteen letters to the collection; James T. Fields and Charles Fenno Hoffman seventeen, Henry C. Carey seven. The rest are very widely scattering. There are only two from Whittier, one from Longfellow, one each from Irving, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. There are two each from Henry Clay, H. T. Tuckerman, Wm. Gilmore Simms, W. E. Burton, Cooper, Bryant, John and Mary Neal, Holmes, Epes Sargent, Saxe and Willis. Charles F. Briggs has four; Alice Cary, J. P. Kennedy, C. G. Leland, and F. W. Thomas four each; James K. Paulding, C. R. Graham, A. S. Hart two each; and the large number remaining are for the most part single letters from an army of the comparatively obscure, though there are some bright exceptions, such as Jonathan Trumbull, Albert Pike, Tom Corwin, George S. Hillard, George P. Morris, Andrews Norton, Carlyle, Calhoun, Lydia Maria Child, Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Ellet, and John Esten Cooke. Many of these letters are all of what would be called "racy reading." . . . Not a few afford glimpses and suggestions of, if they do not actually convey a taste of, the vulgarity, the profaneness, the scurrility that infested even the selectest circles. A few rise high above this level, and many contain passages of real interest. . . . That the letters as a whole throw much light upon the literary life of their time is not to be

gainsaid. But it is not always an agreeable life to look upon. We are taken into a good many backyards, where no little dirty linen is being washed or is hanging up to dry; and we learn that the authors and journalists of the former generation were not always the cultivated, refined, and well-bred gentlemen that their successors are supposed to be. It must be that authors are sometimes to be found in undress, not to say in dishabille; and such is their fate on more than one page of this volume. It is a matter for thankfulness that manners have improved. Here are reputations in the process of the making, and others that to us are bright and unsullied, spattered and sullied by the mire of jealousy and envy; here are resurrections of names long buried and forgotten; here are uncovered the foundations of enterprises long since abandoned; here are data that have escaped the search of the dictionary makers and the compilers of literary histories. That much of all this matter is interesting and some of it important can be readily discerned. That much of it tends to present in a favorable light the personalty and services of the elder Griswold will be expected. . . . That the book as a whole, despite its faults and imperfections, is a contribution of note to the history of American literature all must admit. The secrets of some dark corners of this field cannot be fully and exactly written without reference to points which this book contains.—*Literary World*, 3 Sept. 1898.

[It is] Replete with matters of the first literary importance to Americans. . . . From one cover to the other the work abounds in the most fascinating revelations of the personalities which made up the American world of letters in the 'forties and 'fifties; letters, notes, autobiographies, confessions, self-laudations, wails of despairing and neglected geniuses now forgotten,—in brief, all the curiosities of literature which the foremost critical writer of an interesting period might be expected to accumulate during his life-time. Not letters alone, but the early journalism is given us in what scientists call "preparations" innumerable, notes from Greeley and Raymond, and correspondence with half the magazine editors in the country, the whole forming a collection quite without parallel.—*The Dial*, 1 Nov. 1898.

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